

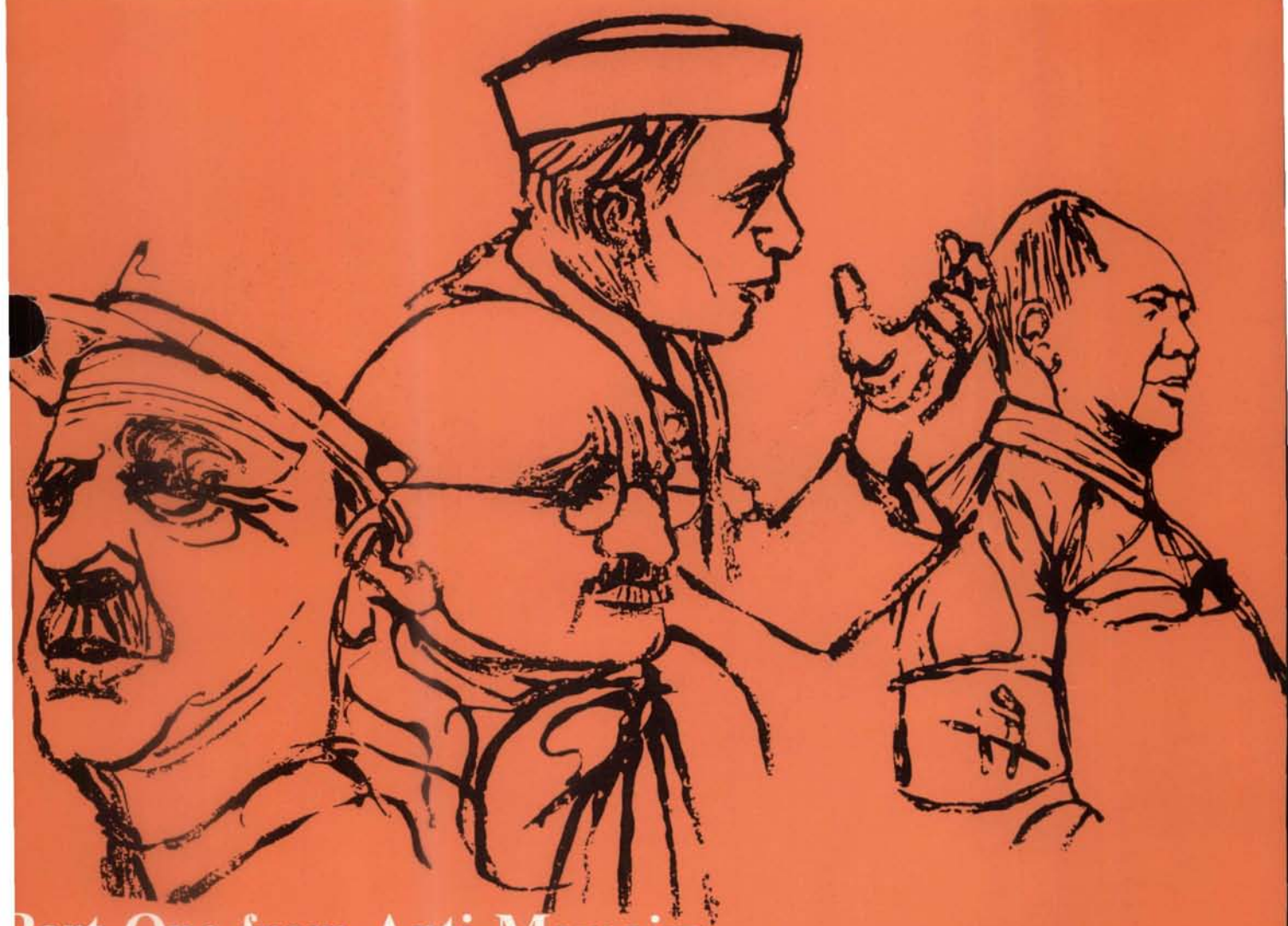
THE

September 1968, 75 cents

Atlantic

The Human Condition

ANDRE MALRAUX on Great Men
and Great Events of Our Time



Part One from Anti-Memoirs

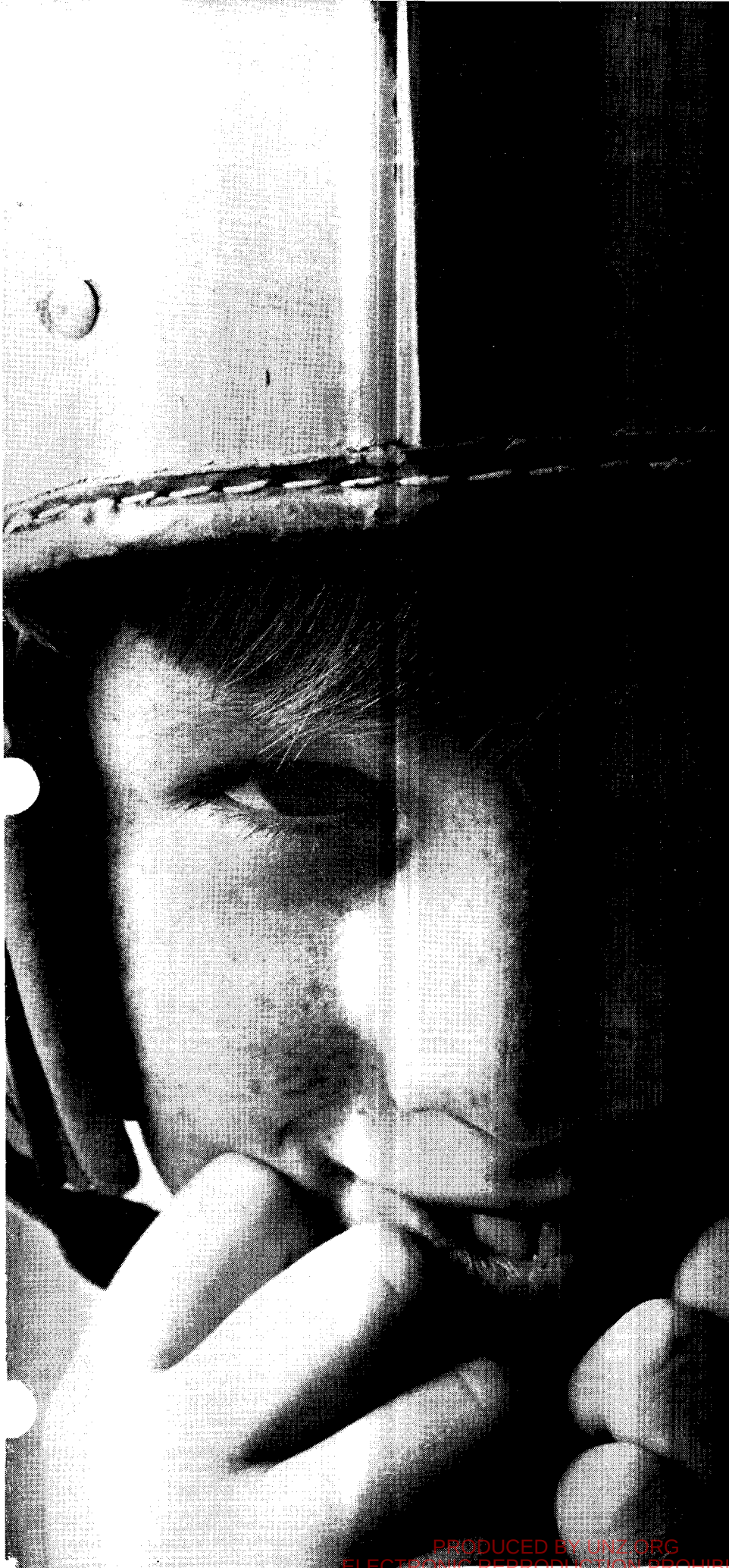
WILFRID SHEED ON POLITICS AND DEATH
McGEORGE BUNDY ON FACULTY POWER
SYLVIA PLATH ON GOING MAD

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EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES: *The Atlantic Monthly*, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass., 02116.
SUBSCRIPTIONS: 1 YEAR \$8.50, 2 YEARS \$16.00, 3 YEARS \$23.00 in the UNITED STATES, its possessions,
and CANADA; \$9.00 a year elsewhere.

ADVERTISING: *Harper-Atlantic Sales, Inc.*, 535 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., 10017. Tel. 212-986-3344

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, September, 1968, Vol. 222, No. 3. Published monthly at The Rumford Press, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N.H., 03302. Second-class postage paid at Concord, N.H. Printed in the U.S.A. Copyright © 1968, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. This issue published in national and special editions. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage.
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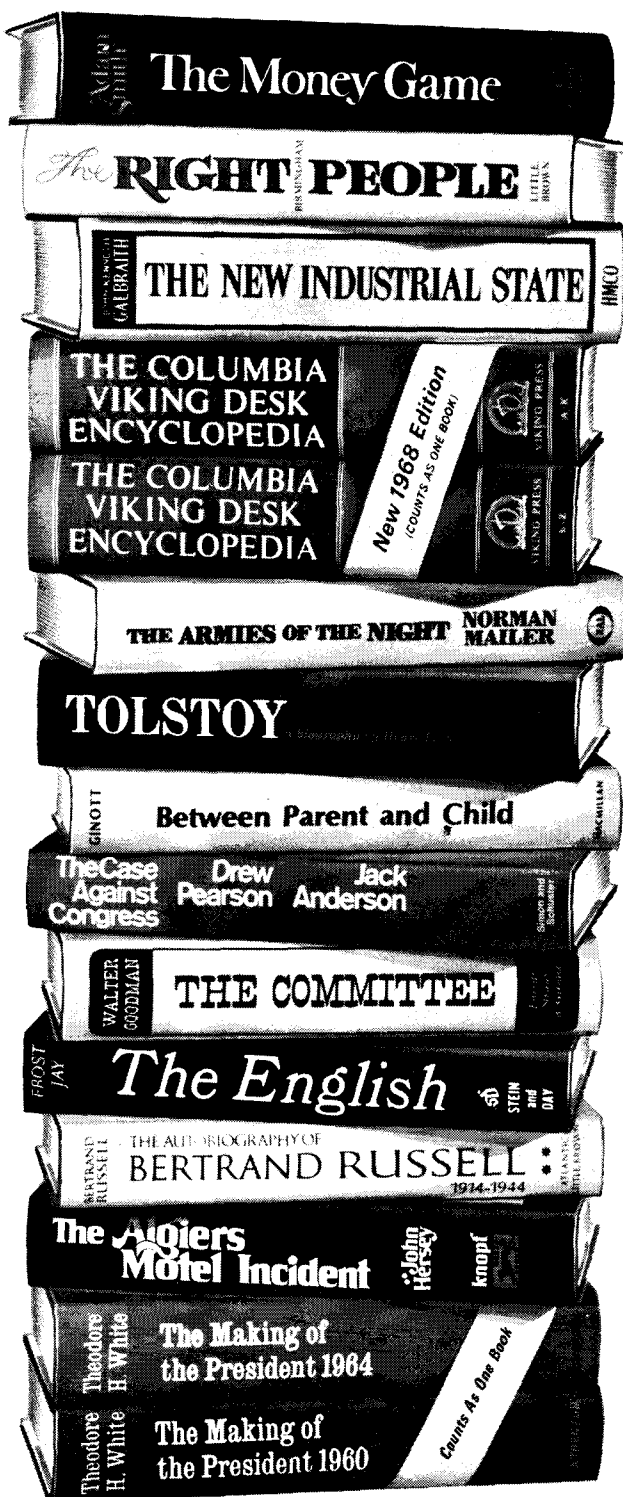
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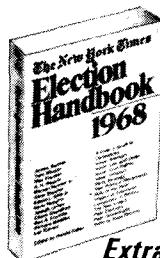
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reports

Washington



American pack, c. 1800

There is always a feeling generated during presidential campaigns that the inauguration of the next President is a prelude to many changes in the government. The arousal of such expectations is, after all, the point of campaign rhetoric. Even a candidate who is in the position of defending the past has to get on to his promises for the future. Those citizens who prefer a little stability, however, need not despair. There are institutions, agencies, people, and *modi vivendi* in Washington that consistently manage to ride out the turbulence, and are as much a part of the landscape here as the monuments, the Potomac's pollution, the cocktail parties, the ever baying hounds of Gutenberg. The prediction business has taken more than its share of casualties this year; nevertheless, it is reasonably safe to

bet that next year's visitors to Washington will still be able to buy their low-cost liquor, pay their taxi fares, kept at a marvelously low rate by the self-serving will of the Congress, and also count on finding:

J. Edgar Hoover and/or the Hooverized FBI. This year, for the first time in memory, a presidential candidate suggested that Hoover should be replaced. Hoover, of course, promptly made it clear that such talk was irresponsible and ill-befitted a would-be national leader. Hoover has good reason to question the judgment of anyone who questions him, for it is a rare politician who ever has, and the seventy-three-year-old FBI director — the only FBI director this country has ever had — has ample proof of the esteem in which all sensible politicians hold him. For him, the President of the United States has waived the law that all federal employees must retire at the age of seventy; for him, the Congress of the United States has provided that if there ever is a retirement, it shall be at full pay. He is the only man in town, aside from the President, who rides about in a government-provided bulletproof car.

Yet even if some future President should render unto Hoover his richly deserved retirement, not all that much would change, for after forty-four years under his direction, the FBI has been Hooverized, almost unchangeably patterned to the whorls of his fingerprints. To be sure, the next director may well be less inclined to comment on presidential candidates or to crown a civil rights leader like Martin Luther King "the most notorious liar in the country" or to denigrate the consular treaty with the Soviet Union as "a cherished goal" for Soviet intelli-

gence services. But the rank and file is thoroughly imbued with the Hoover philosophy. Unless a revolutionary leader is imposed on the agency, it will still, in the view of students of the FBI, do most what it does best: impound stolen automobiles and catch the "Ten Most Wanted Men" (some of whom, it is suspected, achieve such distinction strikingly close to capture). It will be less strenuous about enforcing civil rights laws or breaking organized crime. It will still grind out crime statistics and eschew the more sophisticated thinking about the causes of crime. It will see internal Communism as a major danger to the republic, and in a sort of wish fulfillment, virtually keep the Communist Party afloat by providing it with FBI agents as members. It will continue to protect the country by compiling dossiers of lengthy, dangerously undigested, unattributed, and ununderstood information on who knows how many of us.

The Selective Service. Whether or not General Lewis B. Hershey, seventy-four, will still be directing the draft is a closer question, and if by chance he is not, the Selective Service might well change. But it will not as long as he is in charge. Hershey does, moreover, have some powerful allies on Capitol Hill, particularly House Armed Services Committee Chairman Mendel Rivers, and the Johnson Administration could not bring itself to replace the man who has been director of the Selective Service since 1941. This despite the fact that Hershey torpedoed the Administration's own proposals for draft reform, with the help of his friend Chairman Rivers. Hershey, for his part, doesn't see what all the fuss is about. "Yes, I've heard there are some complaints,"



The painting that made a marriage legal

Not one person in a thousand suspects the real meaning of this famous double portrait by Jan van Eyck. Actually, it portrays a wedding, and all the fascinating details are symbolic references to the sacrament of marriage.

As John Canaday points out in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, the little symbolizes faithfulness; the discarded sandals, humility; the single candle, the presence of God. Above the door, which signifies purity, are the words, "Jan van Eyck here, 1434," in script proper to a document. For the painting really is a document: a painted marriage certificate!

If you had come across this painting in a museum, would you have understood what the artist was trying to say? Or would you have missed the hidden meanings of his work so valued and respected?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help persons that New York's Metropolitan Museum and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created Seminars in Art, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and contains twelve large separate full-color reproductions of notable paintings. As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr. Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal what to look for in any painting you may see.

Soon paintings will be more than just "good" or "bad" to you. You'll be able to talk knowledgeably and form your own educated opinion when you visit a gallery or museum. And parents will find themselves sharing their understanding with their children, thereby providing a foundation for a lifelong interest in art.

Examine the first portfolio without charge

You can study the first seminar by mailing the coupon on this page to the Book-of-the-Month Club, which administers the program for the Museum. You will receive the first of the twelve portfolios, *What Is a Painting?*, for a two-week trial examination. Subsequent portfolios, sent at the rate of one a month, are devoted to realism, expressionism, abstraction, composition, painting techniques, and the role of the artist as social critic and visionary.

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Washington

he commented not long ago, "but no one discusses whether we've done our job or not. Have we gotten them their men, or haven't we? Some of the talk is like saying, give us a world where everyone is six-feet tall. Everybody tells me what isn't fair, but nobody tells me what is. We had a study last year [the commission on draft reform, headed by Burke Marshall], and unless you're going to assume the Congress was completely woozy when it turned it down . . ."

Thus the aging and garrulous general sits in his large office, its entire perimeter ringed by flags, and fends off the charges and gets off a few of his own: "McNamara was sounding off a lot of times when he didn't know what he was talking about." Those who want to end the autonomy of local draft boards "want to destroy the states, because they belong to the group that believes that there's only one place where you can find brains, and that's here in Washington, God help us." "I've heard rumors," said Hershey, "that there was some interest on that commission in turning it all over to a machine." He smiled at that, and his press aide who sat in on the interview laughed uproariously at the joke. (Burke Marshall is vice president and general counsel of IBM.) What about the issue of speeding the induction of those deemed to be interfering with the draft? "I'm always resentful of people saying that putting people in the armed services is a punishment."

The Bureau of Public Roads. Neither budget difficulties nor civic uproars deter the Bureau of Public Roads from laying its cement ribbons and loops across the land. Having spent some \$37 billion on highways already, the bureau will spend another \$4 billion this year, and the House of Representatives has gone on record that in making the required \$6 billion cut in federal spending, the President is to spare the roads at any cost whatsoever. The traditional immunity of the highway program, and the Bureau of Public Roads, is guaranteed by that collective force known as "the highway lobby" — state highway officials, the oil, tire, cement, and auto industries, among others — the

most powerful lobby in Washington, and by the sympathetic Public Works committees of Congress. The bureau has largely completed the work of building highways between cities, and is now in the process of building through them. With unerring engineers' instincts, it tries



American pack, c. 1800

to take the most direct and least expensive routes, through the parks and the ghettos. One former official here believes that the program to place a man on the moon was given to the wrong agency.

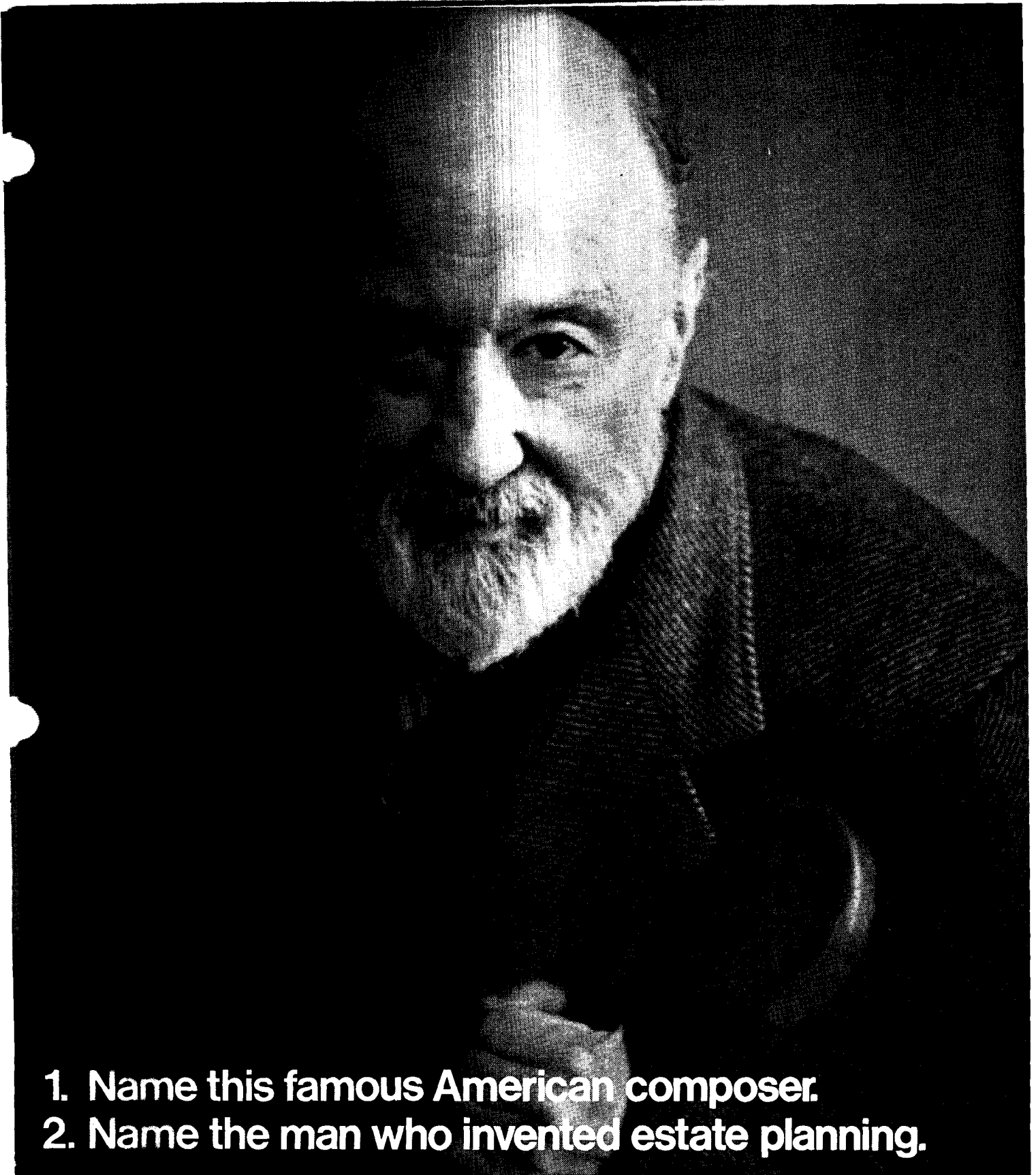
The Army Corps of Engineers. A few years ago a certain Pentagon civilian was assigned to supervise the Army Corps of Engineers. "It was," he said, "something like trying to round up the Viet Cong for an appearance on the *Lawrence Welk Show*." The Corps of Engineers runs one of those federal programs everybody likes — public works — and it runs it with little interference from or attention to the rest of the executive branch. At any point, the corps has in its hands a sheaf of projects which it may or may not recommend to the Congress, and the Congress has come to defer to the corps' wisdom. Once every several years, just about every congressional district is the beneficiary of a corps project; this year the corps will spend \$1 billion on good works. While a possible project is being studied, the locally based corps engineers make speeches explaining its benefits to highly receptive chambers of commerce and boosters' clubs. The citizens then impart their enthusiasm to their congressman, who is delighted to join in the grand effort

to secure the project for the voters. With all districts benefiting at some point, it works out very nicely.

The Bureau of Reclamation. In the Interior Department, the Reclamation Bureau is dedicated to investing public funds (about \$300 million) in water projects which provide inexpensive hydroelectric power and irrigation. Once a great liberal cause, the reclamation program is now ideologically secure. Even Barry Goldwater championed it, explaining that this, of course, was not what he meant by a federal program. The Western states which benefit from the program work things out among themselves, and the combined power of the Western congressmen, several of whom tend to longevity, is enough to induce their colleagues to go along. The result, like as not, is that the Interior Department subsidizes water projects which farmers draw from in order to grow crops which the Agriculture Department then buys in order to remove them from the market because they are surplus. A highly favored crop on reclamation land, because of the inexpensive water, is watermelon.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff. Each service chief has two concerns for which he fights hard: his service's honor, and its budget. There is little that is "joint" about the Joint Chiefs of Staff; it is more a process of trade-offs which enable the chiefs to put forward "unanimous" recommendations to the Secretary of Defense. (For example: the Air Force gets bombing of North Vietnam, the Army gets a troop buildup; or the Army gets the antiballistic missile, the Air Force another bomber, the Navy a new missile-equipped ship.) Some Marine Corps leaders maintained that the Vietnam War was a test of the "survival" of the Marines. This is a system which tends not to ask whether an antiballistic missile makes sense in terms of national policy. It is also a system which discourages fresh policy-making. When a policy question arises of the military significance of Urgistan in terms of the incipient crisis there, the question is referred to a project officer on the

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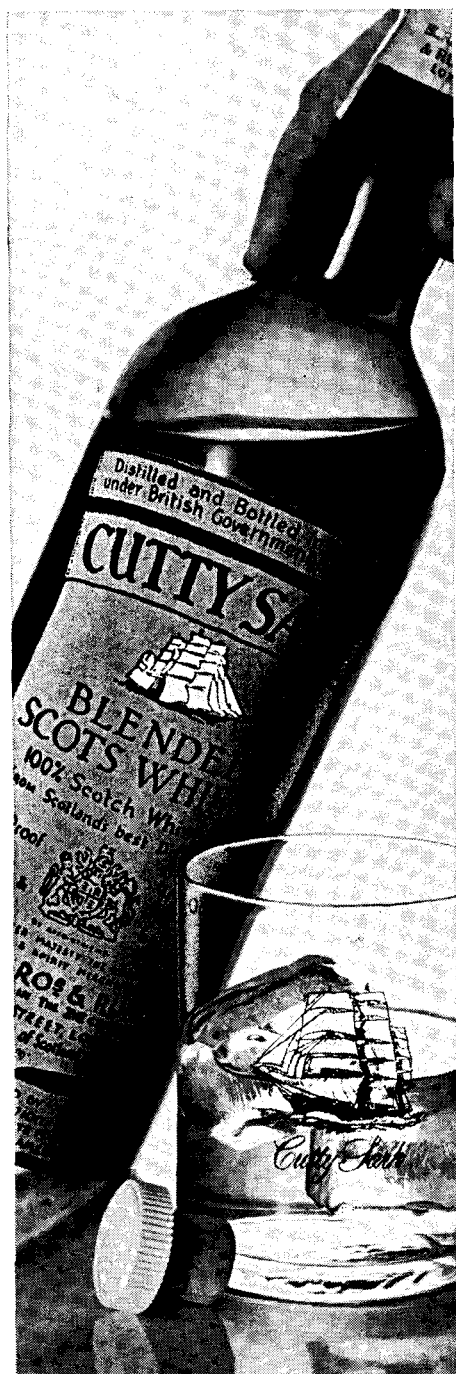
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Washington

staff of the Joint Chiefs. If he is relatively new at this sort of thing, he goes to the files, learns all there is to know about Urgistan, and tries his hardest to come up with a fresh approach. As the policy paper makes the rounds of the services, however, the proposals are modified to something all can agree upon, and like as not the policy paper ends up looking like all of the earlier ones on Urgistan. After a few experiences like this, the project officers learn not to bother. The Joint Chiefs are at war with Communism, be it North Vietnamese, Chinese, or Russian, and it was only with great difficulty that former Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara persuaded them to agree to the treaty providing a limited ban on nuclear testing. The recent crop of chiefs has been a more contained group than in the days of the Arleigh Burkes and Curtis LeMays, but the change may be simply one of form. Even the current chairman, General Earle G. Wheeler, has publicly agreed with the more military-oriented members of Congress that, in light of certain trends, there is reason to be apprehensive about the nation's survival.

The Foreign Service. When George Ball resigned from the State Department in 1966, he suggested that he might write a book called something like *My Years in the Fudge Factory*. The laborious fashion in which the State Department gives birth to foreign policy is no accident. It is the result of that deliberate, rigid, hierarchical system of promotion and assignment known as the Foreign Service. The jobs, usually given out on the basis of age and rank, range from the most interesting (ambassador) to the intentionally dull (stamping visas in a backwater consulate). Too often a man gets ahead by serving time and staying out of trouble. A successful two-year tour abroad is one in which nothing happens, and the best way to ensure that is to take no risks and favor the sort of government that indicates near-term stability, be it Greece's Colonel Papadopoulos or Haiti's Papa Doc. A seasoned diplomat learns to say as little as possible as fluently as possible, and after years of training, he learns to think that way too. Then he gets the top

jobs. The survivors of the system are the ones who pass judgment on who shall survive.

The Subversive Activities Control Board. Thanks to a last-minute save by the Johnson Administration, the Subversive Activities Control Board will be with us for at least another year. It was not until President Johnson appointed last year Simon McHugh, twenty-nine, the husband of a former secretary, to a relaxed \$26,000-a-year job as a member of the board that anyone took much notice of the facts that it had not met in six months and had not held a hearing since 1965. The board had been set up by the Internal Security Act of 1950, over President Truman's veto, but since then the courts have held most of its activities constitutionally invalid. The uproar over last year's discoveries was sufficient to induce Congress to give the board one year to find something to do, or disappear. Then, this past July, the Justice Department passed along the names of seven people, and asked that they be found by the board to be Communists. It was not entirely clear why the rescue operation was launched; the most widely accepted explanation had to do less with the Johnson Administration's enthusiasm for the SACB than with that of Everett McKinley Dirksen, who is said to have secured SACB appointments for acquaintances of his own. The concern for the seven Communists in our midst did coincide with the opening of the battle over Mr. Johnson's Supreme Court appointments. Here, as in several other instances, such as the appointment of Simon McHugh, Mr. Dirksen cooperated with the White House.

The Congress. The Congress, of course, will still be with us, with the most senior members in the positions of greatest power. Carl Hayden is retiring after fifty-six years of service in Congress, but little else will change. Wilbur Mills will still guard against fiscal imprudence as chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, and if the Republicans should capture the House, his Republican counterpart, John Byrnes, will do the same. Similarly, if George Mahon is not chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, Republican Frank Bow of Ohio will be, and both can be counted upon to keep a tight grip on spending. Either John Mc-

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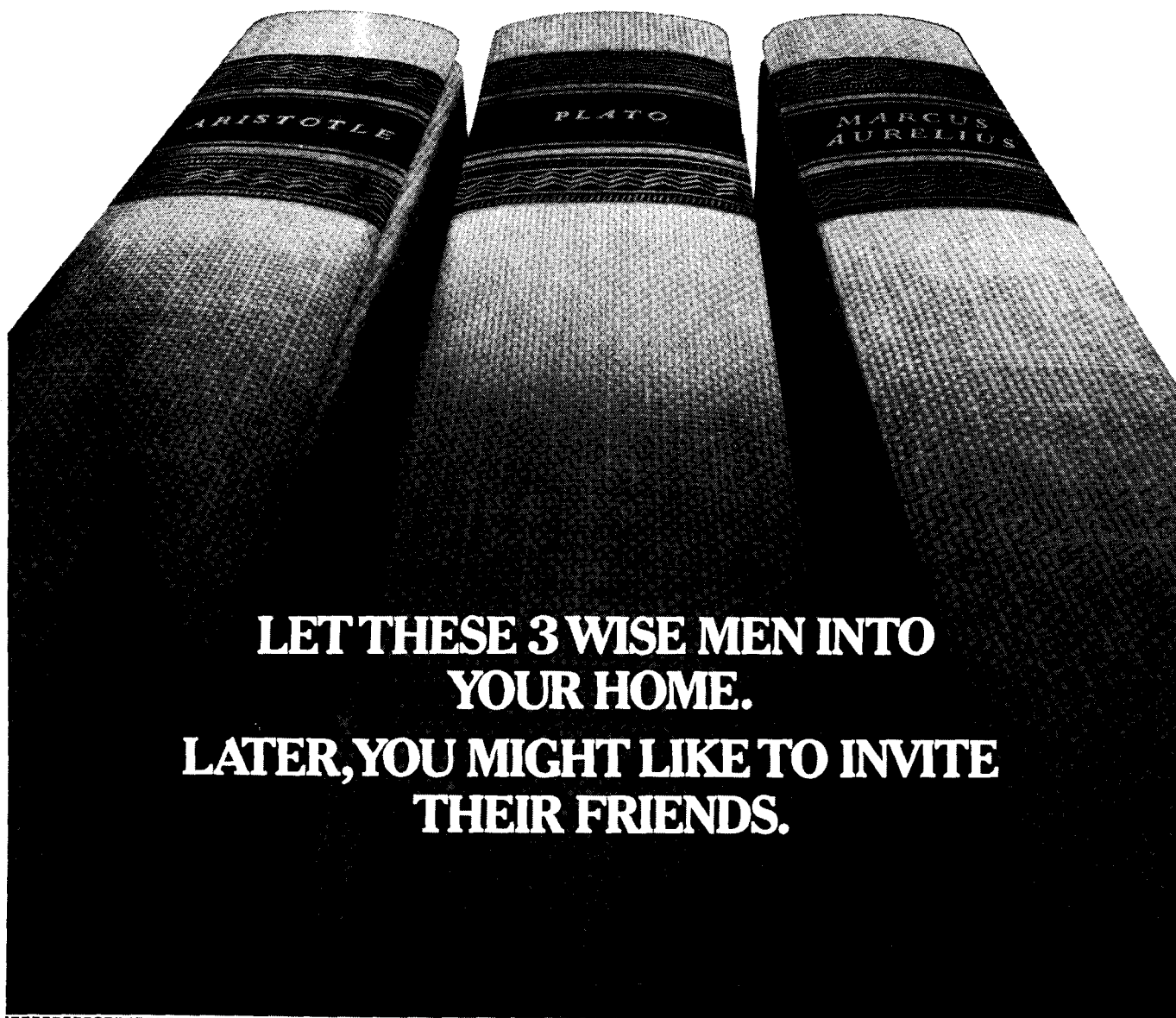
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Cormack, who has lost touch, or Gerald Ford, who never found it, will be Speaker of the House.

Someday

The list, of course, could go on. There will still be the regulatory agencies which do not regulate. There will always be a Federal Reserve Board. The labor unions and the Labor Department, and the farmers and the Agriculture Department, will continue to see their interests as mutual. When presidential commissions are appointed, Milton Eisenhower and George Meany will almost certainly be on them.

If the Democrats control the House, the clarion tones of William ("Fishbait") Miller will still announce the Pres-i-dunt of the United States. William Hopkins, who arrived during the Hoover Administration, will still be the man in the White House who keeps track of all the papers. There will still be the Washington law firms, and the informal networks of lawyers, lobbyists, bureaucrats, and politicians who have known each other for years, through car pools and dinner parties, and regardless of national politics know how to get in touch with each other in order to get things done, whether the cause be medicare or air pollution.

There is a time, early in a new President's Administration, when it is most opportune to try to change at least some parts of the government; this opportunity is short-lived, so the moves must be made early, when they have the support of the press and the public. The authority and attention of the White House must be engaged, and therefore the number of battles is usually limited. Otherwise, a scandal or an accident sometimes helps, just as the thalidomide incident or the decision by General Motors to tail Ralph Nader helped — when seized upon by people who understood the usefulness of events — to change the long-standing patterns of government regulation, or nonregulation, of the drug and automobile industries. Perhaps someone, someday, will show that the Joint Chiefs of Staff fought a war against Germany in South Vietnam, and there will be a great hue and cry for a change in the military system, but like as not it will go on. And there are, in the regulatory agencies, the Foreign Service, the

FBI, and others, numerous examples of the principle that one era's reform often turns out to be some future one's drag.

It has become quite chic, even among government officials here, to talk about the broad need for "changing institutions." The problem is that nobody has quite figured out yet how to do that.

—Elizabeth B. Drew

Britain

This has been the silly season when the British indulge in their annual follies and eccentricities. In the House of Lords, the Tories chose to defeat the government over the matter of sanctions against Rhodesia. This was an ill-chosen issue since most people in the country neither knew nor cared about the implementation of the statutory order in dispute, whereas the Transport Bill, which was also going through Parliament, provided an opportunity for constructive opposition with the promise of widespread support from the electorate.

The derisory majority of nine that the Conservative peers had over their opponents only served to show the unimportance of the whole affair, for the upper House is heavily Conservative. However, the Wilson government, responding to the opposition's gambit in kind, decided that an attack on the House of Lords, with its built-in Conservative majority, would be appealing to the disillusioned left wing and might also do something to ginger up Labor's lamentable electoral performance. For this reason, Roy Jenkins — the biographer of Asquith reliving his subject's past — spoke in threatening terms of the dire constitutional consequences of the recalcitrant peers' action, but it is doubtful that the whole affair did anything other than bring mild discredit upon both sides.

Saturation

From the press, we have had to endure saturation coverage not only of a polar trek and a transatlantic yacht race, but also the return of yet another octogenarian around-the-world lone yachtsman, met at Portsmouth by 200,000 cheering enthusiasts who were unfortunately unable to hear one word of his address as the loudspeaker system broke down at the crucial moment.

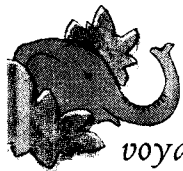
On the serious side, BBC Television, to its credit, gathered together a heterogeneous collection of "student leaders," including, to the disgust of certain Tory MP's, Daniel Cohn-Bendit. But they were not given time to expound their views at all coherently, and this attempt to discover for British viewers a common thread among the various revolutionary movements throughout the Western world faded out rather pathetically to a tuneless and faltering rendering of the *Internationale*.

But it would be a mistake to think that preoccupation with trivia was indicative of a vacuous political situation. There are signs of the disintegration of the Labor government. It would seem that not even Harold Wilson will be able to galvanize the Labor Party sufficiently to win the next general election in 1970 or 1971. And it is even possible that he may find himself ousted from 10 Downing Street before next January, though it is far from clear who his successor might be.

Sock in the eye

There is, first of all, the question of the economy. Britons were assured last November that devaluation was going to "work" — whatever that might mean. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said it would "work" fairly quickly, and promised a surplus in the balance of payments of \$4.8 million for the second half of 1968. Others, such as the National Institute for Economic and Social Research, were more skeptical and spoke of a surplus in 1969. Most of the economists, at least, were agreed that the pound was overvalued, and that given the right accompanying measure of deflation and expenditure reduction, devaluation should produce a substantial surplus. The main question for debate was not so much the magnitude of the effect, but the time it would take to appear. The first sock in the eye for the economists was the new Chancellor's lethargy in cutting back domestic consumption. By the end of March when Mr. Jenkins imposed the toughest budget in the history of the country, consumers had been indulging in a much advertised spending spree for a period of four months. Furthermore, having got into the swing of things, they showed some reluctance to stop: the consumer boom persisted and imports shot up to a record level. Whether this

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do you call that a bargain?: vous appelez ça bon marché?
are there any dangerous animals about?: est-ce qu'il y a des animaux dangereux près d'ici?
what a big cat: quel gros chat.

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Britain

was a temporary phenomenon, an effort to beat an increasingly erosive inflation, or whether it marked a permanent increase in the propensity to import is at present impossible to say. However, coupled with no significant fall in government expenditure (the defense estimates for 1968 are \$240 million higher than ever before, despite efforts to hold back), the buying boom has had serious effects on the trade figures. Exports, to be sure, have gone up faster than was anticipated. But the whopping increase in imports, along with the pressures on sterling thanks to the troubles of the franc and general shortage of world liquidity, has made the short-term economic outlook at best uncertain and at

period of at least four years. This in turn means other countries must run deficits. But if the United States is going to run a balance of payments surplus and if foreigners remain unwilling to hold sterling as a reserve currency, then there is no chance of Britain being able to repay its debt. Britain therefore seems doomed either to declare a moratorium or else stagger on under a heavy interest burden which would certainly deter economic recovery.

Over the next few years, therefore, the outlook for any British government is hardly encouraging, as Mr. Heath seems to have realized, judging from the guarded gloom of his recent statements. And there is no shortage of problems for the more immediate future. Unemployment is currently at its highest summer level since 1940; the country has

the turning point of Labor's fortunes. With these two figures no longer in the Cabinet, the government is in grave danger of altogether losing touch with its traditional supporters, the unions. Their replacements in the Cabinet, Michael Stewart and Roy Mason, cannot pretend to command anything of the authority of their predecessors, and even Minister for Employment and Productivity Barbara Castle is in danger of losing her popularity unless there is some easing of the wages policy.

Punch-drunk

There is, then, a strong possibility that the unions will be permanently alienated. At the same time, the government has lost almost all the goodwill of the uncommitted but sympathetic opinion that helped to bring it to power. This does not include the left-wing intellectuals. The government never seemed likely to get their approval from the moment it took office, but in the last resort Labor can always be assured of their support, for there is nowhere else for them to go. But there is a considerable body of liberal opinion, disillusioned with thirteen years of Tory rule and reluctant to vote for a Liberal Party seemingly doomed to impotence, which therefore voted Labor in the hope that it would lead to the revitalization of the country. This support has been removed from the Labor Party, not so much over a pocketbook issue like the reintroduction of prescription charges, but more because of matters like the government's inept handling of the Rhodesian situation, its continued sending of arms to Nigeria, and its surrender to the racist Commonwealth Immigration Act.

Many Englishmen, punch-drunk from hearing about their economic problems, were further battered by the reaction to Enoch Powell's remarkable speech decrying colored immigration (in Britain, "colored" means Indians and Pakistanis as well as Africans and West Indians). And so the last meager cause for condescension toward Americans and their tawdry concerns was thus removed, and Britons could be thankful only that British blood was not flowing in Vietnam. This was of course an exaggerated reaction: the racial situation did not change overnight with Mr. Powell's speech. Certainly it



English pack, 1832

worst disastrous. A deficit is certain for this year, and it is doubtful that next year's surplus will be more than \$600 to \$840 million, which still falls short of the \$1.2 billion target.

Not all the blame for this situation is to be put on the Labor government. The problem of the sterling balances has been largely beyond its control, being dependent to some extent on foreign confidence in other currencies such as the franc and the dollar. The Basel agreement, however, has somewhat mitigated this situation. But looked at as a problem over the next few years it is difficult to see how Britain can achieve the economic miracle of which Prime Minister Harold Wilson confidently speaks, unless the crucial problem of liquidity is resolved. Since the Labor government came to power in 1964, Britain has borrowed something approaching \$4.5 billion. If this money is to be repaid, it must run surpluses of more than \$1 billion for a

been convulsed by a series of strikes, some of which are in direct defiance of the government's Prices and Income Policy, on which so much hangs; and the pressures on sterling are still very severe. Harold Wilson, therefore, has plenty with which to occupy himself. Throw in a series of by-election disasters and a couple of Cabinet resignations and one may well wonder how he has the strength to carry on. It has been said that the swing to the Tories at Nelson & Colne of 11 percent in June as opposed to that of 17 percent at contests held two weeks before marks an upturn in Labor's fortunes. However, such a swing, if reproduced nationally, would give the Conservatives a majority in Parliament that would make General de Gaulle's appear imperceptible. And the departure from the government of both Foreign Secretary George Brown and Minister of Power Ray Gunter rather suggests that this is not yet

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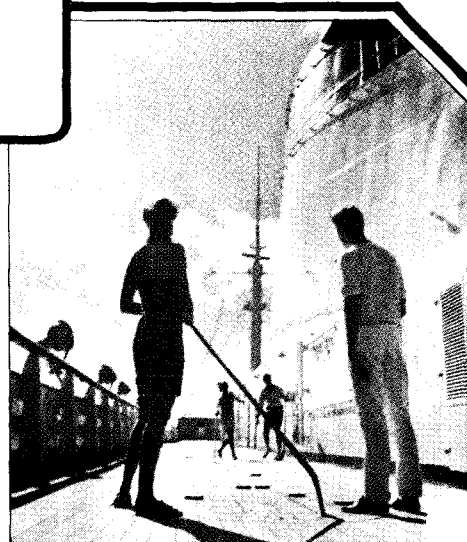
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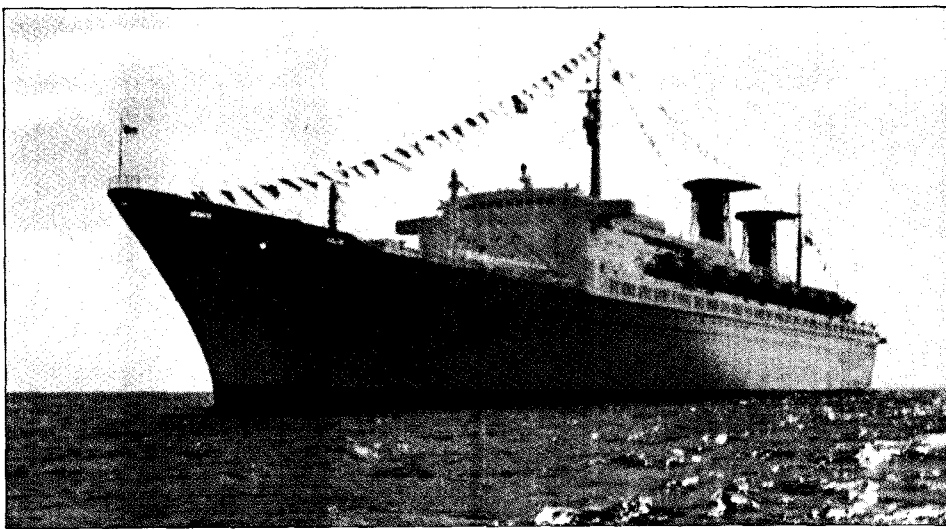
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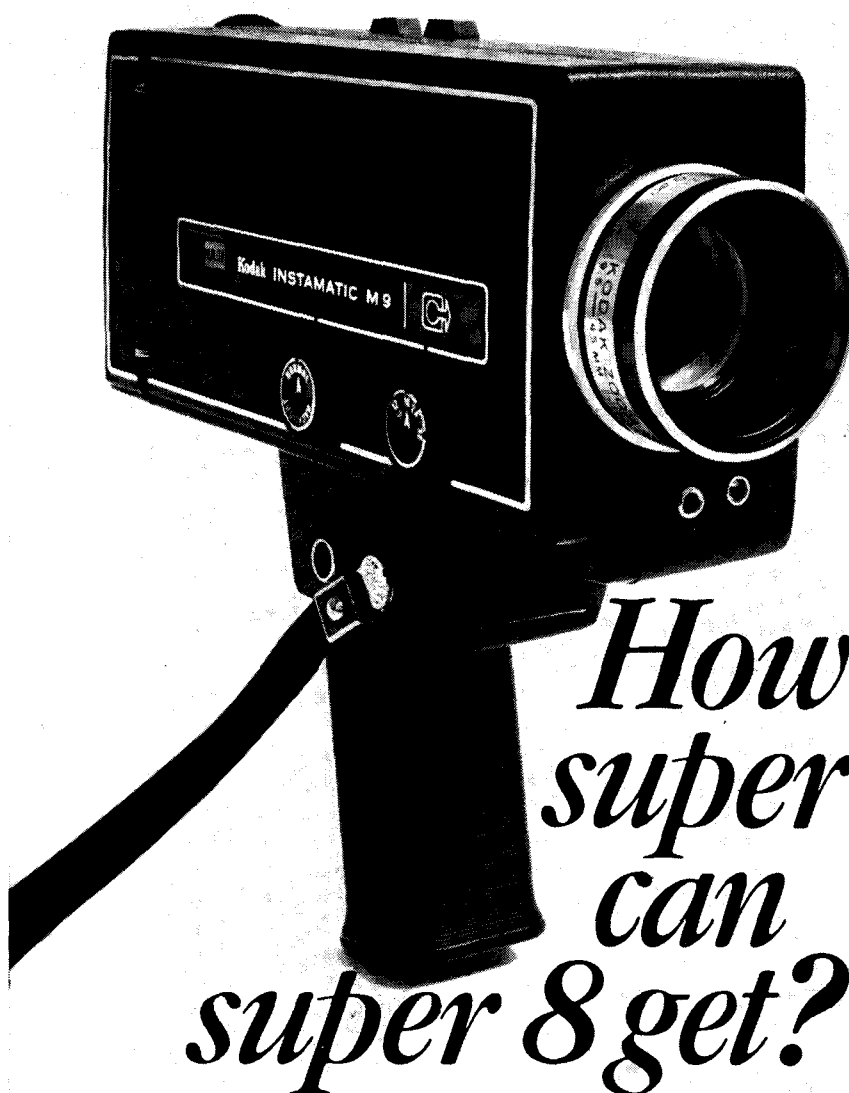
Britain

was a shock to see London dockers marching in support of him — some people were reminded of the 1930s, and it is true that he received 40,000 sympathetic letters. But little publicity was given to the dockers who spoke out against him, and it was not pointed out that 40,000 was also the number of letters that Chamberlain received on his return from Munich.

Different

The colored population in Britain is very different from that of America. To begin with, it comprises less than one million people, or about 2 percent of the population today, and it is estimated that by the end of the century it may have increased to some 3 million, or over 4 percent of a total population of 70 million. The figure of 10 percent that was quoted by Powell in his House of Commons speech was given in a parliamentary reply to a question by Powell's colleague Sir Cyril Osborne, who stipulated that the forecast should assume that the current level of immigration would be maintained. However, only 5000 vouchers were issued in 1967, and these now go only to skilled colored immigrants such as doctors, nurses, and mechanics. It is true that dependents are still allowed to enter and that these numbered 56,000 in 1967. But the process of reuniting families in Britain is now almost complete, and it is therefore estimated that the total inflow of immigrants will soon fall heavily to a level of perhaps 20,000 a year. Although the colored birthrate is higher than the English (it is lower than that of Irish immigrants), any increase in population will be due not so much to a higher birthrate as to the fact that the majority of the colored population fall within the child-bearing age group — to be expected with an immigrant community.

About a third of the colored population is West Indian, over a quarter Indian, nearly a fifth Pakistani, and there are some Africans; the majority, however, come from poor rural areas and have moved into the industrial centers of the United Kingdom such as the Midlands. To this extent they may be like American Negroes who have migrated from the South to the Northern cities.



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Britain

but they are different insofar as they have had to do more than adapt to industrialized urban life after a primitive agricultural existence: they have all moved from one country to another, and many of them have had to learn a new language.

"Foreign invaders"

Many of the problems facing the colored Briton are the traditional ones facing any immigrant, and the history of Britain is a long story of immigration — Angles, Saxons, Normans, Danes, Dutchmen, Belgians, Irish, and many others have over the centuries chosen to settle in this country. And most of them have probably met with the same kind of reception. It is interesting that the headquarters of the Pakistani Friends League in Fournier Street, Spitalfields, is an eighteenth-century house originally associated with a French Huguenot church and school and later with the synagogue and strict Jewish school which succeeded them. The very same criticisms that are made of colored immigrants today have been made of others in the past; it is said that the country will be overrun by the blacks, that they are responsible for the housing shortage, that they take more than they contribute in welfare benefits, that they are criminals, and worse. But in January, 1902, the Tory MP for Stepney, Major William Evans Gordon, moved an amendment to the Queen's Speech demanding immediate immigration control. In this speech he said, "Not a day passes but English families are ruthlessly turned out to make room for foreign invaders. . . . It is only a matter of time before the population becomes entirely foreign. . . . The rates are burdened with the education of thousands of children of foreign parents. . . . Among the thousands who come here there is a considerable proportion of bad characters. . . . These are the haunts of foreign prostitutes and souteneurs, of gambling dens and disorderly houses. . . . The working classes know that new buildings are erected not for them but for strangers from abroad. . . . A storm is brewing which, if it be allowed to burst, will have deplorable results."

In order to look into these charges, a Royal Commission on the Aliens

Question was set up, with Evans Gordon as a member. The commission reported in 1903 and in effect dismissed all the charges as wild and inaccurate. The same is true today: it has been shown that by the year 2000 the colored population will only number 3 million. As for its having criminal tendencies, studies suggest that "crime among Commonwealth Immigrants tends to be generally low, except in crimes of violence where domestic disputes play an important part." Another study came to the conclusion that "largely because they are a working and predominantly young age group, colored immigrants already in Britain in 1966 put more into the community than they got from it." While they cost 15 percent more per head than the national average for education (largely because of the special language problem), they cost 5 percent less per head for health and welfare services, and made 45 percent less demand on National Assistance facilities. All in all they cost \$115 per head compared with \$150 per head of total population.

Much of what is said about immigrants is therefore myth, and old myth at that. The little old lady who is the only white person in her street, depicted by Enoch Powell in his speech, has never been discovered; even when challenged, he has failed to offer any substantiation of this story. Similarly, another anecdote of Powell's about a constituent's daughter being the only white girl in her class has been categorically denied by the education authorities in Wolverhampton. But it would be wholly irresponsible to suggest that there are no problems; quite the reverse is unfortunately true.

Ghettos in the making

Experience has shown that the most important areas in which to combat prejudice and discrimination are in education, housing, and employment. With this in mind it has been laid down by the Department of Education that local authorities should attempt to keep the immigrant population in any one school down to a third. This limit has now been exceeded in 444 schools in England and Wales out of a total of 33,500, with 113 of them having more than 50 percent of their children immigrants. In Birmingham there is one school where 92 percent



Pizarro rose from Spanish peasant to master of Peru before being murdered by his own men.



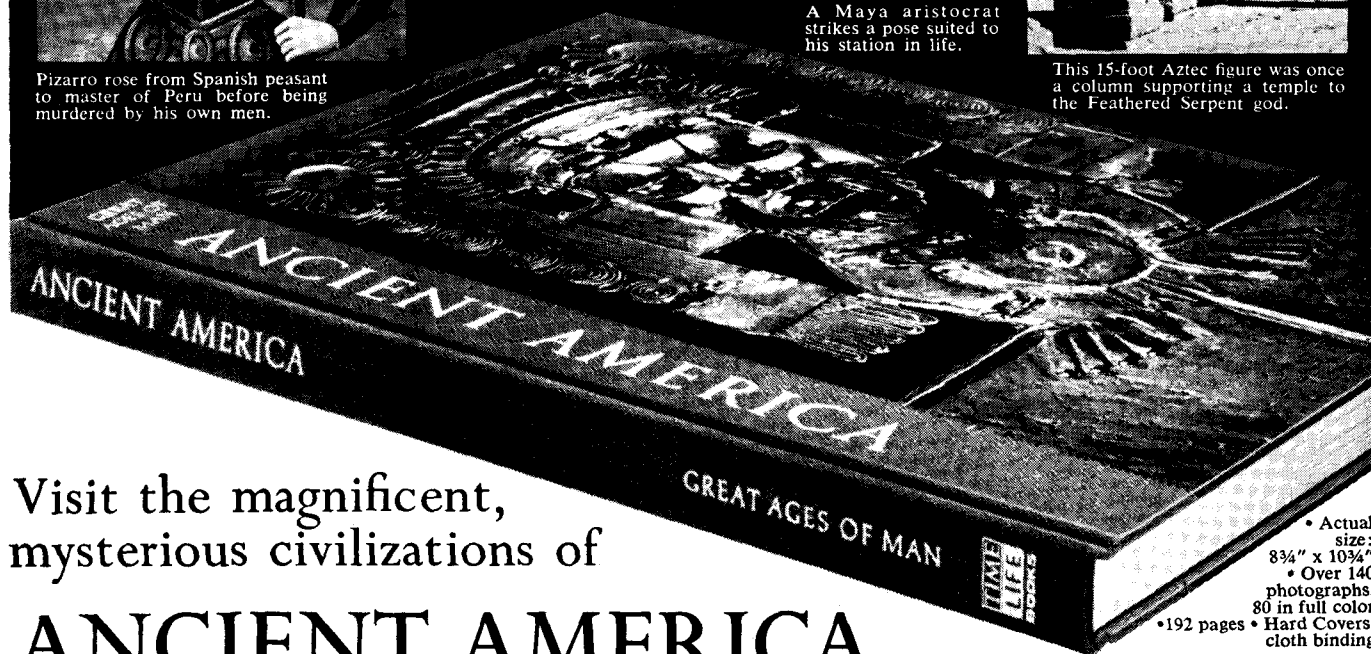
This drawing details the age, tortilla ration and duties of an Aztec child.



A Maya aristocrat strikes a pose suited to his station in life.



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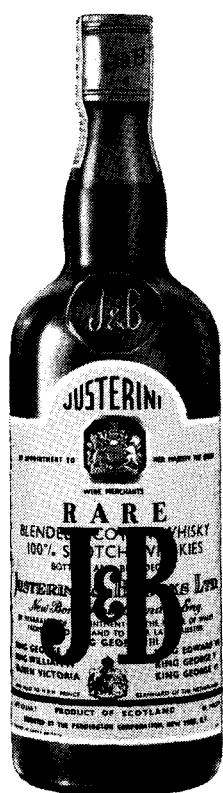
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Britain

of the children are immigrant. Furthermore there has recently been a disturbing research report on the performance of immigrant children in London schools which seems to indicate that they are doing consistently worse in school than their English counterparts. It does, however, suggest that English children in schools with a high immigrant intake perform no worse and no better than children in schools with very few, or no, immigrants. But difficulties will inevitably build up unless more schools are built to ensure a suitable racial balance, and unless more teachers are found who will teach in these schools.

Much of the problem centers on the high concentration of immigrants in certain parts of the country, notably Tyneside, West Yorkshire, South East Lancashire, Merseyside, the West Midlands, and London, toward which they moved because jobs were available and labor was short. Within these areas the problem is further aggravated by the fact that immigrants have tended to live in the same district as others of their race, and since these are generally poor areas with inadequate housing, "twilight zones" have grown up with a large, predominantly colored population living in overcrowded conditions of some squalor. There is therefore a danger of de facto segregation, though there are as yet no true ghettos, and there is thought to be no voting ward in Britain with a colored majority. Nonetheless, the question of housing is clearly crucial, and it seems likely that if anything comparable with American racial conditions is to be avoided, steps must be taken to ensure that the colored population is adequately housed in areas which are not ghettos in the making.

As far as employment goes, it is difficult to assess the problem. A survey undertaken by Political and Economic Planning showed beyond all doubt that discrimination occurs in employment, particularly at the stage of recruitment, but it is of course more difficult to identify discrimination in promotion, where individual judgment plays an important part.

Perhaps the most encouraging feature of the general situation is the growing awareness that the problem

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will not right itself if just left alone. Sir Charles Dilke, moving an amendment to a Conservative anti-immigration bill in 1902, pointed out that each wave of immigration had in the past met with initial hostility, which after a generation or two had dwindled to nothing. But even some Conservatives now appreciate that the laissez-faire attitude implied in this kind of approach will not be sufficient to combat prejudice where the immigrants, because of their color, encounter discrimination never experienced by Flemings, Jews, or Irish.

The weapon of hypocrisy

Enoch Powell's speech had bad effects: it distorted a serious situation, it encouraged people's irrational fears, and it gave a veneer of respectability to the expression of prejudiced views. But it also had good effects: it brought the subject under serious analysis and discussion and impressed on people the need for action. Above all, it removed the weapon of hypocrisy beloved of the British. In the past we could say, "This is a free country; all men have the vote and all men are equal before the law." And in a sense this was true. No colored person has ever labored under the burdens and civil disabilities of the Negro in the American South. But at the same time, Britain's colored population has clearly suffered humiliation, discrimination, and prejudice, and this has now been brought home to the British public.

The Race Relations Act currently going through Parliament, though it is weak in enforcing the law, is very wide in scope. It covers all professional services, employment, public and private housing, places of public resort, and more. Its passage is clearly essential to the success of other government policies to alleviate the problem. It is possible that this is appreciated by most Tory MP's, though by their lack of support for the bill in the House, they sacrificed principle for unity with the result that neither has been achieved.

The Labor Party, by contrast, has behaved well, though some, such as Ray Gunter, have their reservations. In the country, however, opinion is less liberal, particularly among those sectors of the population (such as the dockers) who feel most threatened and whose jobs are

most insecure. The outlook is therefore far from auspicious, and it is certain that the Labor Party's stand on the issue will win it few votes in an election.

— John Grimond

South Carolina



French pack, c. 1810

The separatist, disillusioned ideology of black power has so far been but an undertone in the South. (Weaker, too, and far less virulent has been the threat of riot, though it is present in every Southern city, as is the threat of something like guerrilla warfare across the rural Black Belt.) The standard explanations for this anomaly have centered on the relative recency of Negro victories in the South securing basic American rights, most notably the right of the ballot and political participation. Disillusionment, goes this thesis, has not yet had time to set in. Recent events in the politics of South Carolina are suggestive of the amount of hope, indeed the degree of faith in American democratic processes, still alive, almost incredibly, among Negro Southerners. And they indicate also the ways in which this hope is disappointed.

In September, 1967, names of every registered voter in the state were wiped off the books, and the electorate was required to reregister; this occurs every 10 years by state law. Whites, accustomed to the nuisance, took it in stride. But for Negroes, it was the occasion for renewal of a crusade: the old, an-

guished struggle to register voters. Now it is near success in much of the South, but only a few years ago registration was one of the most difficult and dangerous activities of the Southern civil rights movement. Negroes went to work across the state with registration meetings (often in churches), with canvassing, with registration booths at shopping centers, pool halls, dances, churches, wherever people gathered; in Columbia at a large car wash.

Bag of tricks

In South Carolina, the denial of democracy to Negroes was accomplished less often by force than by administrative procedure, that bag of many tricks dating to post-Reconstruction whereby whites could register, Negroes could not. Even with the 1965 Voting Rights Act wiping out the maze of tests and infrequent and irregular registration periods, South Carolina still ranked ninth among the eleven Southern states in percentage of potential Negroes registered in 1967. In rural areas, especially, Negroes still fear the proffered ballot. So the reregistration was seen as an opportunity to increase Negro voting power.

State law had been changed to make the process far simpler than ever before, and Negroes were pleased to find that registrars generally were obeying instructions from Governor Robert McNair that all citizens be treated equally. Previously registered citizens could have applications notarized, and register by mail. New registrants could have the forms processed by deputy registrars away from the courthouse. Negroes were on the board of registrars in three counties and were deputy registrars in thirteen.

Most of the registration effort was coordinated by the South Carolina Voter Education Project, a confederation of registration organizations formed in 1962-1963, the first such in the South. James L. Felder, twenty-seven, a graduate of Howard University Law School and a native of Sumter, directs the organization, and financial help comes from the Voter Education Project of the Southern Regional Council. Mr. Felder said about half the registration organizations were chapters or offshoots of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the others were independents, ministerial alliances, civic



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South Carolina

leagues, and the like. This reflected the rarity, even during the early 1960s, of activity in the state by the more militant civil rights organizations. One consequence is that South Carolina Negroes are probably more inclined than most to work within the system, to rely on the old NAACP strategy of court suits and voting efforts. Thus a test of the system in South Carolina has special significance.

A major weakness of the rather old-fashioned civil rights approach in South Carolina is that the energies and free time of students and young adults are infrequently used. This was true in the reregistration effort. Absence of the young might account for less than effective civil rights progress in South Carolina generally; failure in political efforts only intensifies the estrangement of the young from conventional forms of American democracy. All too rare was the kind of attitude expressed by Virgil Dimery, middle-aged funeral director in Kingstree and leader of a voter effort which has gone to great pains to involve high school students and young people generally: "We work in vain if we don't train them to take over."

Like Greek

A political development in February gave hope of things to come from the reregistration. This was a campaign organized — in part to spur interest in reregistration — by the Voter Education Project for involvement of Negroes in party organizations. Instructions were sent out, workshops were held on procedure, and Negroes by the hundreds turned out for precinct meetings, often outnumbering the more or less professional whites who bother with such things, and capturing many of the organizations. More than 5000 Negroes participated in precinct organization meetings in 28 counties and elected 182 Negro officers. Twelve hundred were named delegates to county conventions where they elected 78 Negro officers, and 175 were delegates to the state convention. There they elected no Negro officers but did get 5 Negroes named as delegates and 4 as alternate delegates to the Democratic National Convention.

One of the delegates was George

Holman, a fifty-nine-year-old undertaker in Moncks Corner. A short, modest man, he continued to canvass daily for registration as chairman of the local voter organization. He drove deep into surrounding rural areas to call on farms and cabins miles apart from each other — an exercise in democracy probably rare among those he will meet in Chicago. He said the success with party organizations had encouraged many Negroes in his area to register for the first time. "People are beginning to see it will work. Our people have been so far from politics. They were never told about it. It is like Greek to them. But if you get them person to person and begin to explain it, you'll see them light up, and they'll say, 'Oh, I get it.'"

There were sad stories of how, more than once, Negroes with a majority at a precinct meeting would be talked into a compromise on offices by the whites, a Negro getting a ceremonial one like chairman, and whites holding on to the powerful one of committeeman. "These damn white boys have been playing this game of politics for three hundred years," said a Charleston leader. "We've just been in it since 1948. We've been learning. But we've got a lot to learn."

Heartened by the success in party organization affairs, and perhaps as part of the enthusiasm of the reregistration drive, more Negro candidates qualified for the June 11 Democratic primary than at any other time in recent history. (South Carolina was the only Southern state during Reconstruction in which Negroes controlled the state legislature. They had a majority in the House from 1868 to 1873, and enough white support in the Senate to prevail.) This time 12 Negroes ran for the legislature, one for Congress, and 31 for local offices. Statewide, only 11 Negroes held office prior to the primary, and none was in the legislature.

The maxim that Negro candidates spur Negro registration was reinforced by the efforts of candidates themselves to register people. Most were assuming that each Negro they signed up was a vote for himself. In Sumter, Miss Dorothy Sampson, a formidable lady lawyer, brusque of speech, fierce in a futile fight to get Negro deputy registrars in her county through the reregis-

tration, drove around the town and countryside in a blue Cadillac festooned with stickers ("Lawyer Sampson Should Be State Senator"), cajoling or bullying the unregistered to get right in and be hauled in splendor to the registrar. She spoke of rounding up and registering 305 people in five days. "Well," she said, "it's self-serving . . ."

White alert

Little attention was paid to the Negro reregistration effort until the South Carolina Secretary of State's office, responding to requests, reported results through February 24. Negroes had, it was announced, outregistered whites in seven counties. Five of these, along with four others of the forty-six, had Negro voting-age majorities. In those counties particularly, and in the state generally, the news stirred white registration efforts. Booths began to appear in shopping center parking lots in white sections. Deputy registrars showed up with forms at civic clubs (the Southern affiliates are still generally all white), and at factories. Radio, television, and newspaper advertising urging re-registration increased. U.S. Representative L. Mendel Rivers, powerful chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, was opposed by a Negro candidate. Rivers took out a full-page ad in the *Charleston News and Courier* urging registration, an advocacy not notable in his previously uncontested races.

While some Negro leaders looked on the contest for reregistration as a healthy manifestation of democracy, others were rueful that the whites had been alerted. Some held back registration forms until the last minute on the supposition that white efforts were spurred each time Negroes pulled ahead.

Final results announced after the May 11 cutoff indicated, however, that white registration had declined from 730,000 in 1967 to 566,271. Negro registration, 24.4 percent of the total, stood at 182,514 — still less than 50 percent of the potential, and lowest on this score in 1968 in all of the South. Moreover, in no county did Negroes emerge with a voting majority, not even in the potential store of nine with majority Negro voting-age populations.

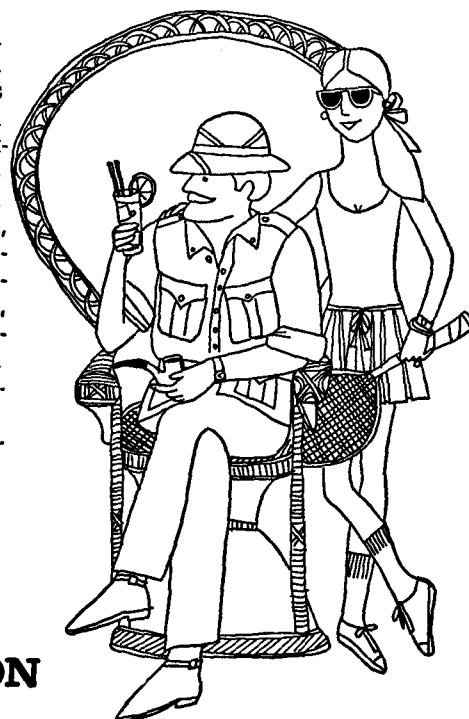
The ensuing primary was more disappointing to Negro hopes than the registration figures would have

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The Rover 2000.

South Carolina

augured. Of 31 Negro candidates for local offices (county council, board of education, superintendent of education, magistrate, coroner), only 10 survived runoffs. Ten of the 12 legislative candidates were defeated. The other 2 lost in runoffs. George A. Payton, Negro attorney of Charleston, who challenged ultra-hawk Mendel Rivers, campaigned against him on a platform including the peace issue. Payton, with about one third of his district Negro, had hoped to see the white vote split between Republicans and Democrats. This hope died when the Republicans, after unsuccessful legislative efforts to allow them to join the Democrats in nominating Representative Rivers, switched over to vote for Rivers. But perhaps even more bitter were returns showing considerable Negro support going to supersegregationist Rivers. One explanation was that they feared losing Charleston's outsized version of the military-industrial complex, for which Rivers has claimed credit.

Part of Payton's problem was less than enthusiastic support (if not covert opposition) from some Negro leaders. Division of Negro leaders' support helped account for defeats of at least two other congressional candidates and one senatorial challenger who had notions of welding Negro and working-class white votes.

Arrangements

Successful coalitions were generally on the model of one in Beaufort County. With only about half the voting strength of whites, Beaufort Negroes worked out an accommodation two years ago with the established white leadership — the more enlightened part of it, true, but a part which had been strictly segregationist until Negro voting strength rose. In the elections two years ago, a Negro was elected to city council, and this year, 6 of 13 Negro candidates won and one was in a runoff. In such a coalition, there is no formal slate, but by word of mouth among both races slates are elected. The difference between this arrangement (which recalls the brief experiment in patrician white-poor black alliance by South Caro-

lina's Wade Hampton after the Civil War) and the kind of coalition between Negroes and white liberals often espoused in the modern South is that the white powers of Beaufort can deliver a vote, which white liberals are seldom able to do.

It is a bleak harvest to spring from all the idealism and sacrifice that went into the Negro voter struggle of the past decades, but one based on reality, and founded in the Negro tradition of making do with what is available. There is a classic story of the folk wisdom of this tradition, about the late federal judge Waties Waring, sometime after he had been ostracized by white Charleston because of his ruling against the white primary. He was admonishing Negro leaders in Beaufort to push harder for their rights. Finally one leader arose and said, "Judge Waring, you ain't been a nigger now but four years. I've been one for fifty-five years, and I know what I'm doing."

The other Southern states have had the same experience of finding it more difficult to elect Negro or Negro-favored candidates than to register formidable Negro voting strength. The common causes are honest choice of whites by Negro voters, fraud or intimidation at the polls, and the casting of imperfect ballots by people not yet accustomed to the process.

There is obvious danger if Southern Negroes continue to see all the hope they have built up in the ballot disappointed. One statistic in South Carolina seems ominous. Despite all the political activity and the reregistration campaign, only 55 percent of all those Negroes who were reached by the campaign turned out to vote in the primary. Leaders were expecting 75 percent. Many factors were involved, not least a tendency to regard the effort to register as sufficient civic duty. But the demoralizing bleakness of so many no-choice races (certainly no unique Southern phenomenon), and of the coalitions of convenience, must be considered part of the cause. And there must be taken into account the dispiriting effect of the assassinations of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and Senator Robert Kennedy, as well as the nation's drift toward riot and repression.

South Carolina's new biracial politics does not yet touch the gut problems of the state — the typical

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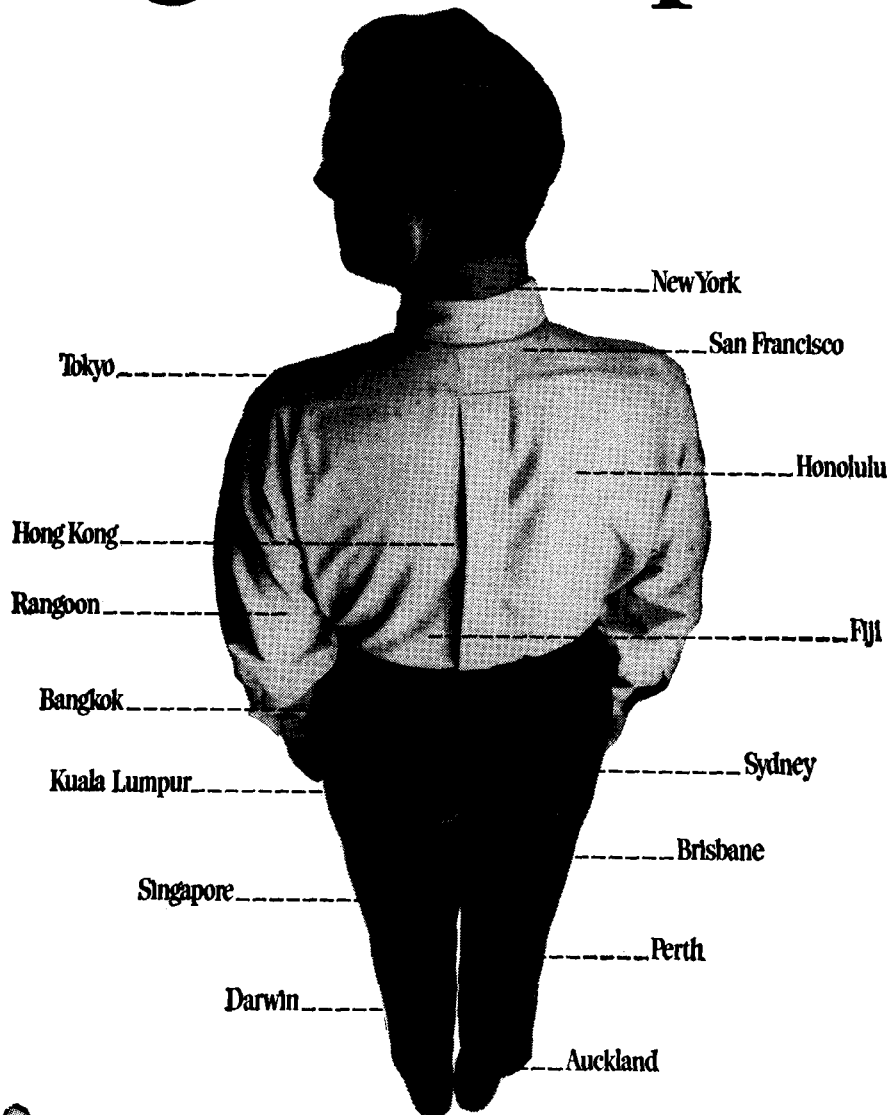
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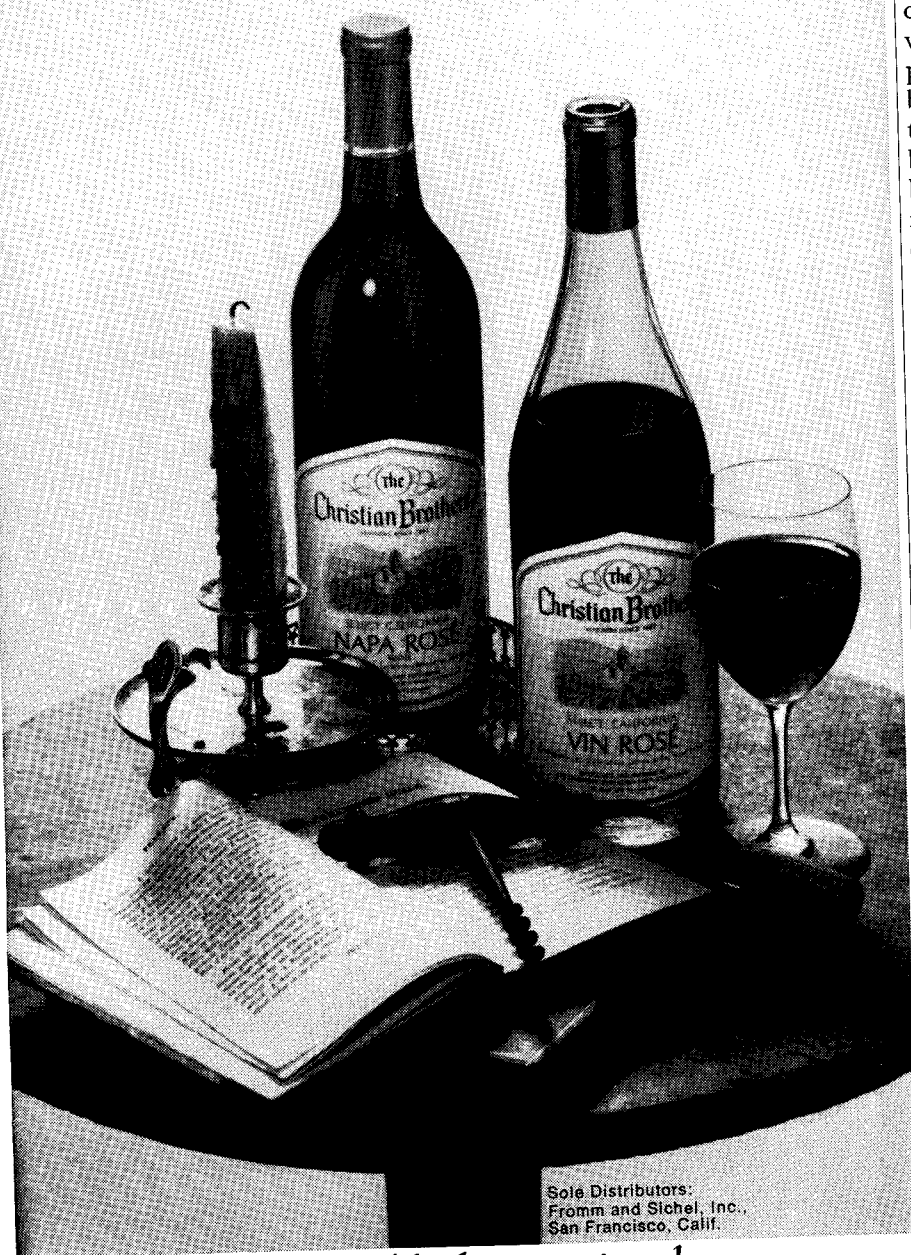
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South Carolina

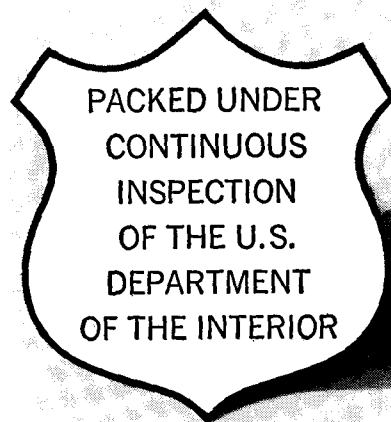
Southern profile of poverty extremes, inadequate education, ancient racial animosities, and unpreparedness of citizens in the transition from rural to urban, farm to industrial, society. Mrs. Victoria DeLee, grass roots leader in Dorchester County, described a typical day of canvassing for voter registrants: "People, every day we go out, starvin', children purely naked, shacks like goat shacks, people sick, down, sick with poverty, all out in those woods."

Not ready to burn

Can conventional politics contain the wrath of a people? One answer came from Mr. Dimery in Kingstree who believes in involving young people in politics. Expecting a black majority out of the registration, he said he didn't foresee an all-black government. "I feel everybody ought to be represented. If a man will work for the people, I don't care about his color. In a country like America, with Negroes a minority, we've got to have a working coalition with whites. I'm not"—and he chuckled with the dry disdain of the practical man for the suicidal gesture, his aging brow wrinkling humorously—"ready to burn things down. There are still good words there—still the Bill of Rights there. They've just never, until here lately, been executed."

He didn't get his black majority in time for the primary; the two Negro legislative candidates there lost. On the other end of the state, in Spartanburg, another kind of answer was evolving in the mind of seventeen-year-old J. Wayne Watson, a high school senior. With the most infectious of grins, he told a white man of his distrust for whites. He led a boycott at his all-Negro high school that won new textbooks, the teaching of Negro history, improvement of the library, and other salubrious concessions. He led picketing of the YMCA, and got it integrated. He was forming a Black Youth Awareness Coordinating Committee among high school students and dropouts. And he was leading them in taking an active part in the voter registration effort.

His influence extended to black adults. They spoke of him fondly ("That Wayne"), and proudly recounted his achievements in school,



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South Carolina

his reading, his articulateness. They fell naturally into discussion with him, transcending the generation gap, arguing the fundamentals of black power. The adults urged not so much moderation as self-preservation. One sensed that for them Wayne was a spokesman, the articulation of a buried part of them, speaking their anger and their courage. The King assassination, he said, had convinced most young people in Spartanburg that "the conference table is a futile place." Whether there would be violence in such Southern towns as he lives in, he said, "depended on the white people." He spoke of one mass march to protest everything that is wrong, on the grounds that it would take too long to pick off the multitude of evils single-shot. But he indicated little faith in the idea. He seemed conversant with the extremes of Negro protest radicalism.

Why, then, was he working so hard on voter registration — the epitome of Negro participation within the system? "I guess," he said slowly, "you can say I am divided within myself." — *Pat Watters*

Singapore

In 1959 there were many who doubted whether Singapore's intense, impatient young Prime Minister, Lee Kuan Yew, could avoid being devoured by the Communist element in his infant People's Action Party. The Communists were indeed strong, vocal, and politically predacious. Yet with cunning and incredible drive Lee and his non-Communist associates outmaneuvered and eventually caged the threatening minority. So effective were they that in the general elections last spring, the third since Singapore gained independence, Lee's People's Action Party ran unopposed in 51 of the 58 voting districts, and won a complete sweep of the elections. The Communists, through their front organization, the Barisan Sosialis, failed to contest even one seat.

Again there were dire predictions when, in August, 1965, Singapore was forced to withdraw from the Malaysian federation. The preceding months of union had been stormy

ones, with racial rioting casting doubts on Lee Kuan Yew's ability to forge a united multiracial society. After separation, Singapore was alone, with only a speck of land devoid of natural resources to call home, and a basically (80 percent) Chinese state bobbing precariously in a sea of Malay chauvinism. Many concluded that an independent Singapore simply was not a viable proposition.

Now, nearly three years later, the Singapore of no apparent viability, no future, is on to becoming an industrious, prosperous state. The years since separation from Malaysia are evidence of the island-state's ability to survive. Yet once again grim forecasts are being heard, this time because of London's decision to withdraw, by the end of 1971, the 50,000 British military forces and dependents based on the island. Say the pessimists, the security and economic problems that will create will be fatal. But as the doubters have been proved wrong in the past, it seems likely they will be proved wrong again.

Rugged Society

In essence, Singapore is a parvenu society. It must be to survive. There is no question that the island republic, with a land area of only 224.5 square miles — less than that of Greater New York — and a population that has just reached two million — less than that of Philadelphia — is presently facing its greatest challenge. The remainder of the 1960s and the early 1970s are, as the Singapore government has appropriately tagged them, "the crucial years." They are the years during which the island republic must demonstrate that it can fend for itself without the underpinning of the British military or any other outside power. It is the period during which Singapore must come to terms with its lengthy unemployment lists: currently 76,000, or 9.7 percent of the labor force, and provide an estimated 43,000 new jobs a year to cover the normal increase in the employable ranks and those 35,000 displaced by the British pull-out. And not least of all it must work out an amiable arrangement with its neighbors, Malaysia and Indonesia, both for economic progress and for mutual security, and carry on the effort to instill a sense of regionalism in the area.

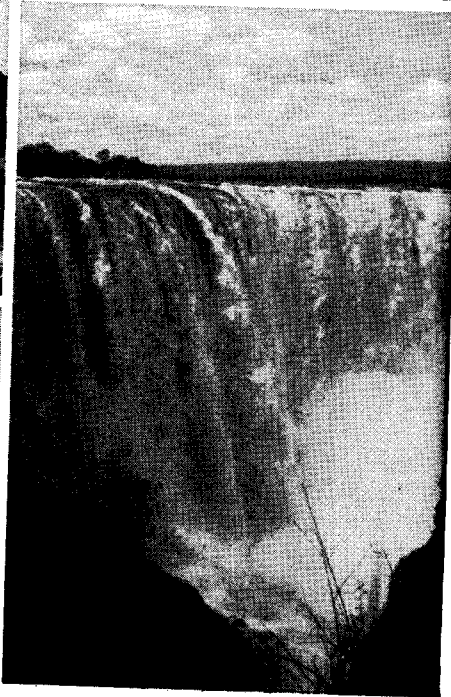
The demand on Singapore's multiracial (Chinese, Malay, Indian, Ceylonese, Eurasian) society was graphically explained recently by Lee Kuan Yew. "Singapore," he said, "is like a spinning top or perhaps more like a gyroscope. The moment it stops spinning, it topples and falls down. You can put a gyroscope on the edge of a table or on a string and it will maintain its equilibrium so long as it keeps up the momentum, the dynamism. If we keep it up for another ten years the chances are the momentum will carry the place for the next hundred years." There is, in Lee's view, only one way to keep up that dynamism — that is, by making Singapore a resolute, highly trained, highly disciplined community, a Rugged Society, as he calls it.

Pulling his own weight

If Lee fails, it won't be because of slackness. Because Singapore is compact and urbanized, because nearly every family has a television set or radio, and because more than 60 percent of the population is literate, the Rugged Society can be put across. Through the mass media, and the four languages in official use (Malay, Chinese, Tamil, and English), the leadership reaches 90 percent of the adult population and incessantly pounds into their minds the one theme: Every single person in Singapore must pull his own weight, or else he deserves what he will get. "If we do not measure up to the challenge," the message runs, "we deserve to perish either as individuals or together as a community."

The decision by the British early this year to step up their phased military withdrawal by four years has, understandably, caused deep concern here. Singapore was of course making preparations for the pullout. But its planning was geared to the mid-1970s, not 1971. The initial plan, dating from 1965, was to create two infantry brigades in five years, then commence raising the naval and air forces during the remaining five years. This would stretch the armed forces program over a long enough period so that it would not be a financial burden on the economy, and sufficient training would be available to train the 1 needed to man the radar screens, pilot the naval patrol craft and the fighter-interceptors.

Those plans have now been



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Singapore

scrapped, and the land, sea, and air forces must be created simultaneously. It is one of the impressive qualities of the Singapore leadership — and a characteristic so vastly different from the narrow approach of so many other Southeast Asian leaders — that they do not assume to know everything and quite openly search for ideas and help from others. What kind of armed forces would Singapore require? The government studied several countries' training systems. It chose Israel's,

"Damn unpleasant"

Today some 20 Israeli advisers, sometimes referred to as "our Mexican businessmen" because of the sensitivities of Singapore's Muslim neighbors, are putting young Singapore citizens through their paces and molding them into the hard core of the island's defense forces. All able-bodied men (and starting next year, women, in good Israeli fashion) between the ages of nineteen and forty-five must do national service. Singapore, in effect, plans to make its entire adult population into some form of defense force, ranging from the hard-core military units to a popular ragtag Vigilante Corps. It hopes to be able to field 100,000 soldiers by the mid-1970s. "Not enough to make us an aggressor," says one official, "but enough to make it damn unpleasant for anyone who wants to start trouble."

Singapore feels it needs at least a small navy to help keep the vital shipping lanes open, and a sophisticated air defense network to guard against surprise attack. At best, the island can provide only patrol craft for its navy and must depend on the cooperation of Malaysia and Indonesia in guaranteeing unhindered shipping. The problem of air defense is expected to be solved in two ways: first, Singapore will raise and support two interceptor squadrons (of about 12 aircraft each, probably British-built) together with local anti-aircraft defenses; second, it will cooperate with Malaysia in manning radar defenses and perhaps ground-to-air missiles. Talks this year between Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Malaysia, and Singapore are aimed at cooperation among the five countries or in providing for the area.

The problem of creating adequate security is not really hinged to immediate military contingencies. There is, for the moment at least, no threat from either of the two close and potentially antagonistic neighbors, Malaysia and Indonesia. By providing an effective military force, however, Singapore is saying it is not to be trifled with. It is also saying that should the day come when a regional defense pact is a realistic proposition, Singapore, tiny though



Java pack

it is, can contribute its share. More important, it is saying to the potential and crucial foreign investor that the island will remain secure even after the British have left.

The question of assuring Singapore's security as a means of enhancing the investment climate is of paramount concern. Not only is Singapore faced with the task of maintaining its economic growth and reducing the high unemployment; it must during the next four years take steps to offset the economic effect of the British withdrawal. In 1967, British military expenditures totaled \$150 million, of which an estimated \$115 million created actual income and employment for the island. This represented 10 percent of Singapore's gross national product. Now, in four annual cuts, that figure will drop to zero. Singapore's Finance Minister and the man rated second only to Lee Kuan

Yew in power and influence, Goh Keng Swee, estimates that an additional \$355 million above normal government and public spending will be needed between now and 1971 just to offset the loss from British military. Britain is off \$120 million in aid during that period to help soften the effects of the cutback. Through additional public spending on construction, additional expenditures on the defense forces, and additional induced private investment, Goh Keng Swee believes the problem can be overcome.

The greatest challenge is Singapore's ability to industrialize, to shift the major emphasis of its economic activity from that of the traditional storehouse and exchange, or entrepôt, trade to that of manufacturing goods for export. The need for this shift harks back to the unemployment register, for despite the continued growth in entrepôt activities, there has not been a corresponding growth in the numbers employed. In 1957 some 115,000 persons were listed as engaged in trade. In 1967 the figure was only 117,000. The reason for the failure of new employment to keep up with the new business is obvious: much trading can be done too easily by one man and a telephone.

Farewell to sealing wax

The only answer, the Singapore officials believe, is rapid industrialization. Singapore's industrial development really began only in 1963, and since then there has been an annual increase of 5000 to 6000 new jobs. Two or three times that number, however, is needed just to keep the unemployment rate at current levels. Yet despite the pressure of need for any and all new employment, the economic officials are turning to a more selective and discriminatory policy toward industrial projects. In the words of Goh Keng Swee, "the shoes and ship and sealing wax phase of industrialization is over." What Singapore wants now is those industries which have the greatest potential for long term growth. "All proposals are welcome," Goh says, "but some will be more welcome than others."

In particular, Singapore has terminated it has no future if it depends on the light industries that increasingly large numbers of developing states have taken up. Singapore

must leapfrog into the more sophisticated fields: electronics, shipbuilding, engineering and metal fabrication industries, aircraft repair and maintenance — all labor-intensive, all with substantial international markets, and all requiring other industries for support.

A second field that the island republic plans to enter with its customary zest is tourism. Last year 204,852 tourists visited Singapore, including, at the top of the list, 53,548 Americans. This was a 59 percent increase over the 1966 total. Singapore figures it can do much better: close to one million by 1975.

White-collar consciousness

With employment the overwhelming problem, with an estimated 75 percent of the population under thirty-five years of age, population control is of high priority in Singapore. The birthrate has been reduced to 2.5 percent compared with 4.1 percent eight years ago. More than three quarters of all maternity cases pass through one hospital, a fact the family-planning people quickly spotted and turned to good advantage. When an expectant mother enters the hospital and the labor room, a family-planning representative is there to assist her and at the same time begin the pitch for birth control. Shortly after the woman has given birth, she again is visited by the family-planning representative and again is told the advantages of birth control. Not surprisingly she listens, and later shows up for the complete course in family planning. The birthrate goes down.

Education is a factor that weighs heavily on Singapore's future, especially now that it is turning its attention to industries requiring a more highly skilled labor force. Here Singapore's record is not so good, but improving. There is only one polytechnic institute, and a severe shortage of technical and vocational schools. As the able and at times excitable new Minister of Science and Technology, former Deputy Minister Toh Chin Chye, pointed out in April, Singapore is going to have to lose its white-collar consciousness. In Singapore last year only one student out of every eight was receiving even a minimum amount of vocational or technical education. Steps now are being taken to improve this situation, including the setting up of more pro-

duction and training centers like the \$660,000 technical training project being sponsored by Japan.

The problem then is to attract the new export industries. Singapore, to be sure, has a lot in its favor. It straddles the crossroads between the Pacific and Indian oceans, and through years of entrepôt activity, had developed the necessary insurance, banking, and financial facilities. (There has been occasional talk of a Panama-type canal across the Isthmus of Kra, a canal that would considerably shorten the distance between the Indian and Pacific oceans and undermine Singapore's position. But this remains at the talking stage and is still too far in the future to be of immediate concern.) Its population is energetic and its society has long been urbanized. It has the unique quality in Southeast Asia of having no stubborn traditions and myths to impede modernizing forces. Although its domestic market is small — though larger than the two million population suggests, for the per capita income of \$640 is second in Asia only to Japan — it is located next to the potentially vast outlet of a now resurgent Indonesia.

Cornucopia

As a further inducement to investment, the government has come up with a number of incentives that truly make it seem like the best bargain in Asia's bargain basement. Investors are offered land, buildings, five-year or longer tax holidays, 100 percent foreign ownership if desired, loans from the Economic Development Board (EDB) up to 50 percent of the cost of machinery and equipment and 70 percent of the value of the factory building, 90 percent tax exemption for at least 15 years on profits of exports, complete and easy repatriation of capital investment and profits, and virtually no duties on imports of raw materials.

The aggressive Economic Development Board, however, is not content with simply offering this cornucopia of incentives and waiting for the investors to gather round. The board was created in 1961 in part to cut through the red tape so often encountered in Asia. It can supply the potential investor with fast and final answers to his needs, because it can make decisions binding on the government but without having to clear them with the politicians and



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is now contorting Communist China.

Singapore

bureaucrats. And this is done with vengeance. Take the case of a large magazine publisher currently printing in another Asian city. At a social gathering one recent Friday evening in Singapore a representative of the EDB asked a representative of the magazine why the magazine did not publish in the island republic. Somewhat stunned by this sudden and direct approach on a social occasion, the magazine representative hemmed and hawed but finally under continued pressure began ticking off a few difficulties that came immediately to mind: specialized staff would have to come to Singapore, and that would require visas; the right kind of printing plants were not then available in Singapore; it would be necessary to have a personal income tax situation at least as favorable as in the present city of publication. The EDB representative made a mental note of all this. The magazine representative more or less forgot about it. The following Monday morning, back at his office in the other city, the magazine representative received a call from Singapore. It was the gentleman from the EDB who was happy to say that the visas had been okayed, the income tax arrangements had been made, and the government would finance the necessary printing plant. When would the magazine like to move?

Filling station

There is little doubt that Singapore is being successful in its efforts to attract new investment. At the end of 1967, total U.S. investment alone stood at about \$50 million; at least another half dozen American firms were in the final stages of negotiations on opening plants. Both Mobil and Shell oil companies have opened refineries on the island. With the vast oil fields in neighboring Indonesia feeding refineries in Singapore, the island hopes to become the marine filling station of Southeast Asia. The British shipbuilding firm Swan Hunter has been given the rights to convert the military dockyards to civilian use. Negotiations also are under way for the use of the British air bases for civilian aircraft maintenance and repair. The Economic Development Board in fact receives some 150 inquiries a week on industrial possibilities.

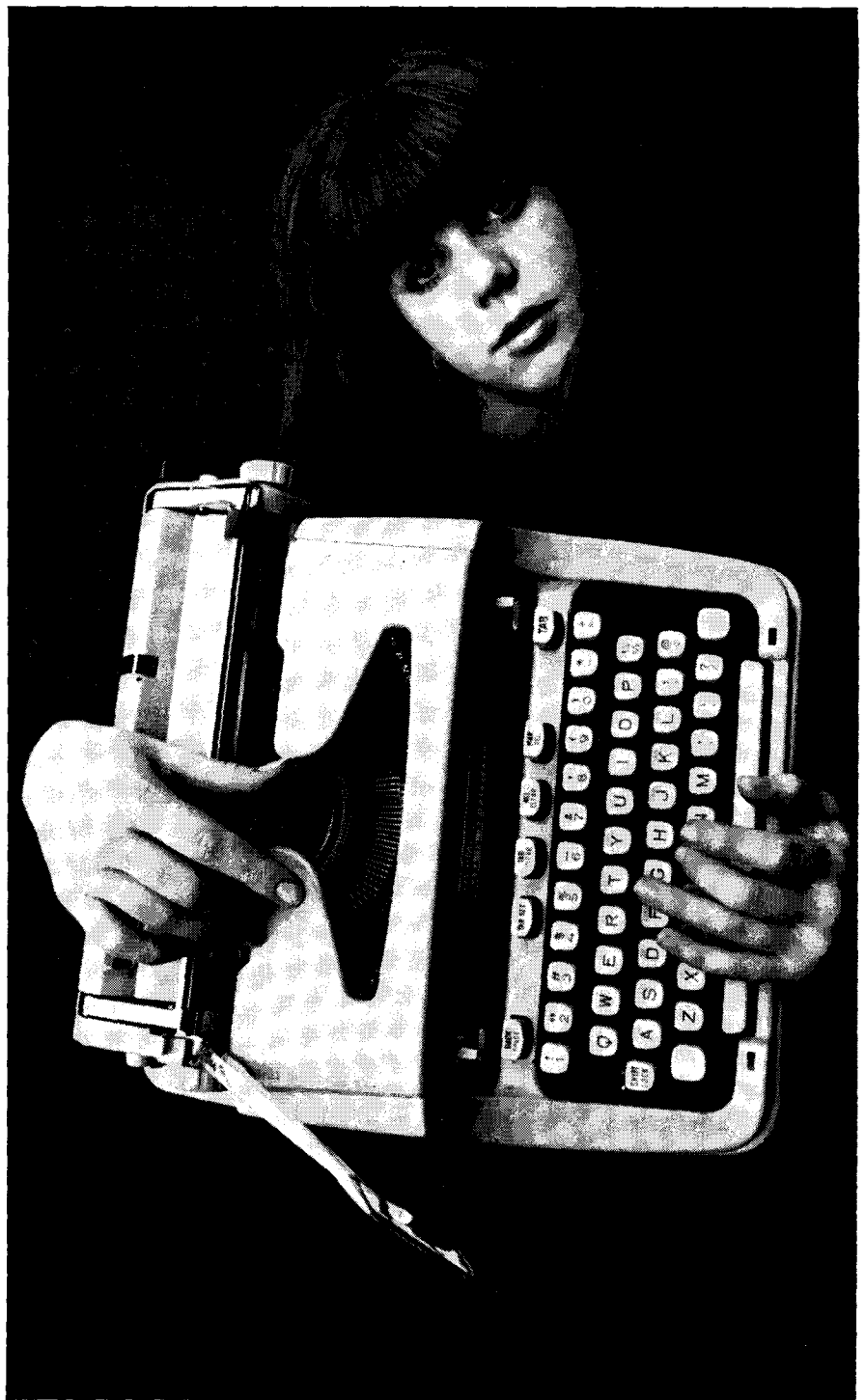
Three developments since the separation of Singapore from Malaysia have contributed to the strengthening of Singapore's position. First, the break with Malaysia itself forced the island to look more seriously for wider markets for its manufactured goods. The abortive Communist coup in Indonesia in 1965, followed by the rise of General Suharto and his milder mannered crew, who see more advantage to developing Indonesia than attacking neighboring states, has helped tremendously. Trade between Indonesia and Singapore is approaching the record preconfrontation levels. The other boon to Singapore's exporting industries is the war in Vietnam. South Vietnam took \$102 million worth of goods from Singapore in 1967, though about 80 percent of the flow consisted of petroleum and petroleum products. Another important factor is that Singapore is not letting politics hinder its hunt for markets. Most recently it has established trade links with the Soviet Union and several Eastern European countries, selling them everything from shoes to Anchor Beer.

Lee Kuan Yew and his administrators fully recognize the difficulties in bringing about regional cooperation. As the Foreign Minister, S. Rajartnam, remarked a few weeks ago, "Cooperation between economically weak and politically unstable units, with all the goodwill in the world, cannot ensure rapid growth and progress. To achieve this we must have developed and more advanced partners in a joint enterprise for common security and prosperity." Lee, Rajartnam, Goh Keng Swee, and the other senior officials know they cannot force on the rest of Southeast Asia their attitude and outlook. But by example they can demonstrate the value of modernization.

— Arthur C. Miller

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Elizabeth B. Drew writes regularly from Washington for the ATLANTIC. John Grimond is a young British journalist. Pat Waters is Director of Information for the Southern Regional Council. Arthur C. Miller reports on Southeast Asia frequently in these pages.



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the mail

The Greek dictatorship

SIR: Elizabeth B. Drew's article ("Democracy on Ice: A Study of American Policy Toward Dictatorship in Greece," July *Atlantic*) on the Greek junta and our policy toward it is an insightful piece of work.

JOSEPH S. CLARK
U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

SIR: Elizabeth B. Drew's article on Greece is an outstanding piece of work. She is a first-class writer, and it is quite clear that she has done a very thorough research job on an issue that has received all too little attention.

DON EDWARDS
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

SIR: Earlier this year I held hearings before the House International Finance Subcommittee on why the World Bank, which had been denying a loan to the development bank of democratic Greece for many years, had just made a loan — with U.S. support — to the present military junta.

I regret that Elizabeth B. Drew's fine article was not then available to be introduced into the hearing record. It would have made a constructive case study in military-diplomatic policy.

HENRY S. REUSS
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

SIR: Elizabeth Drew's superb account of developments in Greece since World War II is one of the finest journalistic efforts I have yet seen on a subject that is all too often kept out of focus by lack of facts and emotionalism. The dispassionate approach of a good reporter such as Mrs. Drew has been sorely needed in separating the wheat from the chaff in Greece. In so doing, she has indeed performed an enlightening service to the readers of the *Atlantic*.

In my study of the Greek situation, and my conversations with officials there during a brief visit last spring, I unearthed no facts that contradict anything Mrs. Drew wrote. My congratulations for a solid and thorough job.

DONALD M. FRASER
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

SIR: I think Elizabeth Drew's article on Greece is excellent, and that she is to be commended for the story and you for publishing it. I am sure it will get a great deal of attention, not all of which will be favorable, but a magazine, like a man, is known by the enemies it makes.

CARL KAYSEN
Princeton, N. J.

SIR: Elizabeth Drew's article is the first informative treatment of the Greek coup of April, 1967, that I have read.

As an American college student studying in Athens when the event occurred, I felt that the tanks rumbling down Boulevard Basilissas Sophias and perched on the steps of the Boule, although ludicrous, were far from laughable. I scoffed then when I heard the Athenian man on the street condemn the United States, and more particularly the CIA, for its part in the military takeover. Now I'm not so sure. I found that being an American citizen in a foreign country where the natives know more of my government's operation than I do is an awkward situation. Especially when one must blush for alleged acts, unable to defend one's government through ignorance of it.

The Hellene colonels, or their spokesmen, might tell the Greek people that "the press is free and exercises a social mission . . .," as Elizabeth Drew quoted. Yet last spring in Athens we witnessed the disappearance of *Time*, *Le Monde*, and the international edition of the *New York Times* from the downtown

sidewalk *periptera*. Then, circulation resumed, we missed the painstakingly cropped columns reporting the outside world's reaction to the Greeks' dilemma. Since then, how many Greek periodicals have been reported to us here in the United States as banned or editorially altered by this conservative government "protecting" the Greek people?

Let us invoke the Muses, Voltaire, Elizabeth Drew, and all champions of free speech in our behalf that our American press might remain as unrestricted and no more monopolized (Nicholas Johnson's warning, June *Atlantic*) than it has been in the past. We can hope also that our federal government organizations will be less estranged from us. After all, I hope the State Department and the CIA do not deal so underhandedly that the American public cannot know a little better how our international policy stands.

JEAN D. CARPENTER
Oxford, Ohio

SIR: The article purported to have been written by Elizabeth B. Drew, but perhaps contrived by Andreas Papandreou and/or his American wife of Bulgarian origin, in my opinion has disgraced the historical background, reputation, and character of the *Atlantic*. The article in question is proffered as a study of American policy toward dictatorship in Greece, whereas it is quite apparent that it is camouflaged propaganda disseminating misleading information to the American public as regards the real situation in Greece.

GEORGE J. KOUTRIS
Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Because Mrs. Drew is one of your editors, it is presumed that she speaks with authority for your magazine. Her article on Greece can be understood only as a blatant attack on the United States for its failure to interfere in the internal affairs of a foreign country. Since you have

recently, ad nauseam, printed pieces bitterly attacking the United States for interfering in the internal affairs of a foreign country in a different part of the world (in the very same issue another of your editors speaks of "the discouragement of liberals with the Administration's interventionist foreign policy"), one must conclude that it is the position of the *Atlantic* that it is moral to interfere when an existing government is threatened by overthrow from the right, and immoral to interfere when an existing government is threatened by overthrow from the left. Is this what is known as the "new morality"?

HARRY J. RUNYAN
Chicago, Ill.

More on the FCC

SIR: "The Media Barons and the Public Interest: An FCC Commissioner's Warning" by Nicholas Johnson in the June issue of the *Atlantic* could be extremely enlightening to the citizens of this country if it could be placed in the mass media. Unfortunately, magazines such as the *Atlantic* do not reach enough of the average citizens. The citizens of this country can bear up under consumer goods monopolies, but it is an extremely unhealthy condition when they are subjected to the opinion control of the mass media barons. This article should be required reading for every high school senior and above all for every voter in the United States.

EDWARD C. SULLIVAN
Syracuse, N. Y.

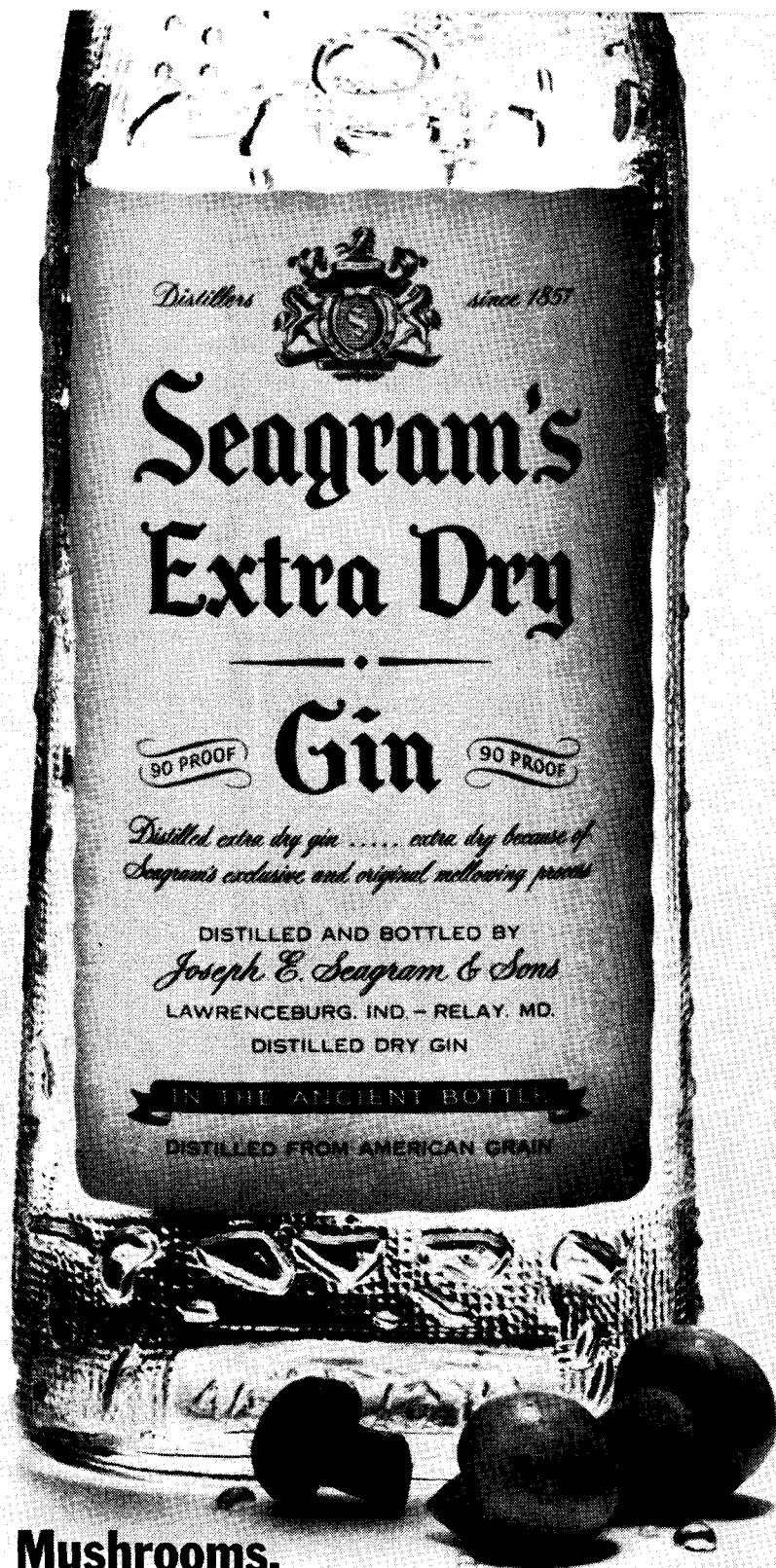
SIR: A big bouquet to Nicholas Johnson and the *Atlantic* for his poignant and refreshing article. It's about time media monopoly and censorship were checked.

When in the world are we going to demand that our public media — all of it — represent an unbiased and accurate picture of the *truth* around us, even at the risk of personal loss? Until the American public gets serious about the role of the media — serious enough to legislate standards of information and opinion — I see little hope in sight.

JAMES E. QUINN
Rolla, Mo.

SIR: In this city the "dissemination of information from diverse and antagonistic sources" is simply not permitted by the media — electronic or

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Would that we had more bureaucrats with Mr. Johnson's courage and intelligence.

NAT FRITZ
Kansas City, Mo.

SIR: I have just finished reading with serious interest — and grave distaste for my own lack of surprise — Nicholas Johnson's article. I was surprised that anyone, but especially a member of the FCC, could still hope for integrity from the news media.

NBC's coverage of the student activities around the world, for example, has been obviously untrustworthy. A few weeks ago I heard a local radio newscaster list the makeup of the Poor People's group in Washington as being "mostly Negro, but there are also Indians, some Mexicans, and a few Americans."

DEE MOTTO
Tocsin, Ind.

Televising the conventions

SIR: As a member of the Republican Convention Reforms Committee ap-

pointed by Chairman Bliss, I was much interested in the recent article by Charles McDowell, Jr. ("Carnival of Excess: TV at the Conventions," July *Atlantic*) on conventions as a pawn in the battle for position among the networks.

At San Francisco, in 1964, each network had four or five cameras at a time running in different locations and, in addition, could pick up a pool camera. Hence, the producer, sitting in the control booth, had many screens in front of him from which he selected the single picture appearing on the home screen. His editing has exactly the same effect as that of the home-movie producer, who splices together a thousand feet of film selected from perhaps five thousand feet in order to produce a single coherent presentation.

As a member of the Reforms Committee I spent two days watching the filmed records of the pictures actually broadcast by the three networks. The three versions of the same scenes produced very different impressions of the flavor of the convention, because of the producer's editing of the material available.

For example, ABC and NBC chose to emphasize the drama and the excitement of the convention. The fact is that except for the roll calls of the states and an occasional incident usually irrelevant to the chief purpose, conventions tend to be turgid rather than dramatic. In order to quicken the pace, these networks presented brief fragments of speeches, color shots of the delegates, excursions to demonstrators outside the hall, frequent switches of camera angles, and, of course, extensive comments from their experts. The overall effect was chaotic.

By contrast, CBS accepted the pace of the convention. Individual camera shots were longer, and the continuity and sense of purpose of the proceedings came through more clearly. As a result, one got an impression of gentle flow and of much less confusion. The CBS producer also introduced color intervals, and commentary, to prevent the production from being dull. However, his blending of the same elements produced a very different portrait of the proceedings.

BAYARD EWING
Providence, R. I.

SIR: Charles McDowell's picture of television at the political conventions




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is in sharp focus. I am relieved to find a writer who understands that our political system cannot rely entirely on television. Good government does not come that easily.

Responsible television coverage helps improve the coalition programs hammered out at the political conventions, but the TV viewer should never feel that his vote in a primary could ever substitute for the coalition-building at the conventions.

JOHN WILDENTHAL
Houston, Tex.

Reporting the campaign

SIR: The twin reports "Campaigning: Nixon" and "Campaigning:

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Humphrey (July *Atlantic*) by Ward S. Just and Philip D. Carter respectively reveal such a blatant favoritism toward the Vice President as to inspire serious doubts about the fairness of the *Atlantic's* journalism.

Hubert Humphrey's campaign is analyzed from a number of angles and allegedly makes "excellent tactical sense." On the other hand, Richard Nixon's effort is merely described in a monotonous account of a Western speaking tour which portrays Nixon as a "rootless man" who is double-faced on issues and who speaks only to white Republican Party leaders. Mr. Carter represents Humphrey as an "impressive" candidate who is clearly in the "mainstream" of American political thought; Nixon is depicted as a dull reactionary who reassures his audiences that "the clock can be turned back." Although neither writer fully endorses a candidate, the two approaches are altogether different.

ROGER REED
Hayti, Mo.

SIR: Thanks for the report on the Nixon campaign. Your reporter campaigning with Dick Nixon in the primaries knows full well that had Rockefeller truly wanted to debate the issues with Nixon for the benefit of the public, all he had to do was enter the primaries. No reasonable person wants a man to be President who vacillated so often in his decision to run.

JOHN T. McCARTY
Rockford, Ill.

Advice and consent

SIR: I was disappointed in Louis Kronenberger's review of *To Hell In a Day Coach* ("Who Shot the Iron Horse?" July *Atlantic*), especially the last paragraph. As one who wrote a book some ten years ago concerning, among other matters, the "phantom deficit," I think Kronenberger should have checked into the other of the "two sides to every story." There was, in fact, a great flurry of work done in addition to mine in the late fifties, by competent and disinterested scholars, which established without any real question that rail passenger service does lose money. One can haggle over details, but the basic conclusion is inescapable to all except those who don't want to believe it.

One may argue the proposition



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that a civilized society requires the operation of decent railroad passenger service. But this is essentially a *social* proposition and one does not establish it by ignoring or distorting evidence that intercity passenger train service is simply not *economically* viable. Nor does one make the point by resurrecting the ghosts of Drew, Harriman, Young, and others in a sort of conspiracy theory of management. If passenger trains have been as profitable, and railroad managers as avaricious, as Lyon suggests, the managers must have been awfully stupid to pass up the chance for profit. But then, how could they have been smart enough to have developed and maintained through generations a monstrous conspiracy against all the rest of us?

DWIGHT R. LADD
Durham, N. H.

SIR: In the July *Atlantic* John Aldridge ("Dance of Death") speaks of Donald Barthelme in these terms: "[His] stories are quite literally verbal immersions in dreck, the evacuated crud and muck of contemporary life, and they very effectively dramatize the sensations of being suffocated and shat upon and generally soiled and despoiled in soul and mind which accompany our daily experience of contemporary life." Well. You can certainly see the value of Barthelme's stories. How many authors can claim effectiveness in immersing their readers in dreck, crud, and muck? Not many, I'll bet. What confuses me is the qualifying statement that follows: "But they do not dramatize the cultural, political, or historical circumstances which give rise to these sensations, nor do they end in a satirical or even a specific thematic formulation."

How far does a writer have to go to do it up right? I can understand its desirability, but I don't require that the shatting be a dramatic shatting. The prospect of being shat upon by a satirical end or through a specific thematic formulation would be more than I could take, even if it took into account the historical circumstances which gave rise to the sensation. Aldridge ends that paragraph with, "Everything is offered, but somehow finally nothing is given."

At the risk of sounding boorish, I think the offer is sufficient.

JOHN MADSEN
North Bergen, N. J.

SIR: If Craig Anderson's moral code ("We Couldn't Swing With It: The 'Intrepid Four,'" by Robert Stone, June *Atlantic*) prohibited him from fighting in a war, he could have refused induction and accepted his five-year prison term. That is civil disobedience in the classic American tradition. Anderson proved himself a coward by enlisting in the Navy with the hopes of being discharged, and thereby avoiding prison.

Being only sixteen and a half I hope to be more of a man than "the four" when I am called on to serve, and possibly die, for my country. Following *my conscience*, I hope to either choose to serve, and go willingly, or, also following my conscience, choose not to serve, accepting the punishment for my illegal act, in the American tradition of civil disobedience. I won't run from my problem, and I think I can be more of a man than the "Intrepid Four."

BERNARD CULLEN
New York City

SIR: The April *Atlantic* recently made it to our library. After having read Bernard Malamud's story ("Man in the Drawer"), I am immensely moved to sit here and tell you how marvelous it is, how precisely correct you are in referring to it as beautifully woven. It is that.

And I wanted to compliment you on another masterpiece, "Drummer Evans" by Leslie Norris. It is such a privilege to have these things. I feel, at the risk of being slightly silly perhaps, that men owe much to your most excellent magazine, and I think you ought to be told.

CHESTER S. DAWSON
Belo Horizonte, Brazil

SIR: Christopher Logue's "Pax" (June *Atlantic*) is out of sight. Despite a few especially jarring anachronisms, this is the most forceful new poetry I've felt in years. Like raw lightning, he's beautiful.

SCOTT BORENE
Minneapolis, Minn.

SIR: Allow me to comment on some of the points raised in the Report on Jerusalem (June *Atlantic*).

Although your correspondent treated me personally with more kindness than he did the policies of the Israeli government, his report contained several inaccuracies with which I should like to deal.

In the first place your correspondent correctly noted that no Jews were permitted by the Jordanian authorities to visit their holy places in East Jerusalem during the years between the wars of 1948 and 1967. However, he is wrong in believing that Israel is excluding Muslim pilgrims from the Old City. The contrary is true.

Your correspondent contends that Arab Jerusalemites cannot leave the country and return. This is just not so. They can get travel documents to all the Arab countries; they can visit abroad; and of course, they can travel all over Israel.

There is virtually no unemployment now in East Jerusalem, and, in fact, work prospects are good. A small number of "white-collar" workers, including the lawyers, have refused to work for political reasons. As for the hotels, most of the better-class establishments are well-booked.

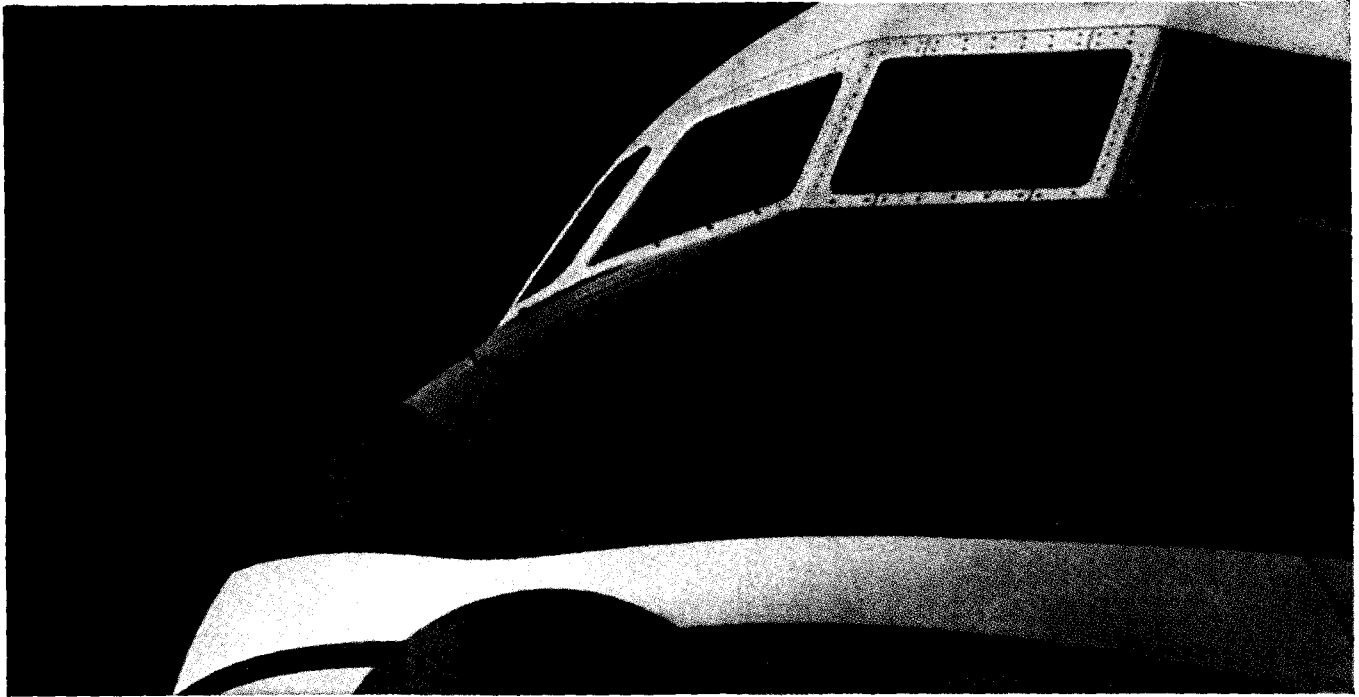
We are well aware of the psychological effects of imposing on the Arab population the high taxes which the Israeli population pays (in return for a high level of services). We are thus trying to equalize services in both parts of the city while permitting the Arab residents to reach equal tax payments over a period of four years, with the Israel authorities covering the difference. Charitable institutions are not subject to tax.

There is one final point I should like to make. Your correspondent describes Jerusalem as the "Palestinian capital city." Jerusalem has never been a Palestinian or an Arab capital. King Hussein chose to set up his throne in Amman. In all its thousands of years of history, only the Jews and the Crusaders made Jerusalem their capital. We are not prepared to give up the city, but would be prepared to negotiate certain aspects of status of the holy places when the Arabs are prepared to meet us at the negotiating table.

TEDDY KOLLEK
Mayor
Jerusalem, Israel

The ATLANTIC welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.

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FACULTY POWER

BY McGEORGE BUNDY

The economic problems of American colleges and universities, though immense, are soluble. "The heart of the matter today is political," says the president of the Ford Foundation, and the requirement is nothing less than "the reshaping of the political process" in higher education. A graduate of Yale, Mr. Bundy taught government and was dean of the faculty of arts and sciences at Harvard before serving Presidents Kennedy and Johnson in the White House.

WITH all its troubles and difficulties, the presidency of the modern university is quite indispensable to the realization of dreams, the breaking of deadlocks, and the maintenance of freedom and order in the unending race for learning. The place to begin in talking about the president is the university. This proposition is not as empty as it sounds. Only one hundred years ago the situation was reversed: the place to begin in talking about the university was the president. The important fact about the Harvard of 1868, for example, was that the Harvard Corporation was choosing a new president, and it was the man they chose, Charles Eliot, who made the place a modern university. Today the universities exist. It is they and their needs which define the presidency, and not the other way around.

The man who would describe the American university today must share with W. S. Gilbert's major general a pretty taste for paradox. It is richer and stronger than ever, holding a role of constantly growing importance, both as an institution and through its members, in determining the course of society. Yet it is also poor and weak; its financial requirements have never been greater, and both from inside and outside it is subject to pressures without precedent. The academic profession has never been more highly rewarded or

more divided. The eagerness of the student to get in is matched only by his energetic discontent after he makes it. The government itself at every level appears to alternate between lavishness and callous unconcern — and also between hostility and dependence. Policemen may vent their frustrations on uncivil and disobedient students in the same season that their superiors are seeking the help of the university for new patterns of police education.

These are not merely surface phenomena. Behind all these paradoxes there is a deep uncertainty among us about two fundamental elements in the structure of the university — its economics and its politics. We really do not know just how the modern university should be paid for, and we are just beginning to learn how and by whom its powers should be held and exercised.

The economics of the university is a fascinating topic, and it is one which greatly concerns the Ford Foundation. We are constantly reminded by persuasive presidents that there is no university which could not solve all its present financial problems by a merger with the Ford Foundation — all their brains and all our money. This solution would of course put us out of business and do nothing whatever for any other university, so we on our side have chosen to seek other answers. Since some of these answers raise questions about the current practices

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of the treasurers and administrators of universities, they are not universally popular. They are forced upon us by the simple fact that we don't have enough money for everyone. We have to offer good advice instead.

But in any event, and in all seriousness, I do not believe the economic problem is the heart of the matter today. In one way or another the universities in the next generation will get the necessary help; it will not be all that they need and certainly not all they think they need, but it will come. For underneath all the present doubts there is an abiding conviction in our society that the higher learning is good. In economic terms the American university is as certain to grow and to flourish as the best growth stock of the best-managed company. Within that great certainty, of course, there are hundreds of doubts, at least one for each institution and a dozen others that are more general. Moreover, when I say that the money will be found, I assume unending effort by those who will have to find it. Obviously the university president must be one of these men and the university presidency must have the powers that will let him play this part. But when we speak collectively, we can say with conviction that the economic future of the American university is a sure thing.

THE heart of the matter today is political. In saying that, I of course do not intend a foolish assumption that economics and politics can be wholly separated, nor do I think that I am simply indulging the prejudices of a retired political scientist. What I am trying to say is simply that the distribution of authority and responsibility among the various members of a university is now in question as it has not been for generations. The traditional patterns of the past are under attack, I think correctly. The problem of politics in the contemporary university is to come to terms with new requirements, and to make right judgments on the reshaping of the political process.

The most visible of the contemporary concerns is the question of the role and responsibility of the student. The high visibility of this question is justified by its importance, although it is far from clear that those who make the most noise are also making the most sense. At the far edge of the movement of student activists there is a group which would rather destroy the university than reshape it for peaceful progress. Moreover, this small group has reached a conscious and carefully calculated decision that its object must be to discredit the present management of universities by means whose only test is whether they work to this specific end. Where these conspirators have been skillful in their choice

of issues and targets, they have been able to draw upon a reservoir of student and even faculty support which is much wider and much more significant than they are. Some of their methods strike me as contemptible, and some of their rhetoric as ridiculous. But they are good politicians in two fundamental respects which deserve our attention: they rightly regard the university administration as the political center of their attack, and they rightly regard the general opinion of the faculty as the decisive judge of any action against that center.

The student radicals, in short, have understood what too many of the rest of us have either failed to understand or forgotten — the real political relation between the presidency and power in a university. That relation in the modern university is a simple one: the university president, on academic matters, is the agent and not the master of the faculty. It is the faculty which is the necessary center of gravity of the politics of the university for teaching, for learning, for internal discipline, and for the educational quality and character of the institution as a whole.

There is, indeed, only one field in which the faculty is not decisive, and that is the field of resources — of economics. This is a big exception, and its consequence is that a major role remains for trustees, but only a Marxist would conclude that this exception destroys the argument. In a great American university one kind of man should find the money and another kind of man should set the policy, and when this rule is broken, the result is disaster. Only the president and his chief lieutenants, for their sins, have to be both kinds of man.

The growth of faculty responsibility and power in academic matters is obvious to all who see the daily give-and-take of academic bargaining. In the last twenty-five years the balance of power has shifted dramatically. Before the Second World War there were only a few places where tradition, excellence, and administrative restraint had combined to give the faculty great strength. Now that strength has been conferred on the academic profession as a whole by the massive authority of the law of supply and demand. The economic force of this law has been matched by a new level of social and political prestige for men of learning as a class. The fact that a few professors are offensive in asserting their own importance should not blind us to the interesting point that by and large they are right.

SO FAR, unfortunately, professors have used their new powers more for themselves as individuals than for their profession as a whole, let alone for the institutions in which they live. Faculty ideas about

the politics of the university have continued to be shaped by the attitudes which were natural in the last generation, in a time when real power did still rest with governing boards and authoritarian presidents, and when a principal and proper objective of a professor confronting that power was to protect his own freedom from its interference. Even today the standard rhetoric of the united professorate is more negative than positive, more fearful than assertive, more concerned with the individual rights and responsibilities of the professor than with the collective authority and responsibility of the faculty.

It is neither surprising nor wicked that professors should have behaved in this fashion. It is in the nature of power that most men use it first to meet their own most urgent needs, and it is no scandal that professors should have made this same choice. It is not only necessary but in a deep sense right that a profession which has this new and growing importance should seek to ensure its own necessary and legitimate rights. Nothing in the corporate claim of the institution can outweigh the pre-eminent requirement that its teachers and scholars should be free to do their own best work as they themselves determine. It is surely no accident at all that the best of our universities are those in which this freedom is most plainly and steadily assured.

Moreover, faculty members might well protest that they have not been nearly so selfish or so negative over the years as my comments suggest. After all, committees on instruction and on educational policy have labored in good faith and with great concern from generation to generation over the shape and direction of the academic curriculum. In stretching out to new disciplines and fresh subjects initiative has come as often from the faculty as from the management. And in some lucky places the faculty has kept a continuous and active role in such critical activities as admission, student discipline, and even athletics. Each such effort has had its constructive effect upon the fabric of the academic community.

But what I am asserting is something different — it is that by and large the members of university faculties as a class have accepted the assumption that the institutions in which they had won their place or to which they have been called by their achievements were institutions whose fundamental structure was sound and whose daily management could properly be left to others. More than that, the internal state of mind of the average professor has led him somehow to the further belief that those who did this job of management were lesser men than he. There is a paradox here, of course. The same men who look down on management have often harbored a certain envy for the managers. One of the small puzzles of university life has been

the conflict between the pride of the professor and his grudging regard for the dean and the president, or at least for the deanship and the presidency.

I believe that this ambivalence gives a clue both to present misunderstanding and to future understanding between the faculty and the president, but first let us note that even at its most ordinary, administration has its good and proper value. Someone must attend to the parking problem, and while one can sympathize with Clark Kerr's famous lament that presidents should be doing better things, the problem really does belong more to the administration than to the faculty. A reasonable delegation of authority and responsibility in such matters is essential, and the administration is surely the proper place of delegation. Moreover, faculty members who sneer at growing administrative staffs have wholly misconstrued their own true interest. It would be a great improvement if professors as a class would give the same respect to all administrators that they give to rare-book librarians.

But it is one thing to delegate power to administrators and quite another to neglect one's own final responsibility. Too many professors in too many of our universities — even some of the very best — have done just that in recent years. Having secured their own academic freedom — and here the record of most institutions is very good indeed — the faculties have tended to assume that the internal strength and health of their universities were self-sustaining, and their government a matter of little moment. They have thus left the field open both for insensitive administrators and for student agitators.

It is tempting to speak of this failure of the faculties as an abdication. But this harsh word is not wholly fair, because you cannot abdicate from a position you do not formally possess. And one of the characteristics of the power of the faculty in the great American universities is that in most cases that power has not been formally recognized.

Both the law and the mythology of the university run against the view that the faculty is the vital center. By the terms of their charters our universities belong to their governing boards, either as self-perpetuating private bodies or as agents of the state. This legal authority of trustees is as unquestionable as it is misleading. And what the law puts on trustees, the myth puts on the president. Which of us has not heard, or even given, the eloquent little speech which is ornamented by the names of the heroes of the past and the martyrs of the present from Eliot through Kerr.

But a retired political scientist may be pardoned if he finds it pleasant to tilt a little with the windmills of law and mythology. It is a fact of history and a necessity of academic politics that no board of trustees has ever made a university great, and

that where a president has done so it has been always and without exception through his faculty. Seen in its true color, the age of greatness among university presidents was an age in which very able men gave proper honor to scholars and teachers. Speak of Eliot, of Harper, of Vincent, and of Gilman: you really speak of the faculties of Harvard and Chicago and Minnesota and the Hopkins. Self-evidently these men had powers to act which were not simply delegated by their faculties. Both in form and in reality the politics of their age does differ from the politics of ours. But in the essence of what they did they were instruments, and the faculty itself was the end.

In many places which call themselves universities, of course, the faculty has no such power as I have described. Where a heavy majority of professors really have no other place to go, where the economic survival of the institution is in question, or where traditions of professorial independence are weak, the faculty may well fail to occupy the center of politics. But the fact that the procession of academic institutions is long and varied does not change the importance of the political reality which exists at the best and strongest ones; indeed, it only makes it more important, for what is true at the head of the line today will be true elsewhere in time. In our foremost universities today it is the faculty which is central.

I AM far from suggesting that the faculty can have any absolute authority. It is the nature of a university that no power is ever absolute, and that a high measure of negative power is shared at all times by all parts of the institution. To take a simple example with present relevance, it has always been in the power of the student to strike. What has held him back has been a complex set of forces among which his own internal sense of purpose has been the most important. If a majority of students should come to believe that the disruption of the university is more important than their own education, there will be no future for the institution as we know it. That outcome, I think, is as unlikely as it is undesirable, but the residual power of the student body as a whole is plain. That power is a proper constraint upon the power of administrators, and even on the power of the faculty.

Our current turmoil at its noisiest — and I think also at its most significant — concerns the role of the student. This is a hard topic and in a fundamental sense a new one. In the few fast years since the first demonstrations at Berkeley, it has moved from the basically easy question of the freedom of the student (the question is easy because the student will insist on his personal freedom and will get it)

to the much more interesting question of the student's role in the political process of the university. When I was in academic life in the 1950s, the problem was a student unconcern that was reflected in a great lack of respect for things like student government. Only among a handful of graduate students was there active concern with the policies of the Harvard administration, and that concern was nine-tenths economic. I remember, in passing, that we were much distressed by the fact that the more we did for the graduate students the louder they complained; we found it hard to accept in our own community one of the fundamental political laws of any revolution of rising expectations.

In the short decade since then the pressure of students for a larger role has become a major force. It may change in its shape and direction; it may become less strident in tone as it becomes stronger and more confident of its own reality. It will not go away. And the record of its life thus far is the best possible present-day demonstration of my central proposition. When it comes to a crunch, in a first-class university it is the faculty which decides. Time after time when students have carried their point against a dean or a president or a board of trustees, the underlying and validating force in their success has been the opinion of the faculty. Just as often and just as plainly, where an administration has held its ground or won its case, it has succeeded because it had the support of dominant faculty opinion. Most important of all, where there has been a reasonable reconciliation of the new and the old — a responsible recognition of the rights and interests of all — the solution has rested securely upon the will of the faculty.

To say that the faculty has been decisive is not at all to say that presidents and deans have been unimportant. All of us can think of dramatic instances in which the good or bad judgment of an administrative officer has been critical. I have already remarked that militant students are right when they make the administration their target. It necessarily follows that the men who constitute that target have a major role to play. But the first and defining fact about it is that while the president is legally the representative of the trustees and mythologically the single-handed Alexander of the university, in underlying truth he must be the agent of the university faculty.

If the faculty is really the fountain of power, why should it bother with a president at all, or at a minimum, should it not elect him? The answers to these questions are pragmatic and not philosophic. The faculty needs a president because like any large group of people it needs an agent and a spokesman for much of its business. To assert that the faculty has the final political authority is

not to assert that its members wish to spend their lives at this job. They need to have more interest in it than they have shown in recent decades, and one good thing about a time of troubles in any modern university is that the conscience of the faculty is awakened. But day in and day out there is business to be done and decisions to be made which the faculty as a corporate body simply cannot make. It needs an agent, and that agent is the administration.

On the question of powers in the choice of the president, I myself think that it is historic accident and not sound policy which has made the trustees and not the faculty the prime movers in choosing presidents. Here the formal legal tradition has had its effects, and not all of those effects have been good. I am far from supposing that a secret ballot of all professors would invariably produce good results, but trustees have not been infallible either. Yet I think it doubtful that a sudden revolution in customary procedures is either necessary or desirable. The trustees have their own right to a major role, because of their financial and sometimes their public responsibilities, and within the present standard processes of choice there is ample room for an effective faculty role. The best single test for the appointment of a president is still the question whether over the long pull he is the man the faculty would most wish to have. Trustees and their committees, if they respect this criterion and seek out faculty sentiment accordingly, are as likely to make reasonable judgments as the faculty itself. What they lack in firsthand knowledge may be balanced by their absence of firsthand ambition.

But if crisis demonstrates the real powers of the faculty, will it also bring pressure for adjustment of legal forms to the political reality? The answer here will vary from place to place. The constitutions of our leading universities, written and unwritten, are very different from one another. In some institutions there is evident need for formal change. In particular cases it may even be wise to move toward strong faculty membership in the board of trustees itself, a notion recently revived by John Kenneth Galbraith. But the readiest and the most powerful instrument of reform is still the presidency, in the university as in the federal government. And in the university, as in Washington, those who seek effective change and not disruption will seek to protect and advance the institution of the presidency even when in a particular case they may seek to replace the incumbent.

The problem of the choice of the president is one example among many of the dangers of importing the political concepts appropriate to the state into the affairs of the university. The university is not and should not be a simple democracy, not even a democracy of scholars. Its politics are much

more subtle, and the rights and responsibilities of its members more varied. A notable example of this subtlety appears in the differences which exist among members of the faculty themselves. There is a necessary and important difference between senior and junior faculty members, and one of the most difficult and urgent of the present needs of the university world is to improve the connection between them. If there must be a choice between the two, the political center belongs to the senior faculty — to those who hold permanent appointments. But it is better if that choice can be avoided by giving an effective role to the younger faculty too. When the younger faculty is alienated, there is a danger much greater than any posed by disaffected students.

AT LAST we come to the presidency itself. It is a necessary instrument of the faculty. What kind of job is that, and why should any first-class man be willing to accept it?

The question is not trivial. It is a commonplace of academic gossip that it is harder to get good men to serve as presidents of colleges and universities than it used to be. Certainly presidents themselves — all volunteers when they took their jobs — have recently shown a disturbing fondness for the mood of Thomas Jefferson: they do indeed perceive their presidency as a “splendid misery.” Moreover they use the noun with feeling and the adjective with irony. To a degree this weariness is the product of the economic struggle whose eventual success I have so casually assumed. In major measure it is the consequence of irritation and even stronger feelings in the face of a constant battle of wits with student radicals who are often outrageous but seldom stupid. In still larger part it is the consequence of the unending effort to interpret one kind of man to another: the professor to the legislator, the student to the trustee, the treasurer to the dean, the old to the young, and oneself to every man. How can I claim to bring comfort to these men by the assertion that in all these troubles they are the agents of the faculties for which they work?

I submit that the comfort, while cool, is considerable. It is the comfort that comes from the replacement of legal fiction and mythology by reality. The president who sees himself either as the unmoved mover or as the agent of his board is doomed, in this generation, to disappointment and perhaps also to destruction. The president who sees himself as the agent of his faculty is at least in the world of reality.

But this world is not only real; it is good. I have already said that the power and influence of the American university faculty have never been

greater. Let me go on to say that in my own experience no group of men in America offers richer opportunities for the man who would make himself their agent. He must of course share their basic convictions himself. Here we have the first great defining requirement and qualification for the president of a modern university: he must believe in the enterprise when that enterprise is defined in terms of the purpose of its faculty — in terms of the life of learning. He must not only believe in that life, but he must also understand it. This is not the same thing as to say that he must himself be a practicing teacher and scholar, although that helps. What is essential and defining is that he should believe in and understand the university as a community of learning.

To this first test of belief and understanding we must add a second test of taste and of technique: the test of political skill. Let us make no mistake about it: this presidency, like that greater one in Washington which has so sorely tried its occupants, is a political office. No man who lacks a zest for political action should accept the presidency of a university. The man who does not have this taste will certainly be miserable, and his moments of splendor will be few indeed.

So let us assume a president who sees himself as the instrument of his faculty colleagues, who understands and believes in the purposes of the university, and who knows and likes the arts of politics. What then?

To such a man there opens an opportunity for service and for action which has few equals and no superior in the processes of modern American life. Such a man can satisfy his interest in management by ensuring the skillful and expeditious dispatch of all the hundreds of lesser things which a modern university requires and which a modern faculty prefers to ignore. He can also satisfy his taste for inquiry and imagination by searching out the unexpressed desires and the still unshaped needs of his faculty colleagues. The president in that sense should act for his faculty as any effective political executive acts for his constituency.

A particularly pleasant duty of the president — on the premise that he is a politician — is that he gets to go where the action is. Whatever is most urgent in his university, at any given time, becomes his business. If a president is *only* an academic man, he may consider some of these matters tiresome and even irrelevant. He may say today that he did not take the job to be a policeman. But if the most important question before the university is to preserve or to re-establish the condition of ordered liberty, then the faculty's chief agent will have to take the lead on that issue — he cannot take refuge in depreciation of the policeman's role; he or his qualified representatives had better get there before

the cops, or at least with them. Where major trouble has been avoided in these recent crises, there has almost always been alertness and concern on the part of the president or his responsible representatives.

Of course we must all hope that riot prevention will not be the president's permanent preoccupation. I myself am a cautious optimist on this point, precisely because I believe that where faculties and presidents work together on the basic premise I have described, they will prove to have not only the power but also (and more important) the wisdom that the situation demands.

If I am right, then the president will be able to enjoy still other kinds of critical political action, some of them more familiar and less startling. He will usually have the task of finding the deans of the several schools, always in the most intimate consultation with the faculty. I think he should also have a watchful and occasionally a decisive role in the choice of the faculty itself, either by his own action or in larger universities by action of the faculty deans. It is an amiable illusion that the community of scholars is immune to narrowness or error in the co-option of its peers, and one of the president's most important obligations to his faculty is to try to save it from its tendencies toward folly — this is a task which the faculty as a whole will honor and praise even while individual professors are complaining violently about a particular presidential or decanal decision. The academic administrator never serves the faculty more faithfully than when he looks past its present desires to its future judgment. Of course this is a hard and dangerous game, but I remain convinced that it is a necessary part of the good government of a great university. To put it on no higher level: a faculty that expects the president to act as its strong and perceptive agent on all the other tough problems had better let him in on some of the fun too, if it wants a good man on the job.

And the professors do want a good man on the job. They want a man who speaks their language and hears them talking. They want a man who is just as good as they are — a man who deserves ungrudgingly the grudging respect they already give to his office. They need a man who is their kind of man, to act for them and for their colleagues. If they get that kind of man, they will welcome his activities in the politics of appointment and promotion because most of the time he'll do more good than harm. If he goes too far, or makes too many mistakes, they have their remedy. In the meantime, they will have the right kind of president.

There is relevance here in the famous language of Edmund Burke, in his victory speech to the Electors of Bristol. The logic of what Burke said

almost 200 years ago may need modification for the modern university — it was farther from Bristol to London than from a faculty office to the president's, and a member of Parliament has duties a president has not. But the glorious words still bear repeating for their spirit — for “representative,” read “president,” and for “constituents,” read “faculty”:

Certainly, Gentlemen, it ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him; their opinions high respect; their business unremitted attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasure, his satisfactions, to theirs — and above all, ever, and in all cases, to prefer their interest to his own. But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living.

If the faculty will think of the president in this elevated fashion, at least they will not grudge him the supporting staff he nowadays so very badly needs. The university is a large enterprise now, and it will not run on Luddite principles. These administrators are not the faculty's masters — they are their servants — and they will serve best if they are granted the respect and recognition that all skilled workmen deserve. It takes all sorts to make a university work, and the very worst place

for snobbery is among the men who are at the top of the academic heap.

The professors can do still more: they can join in the hard work. They can help with the necessary committees, and can help to get rid of the unnecessary ones. They can accept administrative assignments themselves or respect those colleagues who do so for the right reasons. In short, they can and should join in the process of government, always accepting the same rule they ask the president to accept — the principle of accountability to the faculty as a whole. Faculty members who accept this kind of responsibility reinforce the faculty even as they reinforce the administration.

What I have had to say is more radical in appearance than in reality. I believe trustees will continue to have a major role in the institution, and the readiness of students for a greater share of responsibility, whatever its immediate and temporary explosiveness, should be a gain for the university as a whole. But in the end, and unrepentantly, I insist on the faculty as the center. Trustees give time and money and advice and external support of all sorts; students spend some years here. But for members of the faculty the university is life itself. This central commitment is what justifies their central role, and in their effective relations with the presidency is the center of the politics of the modern university.

RAPE IN THE ENGINEERING BUILDING

BY JAMES TATE

What I saw on his face scared me — ants
on jelly; two cars ducked as he zigzagged

past the library up to the tracks
where the other students were just falling

from classes. One big man yelled,
stop him stop that man, but I thought

it was personal and got out of their
way. Finally the aproned man told us

in a high stuck voice it was rape
in the engineering building, and

the rapist was chugging farther up
the inclined edge of town into

the shadowy upright garden.
Full of thanks, we took after him.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS IN CALIFORNIA

Memoir of a Campaign Drop-in by WILFRID SHEED

The bullets flew, Robert Kennedy fell, and to many the ballots didn't seem to mean that much anymore. Mr. Sheed, whose novels include OFFICE POLITICS, hankered for experience in the real thing this year, and signed on as an "out-of-shape dilettante" with Eugene McCarthy's irregulars in California. He was with McCarthy on the night of Kennedy's murder.

THE fun went out of the campaign so quickly it was hard to remember it had ever been there. Our show biz names versus their show biz names, our writers versus their writers, and which side was Barbra Streisand really on; the hysterical fun that followed the Kennedys everywhere they went, the sense of precariousness and racing the clock, and the counterfun of the McCarthy movement, with its kids and its cabarets — the buoyancy of an anti-royalist rising with a fantastic run of victories from Cork to Wexford, from New Hampshire to Wisconsin to Oregon. All gone now, like Jackie Kennedy's water skis. And all one could think was, If I had such a good time last night, why do I feel so rotten this morning?

Senator McCarthy came out in the corridor of the Beverly Hilton early on Wednesday and said a few spare words of regret. His face was white and ravaged, like a private man's, not just heavy and solemn like a politician's. He looked as if he had possibly spent the worst night in the history of Christendom; but since McCarthy keeps his feelings to himself, we could only guess at his thoughts. One thing that might have occurred to him, though, in passing, was that he had himself left a similar ballroom, by a similar exit, not an hour before Robert Kennedy had.

At least, one figured afterward that it must have been the kitchen he went through on the way back to his suite. Behind him, the ballroom was the usual swinging snake pit; next day the Los Angeles *Times* would describe the mood there as gloomy, but if so, saints preserve us from ecstasy. We had just sustained one of our most arresting defeats: Kennedy would now stay in the race, which was essential to our plans, deadlock the convention, and leave it to McCarthy to break the tie — an ambig-

uous situation to be whooping it up over, but we were used to that by now.

Upstairs, everything was a snarl of cables and cameras. There was nothing to photograph right now, but the roiling apparatus would sit there solemnly all night for people to trip over, just in case. McCarthy workers, great and humble, had piled into the bedrooms with the best TV sets, of which mine seemed to be one. So I edged in anonymously and watched, from a hard-won beachhead on my own bed, the scene over at Kennedy's place.

He looked, you may recall, unusually relaxed and content. Tales had been spreading of his total exhaustion, of his having to be helped into his car, and so on, but victory is politicians' medicine. His speech was humorous, in that limited but pleasant kidding style he had fallen into, and magnanimous. It had been a clean fight, as these things go, which meant that our loathing for each other was not quite irreparable; and Kennedy was mending fences as he went.

In retrospect, Sheed felt that this last speech had charmed him for the first time. But this, I fear, was an optical illusion. After a dogfight like that, you are in no shape to be charmed, not just yet. He left the platform, and we returned to our endless conjecturing, our audacious raids on delegates, and our happy Hubert-baiting. Even minor functionaries and hangers-on can fill a room with smoke and talk like power brokers. McCarthy's coup had been to offer this old man's dream to the under-thirties.

It was to wits woolly with role-playing and booze and the thought of no-work-tomorrow that the news arrived in grotesque bits and pieces. "Shooting . . . shot . . . somebody shot . . . clear the

hall, *clear the hall . . .* Jesse Unruh, Bobby, don't know . . . in the hip, in the head." The TV was as confused as we were. The screen was a splurge of ungodly colors, baby blue and midnight orange. The young McCarthy workers sobbed and stared and said oh, no, and what's happening and I don't believe it. Bobby was reported to have gripped his rosary beads, a good sign. Somebody asked if receiving the Last Sacraments meant that the Church had given up on you. No, it was explained, just a routine precaution.

Time now to work on one's sermon. What's wrong with America, wrong with California, Los Angeles, guns, war, violence. Already the great popular preachers were wheeling like buzzards, coaching us in the right phrases and attitudes. "The fabric of our society torn . . . America sick, violence, guns, frontier . . ." By the next evening we would have heard it all; and we would be saying, we whores after novelty, that America wasn't so bad, that the question wasn't so simple, but prepared to abandon that position too if it became too crowded. Meanwhile, the President's meatball commission would set to work and slowly regurgitate Eric Severeid's *aperçus*. Every journal able to lisp would start on its violence piece, and by fall the nation's bookshelves would be stocked to bursting with this new toy.

Knowing all this added a last thimble of gloom to that long evening, which ended when I introduced myself to my guests circa 3:30 A.M. and asked them to clear out. Whether or not America is sick or violent, it surely is preachy and predictable; and one shares in this quality oneself, as if it were a public utility.

Since I had been doing a little speaking for McCarthy in the Los Angeles area, I suppose my thoughts had been in synch with those of my numerous roommates. There I had been, bad-mouthing Kennedy all week, in a spirit of play; and now found myself staring at the top of his head, knowing for sure that he was dead, grip or no grip. "This wasn't what it was about, there's been a mistake," one wanted to tell someone. A lady journalist, unflaggingly keen for Gene, looked in at the last minute and said, "After this, I don't give a damn what happens to anybody," and tottered off to her room. The special quality of the moment was a moral squalor beyond tragedy. It was a messy and embarrassing thing, like someone throwing up on the rug; one felt reluctant to face the daylight, ashamed to have been there. Not, it was my gun, I pulled the trigger — ah, guilty me — but simply an embarrassed silence seemed best.

The next day (short-story gray and misty), we all crept quietly out of Los Angeles. The TWA hostesses hitched at their togas and tried to make like Italians. What year was it that the three

emperors were gunned, or poisoned, down? Rome, a very violent society. The pilot had a comic routine, which he interrupted with bulletins about Kennedy. "Very critical, extremely critical as to life." The inflight movie was *A Dandy in Aspic*. When we landed in New York, we found everyone was a day behind in their grief and their theories, and we had to begin all over again.

AN Easterner arrives in Los Angeles armored with notions. You feel your brain beginning to rot as you hit the runway. And the people in the airport look tanned out of their minds, offensively bland, and desperately superficial. The main impression, if you can shed the one you came in with, is no impression at all. If someone had said to me, ha-ha, this is really Detroit, I would scarcely have known what to answer, except to wave weakly at some palm tree.

However, the mind never stops working. A city that leaves no impression is sinister too, right? This would not seem quite so silly later. Meanwhile, there was nothing for it but to stare with frozen horror at the spastic taximeter and at the nameless pastels sliding past the window. The Beverly Hilton itself is a fine figure of a hotel, with a front someplace in the middle and a string of off-mustard terraces to refresh your spirit on; but what you see from there is more of the same, pale greens and sickly beiges, and signs saying "Esther Feather's Reducing Salon," and Somebody's custom-made hats, operating out of dirty chartreuse warehouses; and beyond that — well, more of that. My one contribution to assassination-theory would be based on that first, blank look: namely, that all our assassins have been geographically dislocated; that our violence has something to do with feeling lost.

After a bath and supper (which I shall go into at coruscating length in the book version), I moseyed over to the Westwood CDA headquarters to see what work there was for a diffident, low-road speaker. This was the Wednesday night, a week from the primary. I got the impression that the smart writers had mostly headed for San Francisco already for the balmy cultural weather. Anyhow, they weren't here, in this vague, cheerful barn of a headquarters.

The girl in the speaker's bureau seemed confused and willing, the hallmark of a McCarthy student worker. The kids who had made the trek from New Hampshire had developed a style by now, flip, tired, gallant. Items: boy spread-eagled center floor in the Crenshaw headquarters taking the most ostentatious midday nap you ever saw — whacked out, poor devil; a girl staggering off from a party at 2 A.M. "to work the mimeograph for a few hours"

(but Dame Mitty, you *can't!*). And all the other Weary Warriors with their eighteen-hour days and tired grins.

The speaker's bureau girl was not of the theatrical persuasion, but she did have one thing in common with most of the others: she knew practically nothing about Los Angeles. This most labyrinthine of urban sprawls was being blitzkrieged by kids who couldn't tell a boulevard from a freeway. My first assignment was to a gentle middle-aged Jewish household, hardly my schtik, where I believe I was introduced as Wilbur Snead, or one of its variants, and then (quick glance at card) as literary editor of *Life* magazine and the *New York Times*. The first question I got concerned McCarthy's attitude toward Israel.

That night, as on others, I found the speaker's kit from headquarters more or less useless. I had dutifully memorized all the stock answers about oil depletion, poll tax, and so on, but found that my little audiences didn't even know the questions. The famous distorted version of McCarthy's voting record (concocted by a New York group of Kennedy backers) was still circulating briskly in Negro neighborhoods; but the white folks didn't know or didn't care. How was McCarthy going to end the war in Vietnam?, did he have executive ability?, or (fringe stuff) what was wrong with the CIA anyway? were the questions they asked.

I found myself sinking quickly into the deepest fens of demagoguery. How far to the left or right was this particular group was all I needed to know. Did they dig adventure, or was responsibility in government their thing? As proxy brood sow, I was there to serve. As to the enemy, Bobby became more two-faced and Hubert more ludicrous every night. Until one sobered up on Tuesday and looked at the mess. Unfortunately, I had not followed the sound advice of Leonard Lewin (putative author of *The Iron Mountain Report*), who had grown gray stumping the country for Gene: to wit, ignore the other fellows, be positive out here.

They do, I believe, like you to be positive in the L.A. area; might stomp you if you were not. It is interesting, as you leave some smiling hostess or other, to compare this resolute sunniness with the vicious, in-turned quality of the Los Angeles driving that waits for you outside. There seems to be no continuity between life in the car and life in the house. The closest thing in schizophrenia must be a Mafia gunman at a Holy Name rally.

A CHRONOLOGICAL rundown of the next few days would be misleading, because the mind has long since jumbled them, and that's the form they now take. Speaking, driving, more speaking, more

driving; Sunday now comes before Thursday, because that's the logical order. Prejudice gave ground slowly to glib observation. You notice right away the cool proto-movie-star routines of garage attendants, busboys, of the fellow who rents you the inevitable car, so stylized after New York, where manners are formed by abrasion and erosion, and where the doormen are old rock formations. You notice the fact that people not only have no accents but use no slang to speak of (this may not go for special groups, beach-and-bike enclaves, but it does for the middle-class students and such that I met). There is no common speech because there is no city. With so many people, it seems dangerous not to have a city.

These are thoughts to drive by. To Anaheim for a small give-'em-hell rally in an improvised Eugene's. To Santa Paula for a Mexican-American picnic, where you wish you could stay but can't — the stern demands of the stump whisking you from good scenes and bad alike. And through the airless Simi Valley in Ventura County, where the physical facts of campaigning became a little clearer.

A formidable motorcade had rolled up outside the local bowling alley, twenty to thirty cars covered in gorgeous bunting, and Michael McCarthy, the senator's sixteen-year-old son, perched on a back seat for display. With horns blasting and loudspeaker braying (bring our boys back, vote for Senator McCarthy), we set off through the desolate streets. Occasionally a stray dog would follow us. A small child would wave. Otherwise, silence, shuttered windows. It couldn't be every day that they had a motorcade out this way, yet they responded like people jaded, sick, with excitement.

One soon wearied of waving v-signs at stony-faced men who rubbed their cars in response, at stray gardeners who would not look up or around, even in anger. Occasionally on that long ride I thought I saw people actually lurking in their garages, peering from the shadows. All right, paranoia, but paranoia is modest good sense in the Simi Valley on a Sunday.

Meanwhile, a fellow in our car was trying to make a pitch to young Michael McCarthy. It seemed he wanted a civil service job, had written to Michael's dad about six months ago, maybe the letter had been mislaid. I know your dad's been awful busy (laugh), but maybe he could find just a moment, used to be friends back in Minnesota, sixteen years ago. Roots still in Minnesota, you know, Dad's a wonderful man. "Mother would go back tomorrow if we could sell the house."

Michael is a boy of great poise, and he dealt with the matter gracefully. But this bleak cry for help combined badly with the dry sun and the cheerless wind and the endless bungalows — which, two days before the primary, showed no signs of

preference, no bumper stickers, no anything. The man told us he had been a salesman for twenty-seven years, had learned from selling that you had to believe in your product, that's why he believed in McCarthy; it was like religion or anything else, you had to sell it. Yet this Willie Loman of the Far West was one of the valley's live ones.

For a presidential candidate, this would have been an off day. But for an out-of-shape dilettante, it brought the illuminations of fatigue. The first secret of campaigning must be to regulate your thermostat, to avoid excitement and depression equally, to save yourself for the next meeting and the next and the next. You cannot afford to feel like God, that would take too much out of you. Every excess must be paid for. Watch those naps, snacks, toilet habits. Remember the name of this man, and his wife, listen to his prattle and be prepared to prattle back in kind. I had always wondered at the steady, humming vitality of politicians, from breakfast rally to midnight caucus, but now I saw how it worked: the kind, empty eyes, the firm, indifferent handshake, everything economized on except appearances.

THAT evening, I returned to L.A., passing on the way something described as the world's largest shopping center, set in a great vacuum, to talk to a group of, I think, Italian Catholics, more communal and New Yorky than anything I had struck so far. But all resilience was gone. I read the basic speech woodenly and hacked through the questions somehow. A professional politician would never have let this happen. He would not have wasted energy brooding about the denizens of the Simi Valley or about huge shopping centers where small ones would do, or about all the failures and solitaries who cluster about Los Angeles looking on the bright side and driving like werewolves.

All the while, this microscopic private campaign was trotting alongside the real one, and following its contours. Senator McCarthy had come to Los Angeles and gone, making his usual mild but favorable impression. Private observation informed me that he looked wretched before breakfast, an excellent thing in a candidate (how else could he represent the interests of my group?). More significantly, in some ways, Clarence Jones, Martin Luther King's legal adviser and co-chairman of McCarthy's New York campaign, had come to town, snapped his fingers at the easygoing Westwood staff, and had set to work making an eleventh-hour pitch to the racial minorities, which the McCarthy workers had prematurely conceded to Kennedy.

Jones's scheme included talking to as many

Negro ministers as possible before they hit their pulpits on the Sunday before Tuesday's primary, and circulating reprints of an editorial endorsement of McCarthy by the influential Negro newspaper the *Sun Reporter* outside the churches. McCarthy workers were reluctant to enter Watts at all, where pro-Kennedy fervor could, if inclined, wreak much damage to cars and sound trucks. But as it turned out, the editorial was circulated safely enough, and so was Louis Lomax's endorsement of McCarthy after the Saturday night debate. And who knows, perhaps a percentage point was affected by this frenetic activity.

Meanwhile, one had had at least one glimpse of the incurable triviality of history. I went to a party on Thursday thrown by the Negro head of the CDA headquarters in Crenshaw, hoping to meet whatever other black supporters were around, only to find some sort of boycott in progress. A wistful spread was laid on, but only a few white workers and Myrna Loy showed up for it. Later a couple of Negro friends dropped in. With a lifetime to feud in, the matter had chosen primary week to erupt.

But the important thing now was the Saturday night debate. We had high hopes for this. McCarthy was reported to be indignant over the ground rules, and if his face shows a weakness, it is for petulance. But he was resting well and looked strong as a lumberjack. He would cream their boy.

Thank God (I suppose), he did not. For their own different reasons, the two men dealt gently with each other. The group I was with laughed when Senator Kennedy brought Israel into a question where it didn't strictly belong: a routine political stunt, no hard feelings. His reference to the 10,000 Negroes who might descend on white-Republican Orange County if McCarthy had his way was not so well received. We took that to be a backlash pitch, and hoped that Negroes picked it up. Otherwise, the mildness of the occasion was unbroken. Kennedy might have lost, by looking less presidential and all that, but McCarthy had hardly won.

It was obvious that the big question the next day would be, what is the difference between them anyway? I thought the debate had revealed some significant ones, notably on the question of negotiating with the NLF, but it was hard to tell whether Californians cared about this, or anything else in particular. The task suddenly seemed to be to interest them in their own primary. There were on the margins random signs of Bobby-love and Bobby-hatred, both echoing through the squeal that followed him everywhere; but of serious political feeling, there seemed to be surprisingly little. Eighteen percent Undecided in a Saturday night poll. Eighteen percent, after all this.

On Monday, I talked to a bunch of Catholic colleges, plus the normal allotment of housewives. It took an act of faith to believe that this was still making a difference. I was told of one student who had changed his mind as a consequence of my harangue, but he was probably under voting age. Otherwise the important question now was whether to ring doorbells, or to phone up the neighbors and bother them that way. The activists in the audience threshed this out while the rest of us listened. I had no thoughts on the subject. Los Angelenos seemed infinitely inaccessible by any means at all.

That evening, the senator ambled around the seventh (McCarthy) floor chatting with his cohorts, and I had a chance to gauge him up close. He is physically imposing, and I could understand why his admirers had wished him to be photographed standing next to Kennedy. Americans would always like an extra few inches of President, all else being equal. He has a politician's memory — I had met him briefly some seven years before, and he remembered this without faking. He listens fairly well, for a politician, looking beyond you, but picking up the drift. He seemed sharper and more concentrated than I remembered, as if the campaign had summoned his wits together.

Beyond that, he is the kind of wry Irishman that I have known more than my share of, feel comfortable with, would trust crossing a bog. The famous cynicism is *de rigueur* with this Irish-uncle type — emotions being for special occasions and cynicism for everyday wear; at any rate, a matter of style, not of moral conviction, and nothing to worry about. I felt no doubt that he would make a good President, if he wanted to; there remained some small doubt about that, however. We talked briefly about the debate, and he said that he thought Kennedy had made one or two mistakes. "Put him on bread and water for forty days and he'll blurt out the truth," he said, smiling. When I reminded the senator that he had been on that same diet himself, he said, still smiling, "Yes, but I'm tougher than he is." Not hostile, but decidedly scrappy.

Robert Lowell (without whom no account of this sort would be complete) also turned up that evening, but our conversation was not noteworthy. The Boston Brahmin and the Roxy dropout sparred briefly, using the light gloves, is probably the simplest way to put it. There was nothing to do now but wait. At the Westwood headquarters next morning, a parking-lot attendant tried first to stop me, then, failing that, to extort an unprecedented fee. I pointed out that the lot was half-empty, and he said, "It's as full as I want it to be." When I rejoined rather pompously that people like him were hurting McCarthy's cause, he said, "I don't give a shit about McCarthy. I'm

for Kennedy." And a smirking crony drove this home: "We just want to get you people out of here."

Upstairs, one of the sillier girls was going on about last night's sniping mission — a couple of delirious hours spent tearing down Bobby posters and slapping up Gene ones. So the eighteenth-century spirit, bullyboys, street goons, and vandalism, was alive in both sides, the more grotesque because there were no special interests involved to speak of, only personalities — and in a sense, only one personality, Kennedy's, followed by that weird squeal. The speaker's bureau was closed. There was some action downstairs, dubious small boys from Port Said and the Levant collecting stickers and hats, and so on, but upstairs it was like the last day of school, feet on the desk, detective story out, last-minute gossip.

This prompted a few last thoughts about the scholar-gypsies who had followed the McCarthy caravan from coast to coast.

Some of the McCarthy youth corps had run through a life cycle, from zealous to slightly smug, in a few months. The best of them, including their leader, Curt Gans, kept their heads down all the way; the worst would chat while a phone went unanswered, or would pick it up and sound ineffably bored into it. "She isn't in. I don't know. Yes, why don't you do that." Office work was clearly not their thing, and it was probably time for the more languid of these to be phased out and replaced by semipros, yet how could you fire them? They had gone to God knows what sacrifices in order to be able to lounge around here; they came at bargain prices — always a factor in the McCarthy campaign; they represented McCarthy's appeal to youth, which Kennedy was alleged to envy; and their departure, however tactfully managed, would be interpreted as an erosion of this.

THAT evening I invited Lowell to my room for a drink. The usual election-day liquor crisis was raging, and I had to advertise up and down the corridor for a tooth-mug of bourbon. After a bit, the senator himself appeared, along with Blair Clark, both looking noncommittally morose. Although the polls were still open, the word was in from the killjoys at the networks that McCarthy had already lost by nine percentage points; a miracle could shave this to six.

McCarthy accepted a cigar and a small scotch and went out on the terrace with Lowell. Being as snoopy and star-struck as the next man, I wanted badly to follow them, but it was one of those scenes — the two tall men motionless, leaning on the rail looking out at Esther Feather's Reducing Salon — that you don't intrude on. I stayed

inside and talked instead to Blair Clark (a man destined from birth to smoke a pipe). I had not quite gathered until now how precarious our man's position actually was. If Kennedy lost and dropped from the race, enough of his delegates would split to Humphrey to scuttle McCarthy for good. If Kennedy won, our puny funds would dry up still further, and some of our workers would defect. The closest thing to a success would be what we finally got, a close defeat. But, of course, when we got it, it wasn't worth having.

I finally did go out, on some ruse, and did a little light eavesdropping. They were talking about how the Indians lived in Arizona (McCarthy had spent the day there) and the virtues of living out of a canoe. The senator looked wistful. "Everyone should try living out of a canoe," he said. "Do them good." The talk turned to poetry, and he brightened. Lowell had been a good poet once upon a time, he conceded, before taking up obscurity; now, who could tell?

It was not a typical conversation, I gathered, but a sensible attempt to ward off stress, the banter of athletes or soldiers. McCarthy knows how to handle his nerves—he couldn't have come so far otherwise—and talking with Robert Lowell is part of his strategy. They talked about which of his own poems he should read tonight if the mood was on him; Lowell had helped him with one or two of them and made his recommendation meticulously, liking the rhythm of this one, the imagery of that one.

For something to say, I asked McCarthy about his sports metaphors. He didn't seem to understand the question at first; his eyes were tired and withdrawn, and it occurred to me that he had probably been thinking politics all along, deciding when and how to concede, while humoring Lowell and me with small talk. Lowell asked if he would join us for dinner, and he said, sadly, "You know I can't do that. I'm a public figure now." Charlie Callinan, his tiny bodyguard, came up to tell him he was wanted someplace or other, and he said, "Charlie has graduated from a presence to a force," and left us. I noticed that he had smoked his cigar twice as quickly as I had mine.

That brings us almost back to the beginning. I had dinner with Lowell after that, and he talked about the Catholic politeness of the TV debate, and the Catholic nastiness. Every culture has its own forms of the virtues and vices. Then he talked about whether McCarthy would make a good President. Well, there were only two great ones in our whole history (I forget which). McCarthy would be a lot better than most. He also spoke fondly of Kennedy, and was sorry to have to choose between them. Earlier in the evening, a Washington correspondent had been asked to compare

the Kennedy boys. "Next to Jack, Bobby is all heart," he said. These scraps came back to mind later in the evening.

I saw the senator twice more that night. The first time was in Mary McGrory's room, where he was watching television. He seemed severe now, bordering on the vexed—possibly over the incredible CBS projection of the final vote, which had him losing 52 percent to 39 percent or thereabouts. A mistake like that must play hob with a candidate's blood pressure. But I fancy he was simply saving his strength and doing a little light planning. Because the next time I saw him, down in the ballroom, he was as serene as ever. They were having voting machine trouble in Los Angeles County (some were stolen), so we were still leading by a thin margin at midnight. To hell with the projections. We would stage a miracle during the night. "I want to be in that number," we sang, and waved our fingers aloft. On to Chicago.

The next time I inquired after the senator, I was invited courteously to return to my room. Security guards had sprouted from every crevice, and the seventh floor had been quarantined for the night; not quite George Wallace's dream of a bayonet every thirty yards, but we were on our way.

Back in the good old days, back on the Monday night, I had a friendly argument with a man about whether Southern California was the wave of the future. I thought about the separateness and the car cleaning and the people who learn their accents from TV; the next night I would think also of people who find the faces on TV realer than friends, closer than family, and for whom, *a fortiori*, young glamorous politicians can be brain-shaking torments, things to be loved and killed; but tonight, I just thought about the car cleaning.

And I thought about the hippies and New Lefters who crowd together so as not to get like that, and who, for all their foolishness, do wish to form real cities and inner cities and bring the old ones back to life. And I stacked them against the losers, and disengaged winners and solitaires ranged along the Coast, who still think that they are the future, but who are too scattered and weak to affect even the present, even the neighborhood, and whose collective response to the future is Max Rafferty. And I thought (after all, the campaign was resting, no speech tomorrow. Indulge), we'll just see about that. You had your day in the forties and fifties, Southern California, when people still thought there was magic in that stuff, split-level ranch houses and bloated shopping centers and drive-in banks, but just now, for a little while, I think humanity is going to win.

That, of course, was Monday night.

Johnny Panic and the Bible of Dreams

A Story by SYLVIA PLATH

EVERY day from nine to five I sit at my desk facing the door of the office and type up other people's dreams. Not just dreams. That wouldn't be practical enough for my bosses. I type up also people's daytime complaints: trouble with mother, trouble with father, trouble with the bottle, the bed, the headache that bangs home and blacks out the sweet world for no known reason. Nobody comes to our office unless they have troubles. Troubles that can't be pinpointed by Wassermanns or Wechsler-Bellevues alone.

Maybe a mouse gets to thinking pretty early on how the whole world is run by these enormous feet. Well, from where I sit I figure the world is run by one thing and this one thing only. Panic with a dog-face, devil-face, hag-face, whore-face, panic in capital letters with no face at all — it's the same Johnny Panic, awake or asleep.

When people ask me where I work, I tell them I'm assistant to the secretary in one of the outpatient departments of the Clinics Building of the City Hospital. This sounds so be-all, end-all they seldom get around to asking me more than what I do, and what I do is mainly type up records. On my own hook though, and completely under cover, I am pursuing a vocation that would set these doctors on their ears. In the privacy of my one-room apartment I call myself secretary to none other than Johnny Panic himself.

Dream by dream I am educating myself to become that rare character, rarer, in truth, than any member of the Psychoanalytic Institute: a dream connoisseur. Not a dream-stopper, a dream-explainer, an exploiter of dreams for the crass practical ends of health and happiness, but an unsordid collector of dreams for themselves alone. A lover of dreams for Johnny Panic's sake, the Maker of them all.

There isn't a dream I've typed up in our record books that I don't know by heart. There isn't a dream I haven't copied out at home into Johnny Panic's Bible of Dreams.

This is my real calling.

Some nights I take the elevator up to the roof

of my apartment building. Some nights, about 3 A.M. Over the trees at the far side of the Common the United Fund torch flare flattens and recovers under some witchy invisible push, and here and there in the hunks of stone and brick I see a light. Most of all, though, I feel the city sleeping. Sleeping from the river on the west to the ocean on the east, like some rootless island rockabying itself on nothing at all.

I can be tight and nervy as the top string on a violin, and yet by the time the sky begins to blue I'm ready for sleep. It's the thought of all those dreamers and what they're dreaming wears me down till I sleep the sleep of fever. Monday to Friday what do I do but type up those same dreams. Sure, I don't touch a fraction of them the city over, but page by page, dream by dream, my Intake books fatten and weigh down the bookshelves of the cabinet in the narrow passage running parallel to the main hall, off which passage the doors to all the doctors' little interviewing cubicles open.

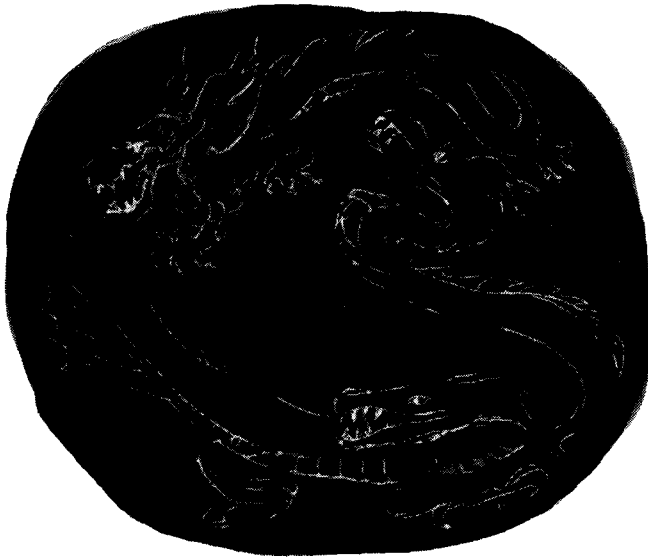
I've got a funny habit of identifying the people who come in by their dreams. As far as I'm concerned, the dreams single them out more than any Christian name. This one guy, for example, who works for a ball-bearing company in town, dreams every night how he's lying on his back with a grain of sand on his chest. Bit by bit this grain of sand grows bigger and bigger till it's big as a fair-sized house and he can't draw breath. Another fellow I know of has had a certain dream ever since they gave him ether and cut out his tonsils and adenoids when he was a kid. In this dream he's caught in the rollers of a cotton mill, fighting for his life. Oh, he's not alone, although he thinks he is. A lot of people these days dream they're being run over or eaten by machines. They're the cagey ones who won't go on the subway or the elevators. Coming back from my lunch hour in the hospital cafe-

The beginnings of a cult were gathering about the Massachusetts-born poet Sylvia Plath, even before her suicide, at the age of thirty, in London in 1963. This story was among the works she left behind.

teria I often pass them, puffing up the unswept stone stairs to our office on the fourth floor. I wonder, now and then, what dreams people had before ball bearings and cotton mills were invented.

I've got a dream of my own. My one dream. A dream of dreams.

In this dream there's a great half-transparent lake stretching away in every direction, too big for me to see the shores of it, if there are any shores, and I'm hanging over it looking down from the glass belly of some helicopter. At the bottom of the lake — so deep I can only guess at the dark masses moving and heaving — are the real dragons. The ones that were around before men started living in caves and cooking meat over fires and figuring out the wheel and the alphabet. Enormous isn't the



word for them; they've got more wrinkles than Johnny Panic himself. Dream about these long enough, and your feet and hands shrivel away when you look at them too closely; the sun shrinks to the size of an orange, only chillier, and you've been living in Roxbury since the last Ice Age. No place for you but a room padded soft as the first room you knew of, where you can dream and float, float and dream, till at last you actually are back among those great originals and there's no point in any dreams at all.

It's into this lake people's minds run at night, brooks and gutter-trickles to one borderless common reservoir. It bears no resemblance to those pure sparkling blue sources of drinking water the suburbs guard more jealously than the Hope diamond in the middle of pinewoods and barbed fences.

It's the sewage farm of the ages, transparency aside.

Now the water in this lake naturally stinks and smokes from what dreams have been left sogging

around in it over the centuries. When you think how much room one night of dream props would take up for one person in one city, and that city a mere pinprick on a map of the world, and when you start multiplying this space by the population of the world, and that space by the number of nights there have been since the apes took to chipping axes out of stone and losing their hair, you have some idea what I mean. I'm not the mathematical type: my head starts splitting when I get only as far as the number of dreams going on during one night in the state of Massachusetts.

By this time, I already see the surface of the lake swarming with snakes, dead bodies puffed as blowfish, human embryos bobbing around in laboratory bottles like so many unfinished messages from the great I Am. I see whole storehouses of hardware: knives, paper cutters, pistons and cogs and nutcrackers; the shiny fronts of cars looming up, glass-eyed and evil-toothed. Then there's the spider-man and the web-footed man from Mars, and the simple, lugubrious vision of a human face turning aside forever, in spite of rings and vows, to the last lover of all.

One of the most frequent shapes in this large stew is so commonplace it seems silly to mention it. It's a grain of dirt. The water is thick with these grains. They seep in among everything else and revolve under some queer power of their own, opaque, ubiquitous. Call the water what you will, Lake Nightmare, Bog of Madness, it's here the sleeping people lie and toss together among the props of their worst dreams, one great brotherhood, though each of them, waking, thinks himself singular, utterly apart.

This is my dream. You won't find it written up in any casebook.

Now the routine in our office is very different from the routine in Skin Clinic, for example, or in Tumor. The other clinics have strong similarities to each other; none are like ours. In our clinic, treatment doesn't get prescribed. It is invisible. It goes right on in those little cubicles, each with its desk, its two chairs, its window, and its door with the opaque glass rectangle set in the wood. There is a certain spiritual purity about this kind of doctoring. I can't help feeling the special privilege of my position as assistant secretary in the Adult Psychiatric Clinic. My sense of pride is borne out by the rude invasions of other clinics into our cubicles on certain days of the week for lack of space elsewhere: our building is a very old one, and the facilities have not expanded with the expanding needs of the time. On these days of overlap the contrast between us and the other clinics is marked.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays, for instance, we have lumbar punctures in one of our offices in the morning. If the practical nurse chances to leave

the door of the cubicle open, as she usually does, I can glimpse the end of the white cot and the dirty yellow-soled bare feet of the patient sticking out from under the sheet. In spite of my distaste at this sight, I can't keep my eyes away from the bare feet, and I find myself glancing back from my typing every few minutes to see if they are still there, if they have changed their position at all. You can understand what a distraction this is in the middle of my work. I often have to reread what I have typed several times, under the pretense of careful proofreading, in order to memorize the dreams I have copied down from the doctor's voice over the audograph.

Nerve Clinic next door, which tends to the grosser, more unimaginative end of our business, also disturbs us in the mornings. We use their offices for therapy in the afternoon, as they are only a morning clinic, but to have their people crying, or singing, or chattering loudly in Italian or Chinese, as they often do, without break for four hours at a stretch every morning is distracting to say the least. The patients down there are often referred to us if their troubles have no ostensible basis in the body.

In spite of such interruptions by other clinics, my own work is advancing at a great rate. By now I am far beyond copying only what comes after the patient's saying: "I have this dream, Doctor." I am at the point of re-creating dreams that are not even written down at all. Dreams that shadow themselves forth in the vaguest way, but are themselves hid, like a statue under red velvet before the grand unveiling.

To illustrate. This woman came in with her tongue swollen and stuck out so far she had to leave a party she was giving for twenty friends of her French-Canadian mother-in-law and be rushed to our emergency ward. She thought she didn't want her tongue to stick out, and to tell the truth, it was an exceedingly embarrassing affair for her, but she hated that French-Canadian mother-in-law worse than pigs, and her tongue was true to her opinion, even if the rest of her wasn't. Now she didn't lay claim to any dreams. I have only the bare facts above to begin with, yet behind them I detect the bulge and promise of a dream.

So I set myself to uprooting this dream from its comfortable purchase under her tongue.

Whatever the dream I unearth, by work, taxing work, and even by a kind of prayer, I am sure to find a thumbprint in the corner, a bodiless midair Cheshire cat grin, which shows the whole work to be gotten up by the genius of Johnny Panic, and him alone. He's sly, he's subtle, he's sudden as thunder, but he gives himself away only too often. He simply can't resist melodrama. Melodrama of the oldest, most obvious variety.

I remember one guy, a stocky fellow in a nail-studded black leather jacket, running straight into us from a boxing match at Mechanics Hall, Johnny Panic hot at his heels. This guy, good Catholic though he was, young and upright and all, had one mean fear of death. He was actually scared blue he'd go to hell. He was a pieceworker at a fluorescent light plant. I remember this detail because I thought it funny he should work there, him being so afraid of the dark as it turned out. Johnny Panic injects a poetic element in this business you don't often find elsewhere. And for that he has my eternal gratitude.

I also remember quite clearly the scenario of the dream I had worked out for this guy: a Gothic interior in some monastery cellar, going on and on as far as you could see, one of those endless perspectives between two mirrors, and the pillars and walls were made of nothing but human skulls and bones, and in every niche there was a body laid out, and it was the Hall of Time, with the bodies in the foreground still warm, discoloring and starting to rot in the middle distance, and the bones emerging, clean as a whistle, in a kind of white futuristic glow at the end of the line. As I recall, I had the whole scene lighted, for the sake of accuracy, not with candles, but with the ice-bright fluorescence that makes the skin look green and all the pink and red flushes dead black-purple.

You ask, how do I know this was the dream of the guy in the black leather jacket. I don't know. I only believe this was his dream, and I work at belief with more energy and tears and entreaties than I work at re-creating the dream itself.

My office, of course, has its limitations. The lady with her tongue stuck out, the guy from Mechanics Hall — these are our wildest ones. The people who have really gone floating down toward the bottom of that boggy lake come in only once, and are then referred to a place more permanent than our office, which receives the public from nine to five, five days a week only. Even those people who are barely able to walk about the streets and keep working, who aren't yet halfway down in the lake, get sent to the outpatient department at another hospital specializing in severer cases. Or they may stay a month or so in our own observation ward in the central hospital, which I've never seen.

I've seen the secretary of that ward, though. Something about her merely smoking and drinking her coffee in the cafeteria at the ten o'clock break put me off so I never went to sit next to her again. She has a funny name I don't ever quite remember correctly, something really odd, like Miss Milleravage. One of those names that seem more like a pun mixing up Milltown and Ravage than anything in the city phone directory. But not so odd a name, after all, if you've ever read through the

phone directory, with its Hyman Diddlebockers and Sasparilla Greenleafs. I read through the phone book, once, never mind when, and it satisfied a deep need in me to realize how many people aren't called Smith.

Anyhow, this Miss Milleravage is a large woman, not fat, but all sturdy muscle and tall on top of it. She wears a gray suit over her hard bulk that reminds me vaguely of some kind of uniform, without the details of cut having anything strikingly military about them. Her face, hefty as a bullock's, is covered with a remarkable number of tiny maculae, as if she'd been lying under water for some time and little algae had latched onto her skin, smutching it over with tobacco-browns and greens. These moles are noticeable mainly because the skin around them is so pallid. I sometimes wonder if Miss Milleravage has ever seen the wholesome light of day. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she'd been brought up from the cradle with the sole benefit of artificial lighting.

Byrna, the secretary in Alcoholic Clinic just across the hall from us, introduced me to Miss Milleravage with the gambit that I'd "been in England too."

Miss Milleravage, it turned out, had spent the best years of her life in London hospitals.

"Had a friend," she boomed in her queer, dog-gish basso, not favoring me with a direct look, "a nurse at St. Bart's. Tried to get in touch with her after the war, but the head of the nurses had changed, everybody'd changed, nobody'd heard of her. She must've gone down with the old head nurse, rubbish and all, in the bombings." She followed this with a large grin.

Now I've seen medical students cutting up cadavers, four stiff to a classroom about as recognizably human as Moby Dick, and the students playing catch with the dead men's livers. I've heard guys joke about sewing a woman up wrong after a delivery at the charity ward of the Lying-In. But I wouldn't want to see what Miss Milleravage would write off as the biggest laugh of all time. No thanks and then some. You could scratch her eyes with a pin and swear you'd struck solid quartz.

MY BOSS has a sense of humor too, only it's gentle. Generous as Santa on Christmas Eve.

I work for a middle-aged lady named Miss Taylor who is the head secretary of the clinic and has been since the clinic started thirty-three years ago — the year of my birth, oddly enough. Miss Taylor knows every doctor, every patient, every outmoded appointment slip, referral slip, and billing procedure the hospital has ever used or thought of using. She plans to stick with the clinic until she's farmed

out in the green pastures of social security checks. A woman more dedicated to her work I never saw. She's the same way about statistics as I am about dreams: if the building caught fire she would throw every last one of those books of statistics to the firemen below at the serious risk of her own skin.

I get along extremely well with Miss Taylor. The one thing I never let her catch me doing is reading the old record books. I have actually very little time for this. Our office is busier than the stock exchange with the staff of twenty-five doctors in and out, medical students in training, patients, patients' relatives, and visiting officials from other clinics referring patients to us, so even when I'm covering the office alone, during Miss Taylor's coffee break and lunch hour, I seldom get to dash down more than a note or two.

This kind of catch-as-catch-can is nerve-racking, to say the least. A lot of the best dreamers are in the old books, the dreamers that come in to us only once or twice for evaluation before they're sent elsewhere. For copying out these dreams I need time, a lot of time. My circumstances are hardly ideal for the unhurried pursuit of my art. There is, of course, a certain derring-do in working under such hazards, but I long for the rich leisure of the true connoisseur who indulges his nostrils above the brandy snifter for an hour before his tongue reaches out for the first taste.

I find myself all too often lately imagining what a relief it would be to bring a briefcase into work, big enough to hold one of those thick, blue, cloth-bound record books full of dreams. At Miss Taylor's lunchtime, in the lull before the doctors and students crowd in to take their afternoon patients, I could simply slip one of the books, dated ten or fifteen years back, into my briefcase, and leave the briefcase under my desk till five o'clock struck. Of course, odd-looking bundles are inspected by the doorman of the Clinics Building, and the hospital has its own staff of flatfeet to check up on the multiple varieties of thievery that go on, but for heaven's sake, I'm not thinking of making off with typewriters or heroin. I'd only borrow the book overnight and slip it back on the shelf first thing the next day before anybody else came in. Still, being caught taking a book out of the hospital would probably mean losing my job and all my source material with it.

This idea of mulling over a record book in the privacy and comfort of my own apartment, even if I have to stay up night after night for this purpose, attracts me so much I become more and more impatient with my usual method of snatching minutes to look up dreams in Miss Taylor's half hours out of the office.

The trouble is, I can never tell exactly when Miss Taylor will come back to the office. She is so con-

scientious about her job she'd be likely to cut her half hour at lunch short and her twenty minutes at coffee shorter if it weren't for her lame left leg. The distinct sound of this lame leg in the corridor warns me of her approach in time for me to whip the record book I'm reading into my drawer out of sight and pretend to be putting down the final flourishes on a phone message, or some such alibi. The only catch, as far as my nerves are concerned, is that Amputee Clinic is around the corner from us in the opposite direction from Nerve Clinic, and I've gotten really jumpy due to a lot of false alarms where I've mistaken some pegleg's hitching step for the step of Miss Taylor herself returning early to the office.

On the blackest days when I've scarcely time to squeeze one dream out of the old books and my copy work is nothing but weepy college sophomores who can't get a lead in *Camino Real*, I feel Johnny Panic turn his back, stony as Everest, higher than Orion, and the motto of the great Bible of Dreams, "Perfect fear casteth out all else," is ash and lemon water on my lips. I'm a wormy hermit in a country of prize pigs so corn-happy they can't see the slaughterhouse at the end of the track. I'm Jeremiah vision-bitten in the Land of Cockaigne.

What's worse: day by day I see these psychodocctors studying to win Johnny Panic's converts from him by hook, crook, and talk, talk, talk. These deep-eyed, bush-bearded dream-collectors who preceded me in history, and their contemporary inheritors with their white jackets and knotty-pine-paneled offices and leather couches, practiced and still practice their dream-gathering for worldly ends: health and money, money and health. To be a true member of Johnny Panic's congregation one must forget the dreamer and remember the dream: the dreamer is merely a flimsy vehicle for the great Dream-Maker himself. This they will not do. Johnny Panic is gold in the bowels, and they try to root him out by spiritual stomach pumps.

Take what happened to Harry Bilbo. Mr. Bilbo came into our office with the hand of Johnny Panic heavy as a lead coffin on his shoulder. He had an interesting notion about the filth in this world. I figured him for a prominent part in Johnny Panic's Bible of Dreams, Third Book of Fear, Chapter Nine on Dirt, Disease, and General Decay. A friend of Harry's blew a trumpet in the Boy Scout band when they were kids. Harry Bilbo'd also blown on this friend's trumpet. Years later the friend got cancer and died. Then, one day not so long ago, a cancer doctor came into Harry's house, sat down in a chair, passed the top of the morning with Harry's mother, and on leaving, shook her hand and opened the door for himself. Suddenly Harry Bilbo wouldn't blow trumpets

or sit down on chairs or shake hands if all the cardinals of Rome took to blessing him twenty-four hours around the clock for fear of catching cancer. His mother had to go turning the TV knobs and water faucets on and off and opening doors for him. Pretty soon Harry stopped going to work because of the spit and dog droppings in the street. First that stuff gets on your shoes, and then when you take your shoes off it gets on your hands, and then at dinner it's a quick trip into your mouth and not a hundred Hail Mary's can keep you from the chain reaction. The last straw was, Harry quit weight lifting at the public gym when he saw this cripple exercising with the dumbbells. You can never tell what germs cripples carry behind their ears and under their fingernails. Day and night Harry Bilbo lived in holy worship of Johnny Panic, devout as any priest among censers and sacraments. He had a beauty all his own.

Well, these white-coated tinkerers managed, the lot of them, to talk Harry into turning on the TV himself, and the water faucets, and to opening closet doors, front doors, bar doors. Before they were through with him, he was sitting down on movie-house chairs, and benches all over the Public Garden, and weight lifting every day of the week at the gym in spite of the fact another cripple took to using the rowing machine. At the end of his treatment he came in to shake hands with the clinic director. In Harry Bilbo's own words, he was "a changed man." The pure Panic-light had left his face; he went out of the office doomed to the crass fate these doctors call health and happiness.

ABOUT the time of Harry Bilbo's cure a new idea starts nudging at the bottom of my brain. I find it as hard to ignore as those bare feet sticking out of the lumbar puncture room. If I don't want to risk carrying a record book out of the hospital in case I get discovered and fired and have to end my research forever, I can really speed up work by staying in the Clinics Building overnight. I am nowhere near exhausting the clinic's resources, and the piddling amount of cases I am able to read in Miss Taylor's brief absences during the day are nothing to what I could get through in a few nights of steady copying. I need to accelerate my work if only to counteract those doctors.

Before I know it I am putting on my coat at five and saying good-night to Miss Taylor, who usually stays a few minutes overtime to clear up the day's statistics, and sneaking around the corner into the ladies' room. It is empty. I slip into the patient's john, lock the door from the inside, and wait. For all I know, one of the clinic cleaning ladies may try to knock the door down, thinking

some patient's passed out on the seat. My fingers are crossed. About twenty minutes later the door of the lavatory opens and someone limps over the threshold like a chicken favoring a bad leg. It is Miss Taylor, I can tell by the resigned sigh as she meets the jaundiced eye of the lavatory mirror. I hear the click-cluck of various touch-up equipment on the bowl, water sloshing, the scrunch of a comb in frizzed hair, and then the door is closing with a slow-hinged wheeze behind her.

I am lucky. When I come out of the ladies' room at six o'clock the corridor lights are off and the fourth floor hall is empty as church on Monday. I have my own key to our office; I come in first every morning, so that's no trouble. The typewriters are folded back into the desks, the locks are on the dial phones, all's right with the world.

Outside the window the last of the winter light is fading. Yet I do not forget myself and turn on the overhead bulb. I don't want to be spotted by any hawk-eyed doctor or janitor in the hospital buildings across the little courtyard. The cabinet with the record books is in the windowless passage opening onto the doctor's cubicles, which have windows overlooking the courtyard. I make sure the doors to all the cubicles are shut. Then I switch on the passage light, a sallow twenty-five-watt affair blackening at the top. Better than an altarful of candles to me at this point, though. I didn't think to bring a sandwich. There is an apple in my desk drawer left over from lunch, so I reserve that for whatever pangs I may feel about one o'clock in the morning, and get out my pocket notebook. At home every evening it is my habit to tear out the notebook pages I've written on at the office during the day and pile them up to be copied in my manuscript. In this way I cover my tracks so no one idly picking up my notebook at the office could ever guess the type or scope of my work.

I begin systematically by opening the oldest book on the bottom shelf. The once-blue cover is no-color now, the pages are thumbled and blurry carbons, but I'm humming from foot to topknot: this dream book was spanking new the day I was born. When I really get organized I'll have hot soup in a thermos for the dead-of-winter nights, turkey pies, and chocolate eclairs. I'll bring hair curlers and four changes of blouse to work in my biggest handbag Monday mornings so no one will notice me going downhill in looks and start suspecting unhappy love affairs or pink affiliations or my working on dream books in the clinic four nights a week.

Eleven hours later. I am down to apple core and seeds and in the month of May, nineteen thirty-four, with a private nurse who has just opened a laundry bag in her patient's closet and found five severed heads in it, including her mother's.

A chill air touches the nape of my neck. From where I am sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of the cabinet, the record book heavy on my lap, I notice out of the corner of my eye that the door of the cubicle beside me is letting in a little crack of blue light. Not only along the floor, but up the side of the door too. This is odd since I made sure from the first that all the doors were shut tight. The crack of blue light is widening and my eyes are fastened to two motionless shoes in the doorway, toes pointing toward me.

They are brown leather shoes of a foreign make, with thick elevator soles. Above the shoes are black silk socks through which shows a pallor of flesh. I get as far as the gray pinstripe trouser cuffs.

"*Tch, tch,*" chides an infinitely gentle voice from the cloudy regions above my head. "Such an uncomfortable position! Your legs must be asleep by now. Let me help you up. The sun will be rising shortly."

Two hands slip under my arms from behind, and I am raised, wobbly as an unset custard, to my feet, which I cannot feel because my legs are, in fact, asleep. The record book slumps to the floor, pages splayed.

"Stand still a minute." The clinic director's voice fans the lobe of my right ear. "Then the circulation will revive."

The blood in my not-there legs starts ping-ponging under a million sewing machine needles, and a vision of the clinic director acid-etches itself on my brain. I don't even need to look around: the fat potbelly buttoned into his gray pinstripe waistcoat, woodchuck teeth yellow and buck, every-color eyes behind the thick-lensed glasses quick as minnows.

I clutch my notebook. The last floating timber of the *Titanic*.

What does he know, what does he know?

Everything.

"I know where there is a nice hot bowl of chicken noodle soup." His voice rustles, dust under the bed, mice in the straw. His hand welds onto my left upper arm in fatherly love. The record book of all the dreams going on in the city of my birth at my first yawp in this world's air he nudges under the bookcase with a polished toe.

We meet nobody in the dawn-dark hall. Nobody on the chill stone stair down to the basement corridors where Jerry the Record Room boy cracked his head skipping steps one night on a rush errand.

I begin to double-quickstep so he won't think it's me he's hustling. "You can't fire me," I say calmly. "I quit."

The clinic director's laugh wheezes up from his accordion-pleated bottom gut. "We mustn't lose you so soon." His whisper snakes off down the whitewashed basement passages, echoing among

the elbow pipes, the wheelchairs and stretchers beached for the night along the steam-stained walls. "Why, we need you more than you know."

We wind and double, and my legs keep time with his until we come, somewhere in those barren rat tunnels, to an all-night elevator run by a one-armed Negro. We get on and the door grinds shut like the door on a cattle car and we go up and up. It is a freight elevator, crude and clanky, a far cry from the plush one in the Clinics Building.

We get off at an indeterminate floor. The clinic director leads me down a bare corridor lit at intervals by socketed bulbs in little wire cages on the ceiling. Locked doors set with screened windows line the hall on either hand. I plan to part company with the clinic director at the first red exit sign, but on our journey there are none. I am in alien territory, coat on the hanger in the office, handbag and money in my top desk drawer, notebook in my hand, and only Johnny Panic to warm me against the Ice Age outside.

Ahead a light gathers, brightens. The clinic director, puffing slightly at the walk, brisk and long, to which he is obviously unaccustomed, propels me around a bend and into a square, brilliantly lit room.

"Here she is."

"The little witch!"

Miss Milleravage hoists her tonnage up from behind the steel desk facing the door.

The walls and the ceiling of the room are riveted metal battleship plates. There are no windows.

From small, barred cells lining the sides and back of the room I see Johnny Panic's top priests staring out at me, arms swaddled behind their backs in the white ward nightshirts, eyes redder than coals and hungry-hot.

They welcome me with queer croaks and grunts as if their tongues were locked in their jaws. They have no doubt heard of my work by way of Johnny Panic's grapevine and want to know how his apostles thrive in the world.

I lift my hands to reassure them, holding up my notebook, my voice loud as Johnny Panic's organ with all stops out.

"Peace! I bring to you . . ."

The Book.

"None of that old stuff, sweetie," Miss Milleravage is dancing out at me from behind her desk like a trick elephant.

The clinic director closes the door to the room.

The minute Miss Milleravage moves I notice what her hulk has been hiding from view behind the desk — a white cot high as a man's waist with a single sheet stretched over the mattress, spotless and drumskin tight. At the head of the cot is a table on which sits a metal box covered with dials and gauges. The box seems to be eyeing me, cop-

perhead-ugly, from its coil of electric wires, the latest model in Johnny-Panic-Killers.

I get ready to dodge to one side. When Miss Milleravage grabs, her fat hand comes away a fist full of nothing. She starts for me again, her smile heavy as dogdays in August.

"None of that. None of that. I'll have that little black book."

Fast as I run around the high white cot, Miss Milleravage is so fast you'd think she wore roller skates. She grabs and gets. Against her great bulk I beat my fists, and against her whopping milkless breasts, until her hands on my wrists are iron hoops and her breath hushabys me with a love-stink fouler than Undertaker's Basement.

"My Baby, my own baby's come back to me . . ."

"She," the clinic director says, sad and stern, "has been making time with Johnny Panic again."

"Naughty naughty."

The white cot is ready. With a terrible gentleness Miss Milleravage takes the watch from my wrist, the rings from my fingers, the hairpins from my hair. She begins to undress me. When I am bare, I am anointed on the temples and robed in sheets virginal as the first snow. Then, from the four corners of the room and from the door behind me come five false priests in white surgical gowns and masks whose one lifework is to unseat Johnny Panic from his own throne. They extend me full-length on my back on the cot. The crown of wire is placed on my head, the wafer of forgetfulness on my tongue. The masked priests move to their posts and take hold: one of my left leg, one of my right, one of my right arm, one of my left. One behind my head at the metal box where I can't see.

From their cramped niches along the wall, the votaries raise their voices in protest. They begin the devotional chant:

The only thing to love is Fear itself.

Love of Fear is the beginning of wisdom.

The only thing to love is Fear itself.

May Fear and Fear and Fear be everywhere.

There is no time for Miss Milleravage or the clinic director or the priests to muzzle them.

The signal is given.

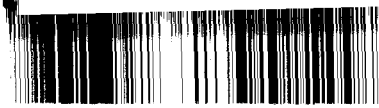
The machine betrays them.

At the moment when I think I am most lost the face of Johnny Panic appears in a nimbus of arc lights on the ceiling overhead. I am shaken like a leaf in the teeth of glory. His beard is lightning. Lightning is in his eye. His Word charges and illumines the universe.

The air crackles with the blue-tongued, lightning-haloed angels.

His love is the twenty-story leap, the rope at the throat, the knife at the heart.

He forgets not his own.

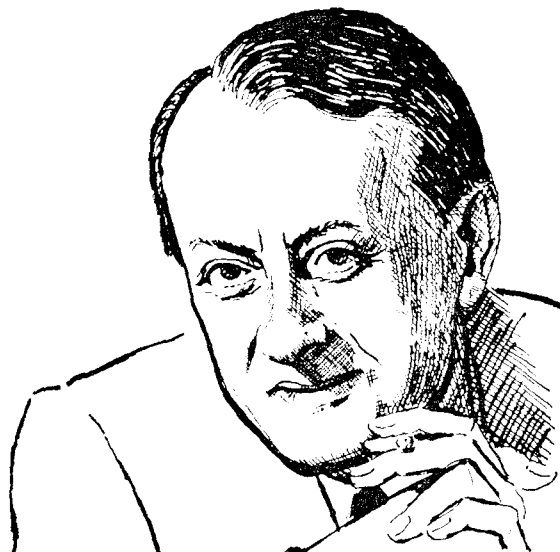


Few men of our time have combined the life of the mind with the life of action as long and effectively as André Malraux, adventurer, novelist, soldier, Resistance leader, politician, art critic, and now, at sixty-seven, France's minister of culture. In this issue, we present the first of excerpts from Malraux's ANTI-MEMOIRS, to be published on October 21 by Holt, Rinehart and Winston in a translation by Terence Kilmartin. "The man who will be found here is one who is attuned to the questions which death raises as to the meaning of the world," he writes. "I have called this book ANTI-MEMOIRS because it answers a question which memoirs do not pose, and does not answer those which they do; and also because it is haunted, often in the midst of tragedy, by a presence as shadowy but as unmistakable as a cat slipping by in the dark: that of the farfalu whose name I unwillingly resurrected." Farfalu is a word Malraux frequently uses to describe a particular kind of crazy quixotic adventurer. Bigger men than adventurers come to life in these pages. He recounts his first, mysterious meeting with Charles de Gaulle, whose devoted follower he became; recalls Mahatma Gandhi's historic Salt March and the triumph of civil disobedience; movingly portrays Jawaharlal Nehru in his leadership of "one of humanity's greatest adventures" — India's "struggle against itself."

THE HUMAN CONDITION

André Malraux on Great Men and Great Events

To reflect upon life — life in relation to death — is perhaps no more than to intensify one's questioning. I do not mean death in the sense of being killed, which poses few problems to anyone who has the commonplace luck to be brave, but death as it manifests itself in everything that is beyond man's control, in the aging and even the metamorphosis of the earth (the earth suggests death by its age-old torpor as well as its metamorphosis, even if this metamorphosis is the work of man), and above all in the irremediable, the sense that "you'll never know what it all meant." Faced with that question, what do I care about what matters only to me? Almost all the writers I know love their childhood; I hate mine. I have never really learned to re-create myself, if to do so is to come to terms with that lonely halfway house which we call life. I have sometimes managed to act, but the interest of action, except when it rises to the level of history, lies in what we do and not in what we say. I do not find myself very interesting. Friendship, which has played a big part in my life, has never been leavened with curiosity. Why should I remember?



Because, having lived in the shifting realm of feeling and imagination which is that of all artists, then in the realms of combat and of history — having known, at twenty, an Asia whose death struggle threw new light on the meaning of the West — I have experienced time and again, in humble or dazzling circumstances, those moments when the mystery of life appears to each one of us as it appears to almost every woman when she contemplates a child's face and almost every man when he contemplates the face of death. In the multifarious forms of that which drives us on, in all that I have seen of men's struggle against humiliation, and even in that sweetness which one can scarcely believe exists on this earth, life, like the gods of vanished religions, appears to me at times as if it were the libretto for some unknown music.

Although the East I knew in my youth could be likened to an old Arab on his donkey sleeping the inviolable sleep of Islam, the two hundred thousand inhabitants of Cairo have since become four million, Baghdad has substituted motorboats for the baskets of reeds and pitch in which its Babylonian peasants used to fish, and the mosaic gates of Teheran are now buried in the middle of the town like the Porte Saint-Denis in Paris. America has had its mushroom towns for a long time — but they did not obliterate an older civilization, they did not symbolize the metamorphosis of man.

That the world has never changed to this extent in a single century (except by destruction) is a fact with which we are all familiar. I myself have seen the sparrows swooping down on the horse-drawn buses at the Palais-Royal — and the shy and charming Colonel Glenn on his return from space; the old Tartar town of Moscow — and the pointed skyscraper of the university; all that the little railway engines in Pennsylvania Station, with their bell-shaped funnels so beautifully polished, evoked of the old America — and all that the Pan-American building symbolizes of the new. How

many centuries is it since a great religion shook the world? This is the first civilization capable of conquering the entire planet, but not of inventing its own temples or its own tombs.

Not so very long ago, a journey to Asia was a slow penetration into space and time combined: India after Islam, China after India, the Far East after the Middle East, Sinbad's vessels lying abandoned off an East Indian harbor in the gathering dusk, and after Singapore, at the entrance to the China Sea, the first junks like sentinels.

Now, on doctor's orders, I resume this slow penetration, and contemplate the upheavals which have punctuated my vain and blood-stained life as they have convulsed Asia — on my way to rediscovering, at the other end of the ocean, Tokyo, where I sent the *Venus de Milo*; Kyoto, changed almost beyond recognition; and Nara, almost intact despite its gutted temple (all three revisited not long since by air); and China, which I have not yet seen again. "As far as eye can reach, the ocean, smooth, lacquered, without a ripple. . . ." The sea brings back to me the first sentence of my first novel, and the telegram board on the boat reminds me of the message which forty years ago heralded the re-emergence of Asia: "General strike declared in Canton."

Man can never plumb the depths of his own being; his image is not to be discovered in the extent of the knowledge he acquires but in the questions he asks. The man who will be found here is one who is attuned to the questions which death raises as to the meaning of the world. Nowhere does this meaning haunt me more insistently than in the contrast between the transformed Egypt or India of today and the razed cities of Europe. I have seen German cities covered with white flags (sheets draped from windows) or completely pulverized; Cairo with its crowds, its mosques, its citadel, its City of the Dead, and its Pyramids in the distance; and Nuremberg shattered to such an extent that its central square had vanished. War puts its questions stupidly, peace mysteriously. And it is possible that in the realm of human destiny the depth of man's questioning is more important than his answers.

In the creation of fiction, in war, in museums real or imaginary, in culture, in history perhaps, I have found again and again a fundamental riddle, subject to the whims of memory which, whether or not by chance, does not re-create a life in its original sequence. Lit by an invisible sun, nebulae appear which seem to presage an unknown constellation. Some of them belong to the realm of imagination, others to the memory of a past which appears in sudden flashes or must be patiently probed: for the most significant moments in my life do not live in me, they haunt me and flee from me alternately. No matter. Face to face with the unknown, some

Drawings by Russell Carpenter.

of our dreams are no less significant than our memories. And so I return here to certain scenes which I once transposed into fiction. Often linked to memory by inextricable bonds, they sometimes turn out, more disturbingly, to be linked to the future too. . . .

What interests me in any man is the human condition; in a great man, the form and the essence of his greatness; in a saint, the character of his saintliness. And in all of them, certain characteristics which express not so much an individual personality as a particular relationship with the world. . . .



The traditional story of my first meeting with Charles de Gaulle is pure invention: the General certainly did not say of me in Alsace what Napoleon said of Goethe,¹ since Colonel Berger (the name my friends in the Resistance gave me) was never introduced to General de Gaulle in Alsace. He received me for the first time at the War Ministry, after my speech at the Congress of the National Liberation Movement (MLN).

In 1944, the Communists were determined to gain control over all the Resistance organizations. This Movement was a coalition of all those which they did not yet control. Their strategy was simple. At least a third of the executive committee were secret members of the Party. They urged the unity of the Resistance through amalgamation with the National Front, already Communist-controlled, and thus the leadership of the unified Resistance would fall into their hands. General de Gaulle had been humoring them because he was determined to use every means at his disposal to put France on her feet (not one strike occurred from the time of the Liberation until his departure). They for their part were humoring him, relying on time and on the black market to erode past glory. We all felt that what was at stake went deeper than politics.

The MLN had asked me to join its executive committee, and in January, 1945, I attended its Congress. The leaders of the organizations, the principal combatants, were anti-capitalist out of indifference to money, hatred of Vichy, and contempt for the officials of the Third Republic. In spite of Vichy, there had been no shortage of reactionaries either in the concentration camps or in coffins: but in general, the organized Resistance was left-wing. Hostility to Communism, among those who opposed capitalism, was primarily a hostility toward Stalinism: they far preferred a more or less socialized capitalism to a regime in

which the secret police would be the fourth estate, and perhaps the first if occasion permitted. It was also hostility toward a mendacious propaganda that might work in closed societies but was ineffectual in Western Europe: the line about Communist resistance in 1939, the Communist call to arms in 1940, the arranging of the Paris truce by the Gaullists in order to save the Germans, the seventy-five thousand Communists shot when there were only twenty-five thousand all told, and so on. The French Communist Party's acceptance of the Nazi-Soviet pact had not been forgotten, and many people thought that it would submit even more readily to the Red Army when it came to the point.

Members of political parties were few in the France of 1939; most of the men of the Resistance belonged to none. They were, in the main, liberal patriots, and it is for this reason that the Resistance never found its own identity, politically speaking. In the eyes of these men, Stalinism was the negation of everything they had fought for. The speakers I was about to oppose at the Congress nearly all denied their Party affiliations, only to appear in their true colors the following year.

Six months earlier I had had a secret lunch in a country bistro with four non-Communists. We discussed the future autonomy of the Resistance, then went our ways. I walked through the rain with the Paris delegate along a provincial Station Road. We had done some fighting together. He said without looking at me: "I've read your books. I must tell you that at the national level the Resistance movements have been infiltrated through and through by the Communist Party — he put his hand on my shoulder, looked at me, and stopped — of which I have been a member for seventeen years."

He walked on again. I remember the tranquil rain on the slate roofs, and that hand on my shoulder — and also the huge assembly hall where we had made so many speeches in the days of the World Committee against Fascism, and where this time I was to address the Resistance fighters.

Although most of the Congress members were ex-fighters, their deeds of valor did not exempt them from the feeling of inferiority that the Girondin feels toward the Montagnard, the liberal toward the extremist, the Menshevik toward anyone who declares himself a Bolshevik. While the fellow travelers took heart from joining forces with a party which was beginning to speak of General de Gaulle as if he were a Kerensky, the non-Communists were groping because they failed to understand that during these months any movement born of the Resistance must be Gaullist if it did not want to be Communist: because only the General was really prepared to set up an independent state and nation

¹ "Vous êtes un homme," Erfurt, 1808.

as an alternative to a Communist state. They hardly knew him; he had done nothing to win them over or even to get to know them, he had more prestige than popularity, and perhaps he believed that they were already in the hands of the Communists. My speech was addressed to the Resistance as a whole, and they knew that the following day I was returning to the front.

The Resistance had mobilized the energy of France; it must do so again, or risk being no more than an old soldiers' association. We had represented France in rags; our significance did not spring from the action of our networks, but from the fact that we had been *witnesses*. The coal mines of the Nord and the Pas-de-Calais had been nationalized on December 13; Renault, on January 16. These were not right-wing measures. The decisive step, everyone knew, would be the nationalization of credit; if the government took it, it had to be allowed a fair chance to govern, and we would have to define ourselves in terms of a national, not a political, task. There had been talk of the troubles that the repatriation of the prisoners would bring in its wake. Let the Movement re-establish all its sections, from the Rhine to Paris, and put them at their service. Let the National Front join with us, if it genuinely wanted to, *for the common good*. Then we would see. "A new Resistance is beginning . . ."

After ten or a dozen speeches, and "fraternal" visits from Communist or para-Communist delegations, amalgamation was defeated by 250 votes to 119. The Communist Party would not be able to make use of the Resistance against General de Gaulle. But on my way back to the front through the snow-covered countryside of Champagne, I thought of my Communist comrades in Spain, of the epic of the Soviet achievement, in spite of the OGPU, of the Red Army, and of the Communist farmers of Corrèze, always ready to help us in spite of the *Milice* on behalf of this Party which no longer seemed to believe in any other victories but those won by subterfuge. I thought of the hand on my shoulder in that Station Road where the slates gleamed in the rain.



I was living in the big Dutch-style house at Boulogne where some years later the young Delphine Renard was almost blinded by OAS explosives. It must have been after nine o'clock, for the summer evening was turning to night over the pillbox shelter built by the Germans at the corner of the garden. The telephone rang.

"I have an important message for you," came the voice of one of my regular interlocutors. "Can I see you in an hour or two?"

"By all means."

"I'll be round at about eleven."

At eleven o'clock a military car pulled up outside the house. I opened the door. We were alone. The man who had telephoned did not cross the threshold of the huge studio, still only dimly lit.

"General de Gaulle asks you in the name of France if you will help him."

It was an odd way of putting it. But in London one of the General's first speeches to his officers was something like: "Gentlemen, you know where your duty lies." The tone of today's message was identical.

"It goes without saying," I answered.

"I'll tell you what time tomorrow."

We shook hands. The car, which had turned around, skirted the little pillbox and disappeared in the direction of the Seine.

I was surprised; though not excessively so — I have a tendency to think myself useful. But after my first escape, in November, 1940, I had written to General de Gaulle, assuming that the Free French Forces could use any airmen they could find. No reply. Since he was said to have rejected Pierre Cot, I supposed that he found my support unwelcome because of my participation in the Spanish Civil War; however, before the creation of the Alsace-Lorraine Brigade, our *maquis* group had always found General Koenig — and behind him, General de Gaulle — ready to help.

I was summoned to the War Ministry and shown in to General de Gaulle as the clock struck. Some large ordnance-survey maps on the walls gave the room a working atmosphere. He motioned to me to sit down to the right of his desk.

I had retained an exact memory of his face: in 1943, Ravanel, then chief of the *groupes francs*, had shown me a photograph of him that had arrived by parachute. It was a head-and-shoulders picture; we did not even know that General de Gaulle was very tall. I was reminded of the delegates of the Third Estate who were stupefied the first time they saw Louis XVI; up to 1943, we had not known the face of the man in whose name we were fighting.

What struck me now was the way in which he did not resemble his photographs. The real mouth was a little smaller, the mustache a little darker. And the cinema, although it conveys all sorts of expressions, has only once caught his dense, heavy gaze — much later, during an interview with Michel Droit, when he looked straight into the camera and seemed to be looking at each individual viewer.

"First of all, the past," he said.

A surprising introduction.

"It's simple enough," I replied. "I engaged in a struggle for — let's call it social justice. Perhaps, more precisely, the aim was to give men a chance. I was president of the World Committee against Fascism with Romain Rolland, and I went with Gide to deliver to Hitler, who refused to see us, a protest against the Reichstag Fire trials. Then there was the Spanish Civil War, and I went to fight in Spain. Not with the International Brigade — it didn't yet exist, and it was we who gave it the time to exist: the Communist Party was still thinking it over. Then came the war, the real one. Then defeat, and like so many others, I espoused the cause of France. When I got back to Paris, Albert Camus asked me whether we wouldn't one day have to choose between Russia and America. To me, the choice is not between Russia and America, but between Russia and France. When a weak France finds herself face to face with a powerful Russia, I no longer believe a word of what I used to believe when a powerful France faced a weak Soviet Union. A weak Russia wants popular fronts, a strong Russia wants people's democracies.

"I once heard Stalin say: 'At the beginning of the Revolution we looked to European revolution to save us, and now the European revolution waits upon the Red Army.' I don't believe in a revolution in France brought about by the Red Army and kept in being by the OGPU — any more than I believe in a return to 1938.

"From a historical standpoint, it seems to me that the essential lesson of the last twenty years has been the primacy of the nation — which is not the same as nationalism: it's a matter of individuality, not superiority. Marx, Victor Hugo, Michelet (who went so far as to write: 'France is a person'), all believed in a United States of Europe. In this context it wasn't Marx who was the prophet, but Nietzsche, when he wrote that the twentieth century would be the century of national wars. Did you hear the *Internationale* when you were in Moscow, General?"

"It wasn't mentioned: it had gone sour."

"I was there when the Russian national anthem became the official ceremonial music. For some weeks *Pravda* had been using, for the first time, the phrase 'our Soviet fatherland.' Everybody knew what it meant. And I realized that what was happening was that at last Russia had found in Communism a way to assert her position and prestige in the world — a successful Orthodoxy or Pan-Slavism —" He was looking at me attentively, with no sign either of agreement or disagreement. "—because, even if one disregarded Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin — which would be difficult — Communism would still come nearer than anything else today to expressing the revolutionary potential, which the French Revolution expressed in its time."

"What do you mean by the revolutionary potential?"

"The provisional form which the demand for justice assumes — from peasant risings to revolutions. In our century, it's a matter of social justice, which is no doubt partly due to the decline of the great religions; the Americans are believers, but American civilization is not a religious one.

"The National Front is para-Communist, on the way to being openly Communist; my friends are para-laborites, on the way toward a social

democracy which doesn't yet exist and which they don't know whether to look for from themselves, from the Socialist Party, or from you."

"What do they want to do?"

"The same as in 1848 and 1871 — play out a heroic drama called Revolution. Honorably, in the case of the genuine ones, who didn't emerge from between the paving stones when the army arrived."

He raised his forefinger in a warning gesture. "Make no mistake: France no longer wants Revolution. The time is past."

I was struck by the neutrality of his tone — he might have been talking about the Roman Empire. Our intellectuals were passionately living out a political mythology, and the armies of Communism and fascism were still face to face. For the first time, I realized how trifling the supreme values of others, even of many people who were not his op-



ponents, tended to seem to him. "The time is past" was said in the tone in which a mystic might speak of the flesh. But mystics do not believe in History.

"The slogan of *Combat*," I said, "is still 'From Resistance to Revolution.'"

"What's the circulation of *Combat*? I have announced that all the sources of power and credit will be nationalized in the course of this year. Not for the sake of the left, but for the sake of France. The right is in no hurry to support the State, and the left is in too much of a hurry."

He stood up. "What struck you most when you came back to Paris?"

"The lies."

The aide had opened the door, and the General showed me out. "Thank you," he said.

Some days later I was asked to join the General's staff as technical adviser. It was then that work began on plans for the modernization of education, and that Stoetzel received the first million francs for the purpose of organizing effective opinion polls. The gods were on our side: the last poll, which was to do with the constitutional referendum, was accurate to within three points in a thousand. Between April and August, Roosevelt, Mussolini, and Hitler had died, Churchill had gone, Germany had surrendered, and the atomic bomb had exploded over Hiroshima. On October 21, 1945, the elections returned 302 Communist and socialist members to the Assembly. The General, unanimously elected head of the government, formed his ministry, in which I became Minister of Information.



At the end of 1958, General de Gaulle, once more Premier, decided to improve relations with various Asian countries which had been more and more neglected for the past twenty years. He requested that I visit the heads of some of these states — first of all Nehru.

I was familiar with the situation in India, having recently entertained Jayaprakash Narayan, the Bombay socialist leader. And my friend the writer Raja Rao, India's greatest expert on France, had also just been to Paris. Our ambassador was less pessimistic than the prefects of the Antilles.

He was waiting for me at the airport, at two in the morning, with the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, whose white sari shone in the landing lights. Her name was Lakshmi. A Western Secretary of State might well be called Mary, like the Virgin, but the goddesses of other religions provide more food for dreams. Count Ostrorog, a descend-

ant of the Mogul conquerors — and an illegitimate son of Pierre Loti, according to Foreign Office gossip — was that rare specimen, a man worthy of what the title "Ambassador to India" conjures up for poets. This descendant of the lords of the steppes, hidalgo, Roman cardinal, and exemplarily French, was the ambassador of an age-old Mediterranean to an India that was still in its youth — a curious thought, knowing what India is.

When we reached the Capitol (I was the guest of the government) I could only make out the dark mass of the building, then corridors, a big portrait of Gandhi in a dhoti, and the chief of protocol surrounded by a staff of servants worthy of viceregal days — one to open each door. Having dismissed these Ali Baba personages, he discussed with me the details of my mission. The minister responsible for culture was to receive me at eight o'clock.

The newspapers were already there when I woke up. The ministers' welcome was what it always is: cautious and tactful. They were waiting for my interview with Nehru. I was calling on Nehru in his office in the Parliament building. This meant a transition from the majesty of the Capitol to municipal corridors and waiting rooms for minor petitioners. But, as in the Capitol, innumerable pictures of Gandhi decorated the walls.

Gandhi was still present throughout India, in his achievements, his example, his image. For Europe, he was simply a liberator with clean hands; a symbol of saintliness, with the quaintness that goes with so many saints: an obstinate nun with a big toothless smile, dressed in a humble plebeian garment worn like the uniform of freedom. Although India was beginning to see in him the last avatar of Vishnu, certain outstanding phases of his life were still precisely remembered: the sermon in 1920 under a huge banyan tree, then the crowd on the banks of the Sabarmati; the Amritsar massacre; the fingers of his left hand held up to show the crowd the four main duties of India; the weird pyre made up of European clothes, collars, braces thrown away by people who thenceforth would wear only the *khadi* — the precursor of his own funeral pyre in front of which the *Bhagavad-Gita* would be recited. And civil disobedience, and the non-cooperation movement which began on the day Tilak died. And above all, the Salt March.

On March 2, 1930, Gandhi had informed the Viceroy that civil disobedience would begin nine days later. On the twelfth, he set off toward the sea followed by seventy disciples. The peasants put out flags, spread branches over the roads, knelt as the pilgrims passed by. Three hundred village headmen resigned from their posts. The original seventy had grown to several thousand when Gandhi collected some salt left behind by the waves, thus infringing the salt-tax laws. Tropical heat

makes salt indispensable to working men and animals -- but everyone knew that for health reasons Gandhi had not touched it for six years. At a single stroke he had roused the whole of India.

All along the coast, fishermen began collecting salt; the peasants followed suit, and the police began to make mass arrests. The resisters let them-



selves be arrested, but would not surrender their salt. In Bombay, sixty thousand people gathered in front of the House of Congress on the terrace of which quantities of saline sand were processed. The salt which Gandhi had collected was sold for 1600 rupees.

When Nehru was sentenced to six months in prison, India answered with *hartal*. In Patna, a crowd flung themselves on the ground in front of the government cavalry. In Karachi, fifty thousand Indians watched salt being collected while the police stood by, helpless. Nevertheless, soon there were a hundred thousand people in prison. On the night of May 4-5, Gandhi was arrested in a village among his disciples.

At Dharasana, north of Bombay, crowds marched on the government salt depot, which was guarded by four hundred policemen. One after the other, as they approached the factory, they were struck down: others silently replaced them, and fell in their turn. Stretcher bearers removed the bleeding bodies. The factory went on working, a temporary hospital had to be opened, and all India became aware of its servitude. Soon, Churchill was to

speak of "this seditious fakir, half-naked in the palace of the Viceroy!"

Now the Viceroy was gone, and the legend of Gandhi, which for the West had become one of noble passivity, remained a fighting legend here. A fight, above all, with words. When he had announced that he would give up eating if the rights of the untouchables were not recognized, it was not a matter of "fasting" but of starving to death. This self-inflicted torture which challenged India's most powerful taboo was no less irrational than the taboo itself, and the Hindus had followed it like a slow crucifixion. In these multitudes, of whom 95 percent did not own a radio, everyone knew when Gandhi began to be in danger of death. And everyone knew that his ultimate aim was the purification of India, that independence was not the primary consideration. He had wanted his teachings to reach the most humble, even when he said: "*Swaraj* will not come through the victory of the few, but only when all have become capable of resisting injustice." And they had all prayed aloud when they heard that the cartridge case had fallen from the murdered Mahatma's shawl, and that everything had come to an end at last with a dark red bullet glowing in his white ashes. Nevertheless, Gandhi was still present in this Parliament as he was in the Capitol. Vinoba Bhawe, whose only weapons were his words, had just been given five million acres of land (not the best, of course) for the peasants.

In a world from which the shadows of Stalin and of Hitler had not yet faded, India could boast of having freed herself from England without a single English casualty. In spite of all the poverty, the word democracy took on an almost religious meaning here. Bandung had shown Nehru's authority — as had the uneasiness aroused by his silence in the face of the Russian action in Budapest. But the politics of India were no more fashioned in the Congress or in Parliament than the politics of Hitler's Germany were fashioned in the Reichstag: the politics of India were the heritage of the little man in a loincloth who had taken it into his head to lead millions of Indians off to pick salt in the Indian Ocean as a protest against the salt tax, and to find freedom there.



I was shown into an office where the press and about fifty agitated photographers were waiting for the usher who would come to fetch me. Suddenly they all turned: another door had opened to reveal not the usher but Nehru.

He knew that he was under attack from the Delhi press for receiving me. For good reasons: Indochina, Algeria. And for puerile reasons: a lot of journalists, taking their cue from certain London weeklies, had the perspicacity to see General de Gaulle as a successor to Hitler. And also for another reason of which I was not aware, although Nehru was: the majority of the Delhi papers would be hostile to him whatever he did. The pressmen now stood aside to make way for him, murmuring his first name as the crowd were said to have done when he came to the place where the murdered Gandhi lay. He embraced me, and said (the occasion was being televised), as if we had met a month before, though it was more than twenty years since we had met: "I am glad to see you again. The last time was after you were wounded in Spain. You were just out of the hospital, and I was just out of jail." I admired the skill with which, for the time being, he had disarmed this herd; and I admired the human quality, which no skill could have contrived. He took my arm, and we went into his office. I remember only the table, of a rare wood which, after reflecting the last of the television lights, now reflected only the rose which lay between us — the same as the one he always wore — and his face. When people read this, perhaps that face will no longer be as familiar as it is today: history will only have preserved the mask. It was a Roman face with a slight heaviness about the lower lip that gave his apparently "posed" smile the seductiveness which a suggestion of innocence imparts to a great man. But beyond the set mask of the photographs, there was that smile linked with a dreamy expression which suggested blue eyes (they were brown) in harmony with his nearly gray complexion.

I remembered him as having had something of the look of a maquis leader with the forage cap he used to wear before 1940. Now he evinced a benevolently ironic world-weariness, which overlay his toughness without entirely concealing it. (When his mother was insulted while taking food to prisoners, he had revoked all visits for a period of seven months at the prison of Dehra Dun. Gandhi used to say: "He is courage itself.") Time had not so much aged his face as somehow given him a slightly different one — as it can happen to men who early in life resemble their mother and later come to resemble their father. And in his voice, his bearing, there appeared (reappeared?) beneath the patrician intellectual the English gentleman's ease and self-possession which he had doubtless learned to emulate in his youth.

He read General de Gaulle's letter outlining my credentials, put it on the table, and said with a broad smile, "So now you're a minister."

The phrase did not in the least mean You're a

member of the French government. In a slightly Balzacian, and especially Hindu, sense, it meant: So this is your latest incarnation.

"Mallarmé used to tell this story," I answered. "One night he was listening to the cats talking in the gutter. One inquisitive black cat asked him, a venerable tom, 'And what do you do?' 'At the moment, I'm pretending to be the cat at the Mallarmés.'"

Nehru smiled even more broadly, and nodded. His hand gestures, once so expansive, were now turned inwards toward his body, the fingers almost closed. And it was in these chilly gestures, which gave his authority a charm such as I have never since encountered, that I saw the only real difference between the old Nehru and the man I was talking to now. For authority is a state of being, which remains constant. I explained to him briefly how I envisaged the exhibition of Indian art that we wished to put on in Paris. He gave his agreement and asked me what we suggested in exchange. I proposed Romanesque sculpture, or a historical exhibition on the subject of the Revolution.

"For us," he said, "France means the Revolution. . . . When Vivekananda discovered it, he spent a whole day shouting 'Vive la République!' to his friends. Did you know that *Les Misérables* is one of the most famous foreign books in India?"

I had already come across this French presence, and was to come across it again later on many occasions. Soviet Russia has not erased it. In the underdeveloped countries, the machine brings qualified technicians rather than an industrial proletariat. And wherever revolution is called for not by the proletariat but by the nation, the message of the French Revolution, the exaltation of the fight for justice proclaimed from Saint-Just to Jaurès, by way of Michelet and above all Victor Hugo, has retained a prestige at least as great as that of Marxism. I saw piles of copies of *Les Misérables* between Bakunin and the theoretical writings of Tolstoy on the Ramblas in Barcelona during the Civil War.

"Romanesque sculpture?" he went on. "Practically no one here really admires our own sculpture from the classical period. It exercises a magical force on the masses, up to a certain point; so do roadside idols. The members of Parliament respect Ellora but don't go there."

"The relationship of politicians to art is always fairly complicated; but after all, yours at least know the *Bhagavad-Gita*."

"In the same way as English MP's know the Bible." Nehru was creating India while surrounded by a Saturn's Ring of hostile politicians. When I said how surprised I was at the Delhi papers' strange image of the French government, he answered: "Oh! and of the Indian government too!"

with a gesture of hope and resignation, an ironic *inshallah*.

I suggested to him that in this respect General de Gaulle's position was not very different from his own. He was intrigued by the idea, but I doubt if he was convinced.

THE memory — or the presence — of totalitarian parties remained so strong that in French eyes Nehru resembled Stalin more than he did Roosevelt; but for Nehru, in spite of himself, General de Gaulle probably resembled Mussolini rather than Churchill. Nevertheless, too intelligent and too well informed to believe that the General was a fascist leader, he followed the progress of events in France with attention. He had not intervened in Indochina or in Algeria, because he considered that a nation should win its independence without foreign help. He did not take the Fourth Republic seriously: one of its prime ministers had prudently entertained him in a restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne, because it was spring. But he had a close-up view of the decline of England, which he had known for so long as the strongest power in the world, and he observed the decline of Europe, without forgetting that he had seen the rebirth of Germany and Russia. Then again, concerned as he was with Africa, he found it hard to reconcile the creation of the French Community with the Algerian War. The word Algeria came up in the course of the interview, and I could see from his slight gesture of withdrawal that as my host he was apologetic about having pronounced it.

I merely said, "It will be General de Gaulle who brings peace to Algeria."

He looked at me, puzzled or incredulous. For me as for him, neither the maintenance of the French Community nor the independence of our former African colonies, if that was what succeeded the Community, was consonant with the endless pursuit of the Algerian War.

"What part do the Communists play in it, in your opinion?" he asked.

"A big part in Paris, a small one in Algiers. But do you think there is still such a thing as a Communist policy?"

He gave me a questioning look.

"What I mean is this: in the old days Great Britain used to have a global policy after her fashion. Not so the United States. It has become the most powerful nation in the world without wishing to, which was not the case either with Alexander, or Caesar, or Tamerlane, or Napoleon: their hegemonies were the result of their conquests. This is perhaps why the United States makes war so well and peace so badly."

I remembered seeing John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State, drive through the gates of the Hotel Matignon in an enormous car, like a Roman proconsul entering some city of the East. The following day, the General had said to me, "Either there is a West, with a common policy toward the rest of the world, or else . . . But there will be no West." And there had been none.

"The present global policy of the Americans," I went on, "is based on anti-Communism; in other words, it is determined by Russian policy. This applies even to something as impressive as the Marshall Plan. On the other hand, we have experience of a Russian global policy, the policy of harnessing the forces of the International to the service of the Soviet Union. But since Stalin's death that particular policy seems to have had its day. At least that is what's suggested by Algeria, and Africa in general — and even Bandung. Today it's mostly the intellectuals who put political problems in terms of Communism."

"What is their attitude toward it?"

"In France, Communism means the Communist Party, such as you have always known it for better or worse. Many intellectuals are torn between social justice and the nation, rather than between Communism and capitalism. In the Resistance, I chose France, and I am not the only one."

"In the United States, things seem to me quite different. For my American friends, after the Hiss trial and the Oppenheimer affair, Communism was a *plot*: the Communists were secret agents of the Russians — who were fighting for the proletariat; only the proletariat was the trade unions, who were not Communists."

He smiled again. "Everyone believes in other people's Communists. But, 'Everyone approaches God by way of his own gods' is the Indian saying." A quip?

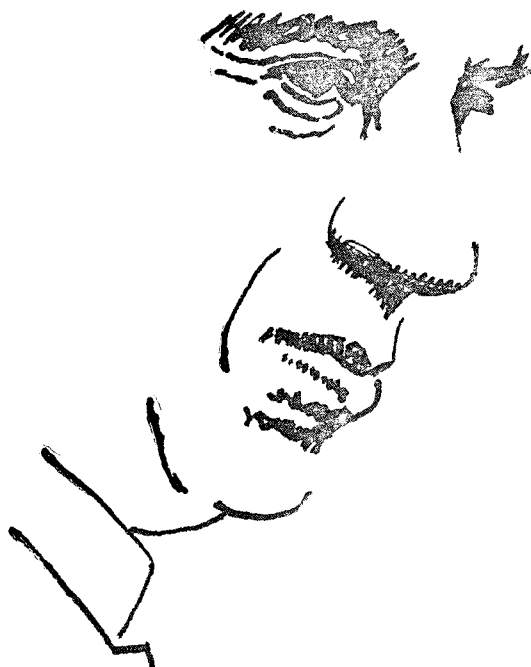
"My remark surprises you? From what I know of Europe, I'm surprised at your surprise. Approaching God by way of one's own gods — surely the West does nothing else but that, in the realm of the mind, in admiring at the same time Plato, Spinoza, Hegel, Spencer, not to mention the people who admire Nietzsche — or Marx — and Jesus at the same time."



He returned to the subject of Communism. Like General de Gaulle, he no longer regarded it as of fundamental importance. "Here, the Communists are mainly occupied with polemics," he said. "One of our states, Kerala, is Communist: all the

same, the members of the Central Committee are Brahmans." I knew that he did not share the anti-Communism of Gandhi, who had said, "Russia has a dictator who dreams of peace and thinks he can reach it across a sea of blood." But Gandhi had also said: "The intellectuals are appalled by my ideas and my methods."

Nehru saw and admired the Russian Revolution as a war of liberation against Czarism, which he identified with colonialism. Since he did not feel threatened either by the Indian Communist Party or by the Red Army, he thought of Russia from a distance. Since he did not believe in an armed conflict between the Soviet Union and the United States, he was not perhaps averse to a cold war in which the two great adversaries competed for Indian favors. For me, the history of this century for the last forty years had meant the rise of Communism and the supersession of Europe by the United States. For him, it had meant decoloniza-



tion, and above all the liberation of Asia. His state socialism had nothing in common either with the Soviets or with capitalism, "which is not lacking in violence either, in its own way." The West (and perhaps Russia) judged India in terms of the cold war, and talked about the Third World and neutralism. But for Nehru there was *his* world, which was not to be defined in terms of the two others: the world of the countries at once newly liberated and underdeveloped, which must first and foremost change their civilization.

By westernizing themselves?

"To a certain extent; but in two hundred years science and machines have produced a very different civilization from the one that existed at the time

of the French Revolution and the American War of Independence; the India they will produce in a hundred years' time will not be much like the present one, but perhaps it won't be much like Europe either." For the West, the Soviet Union was the symbol of a past revolution, and sometimes, perhaps, a future one; for Nehru, it was primarily a symbol of planning. "Nothing since the discovery of nonviolence has struck me as forcibly as the development of Soviet Central Asia. And perhaps Europeans do not realize that in Asia today, industrialization is as powerful a myth as independence was."

They would have to use Russian techniques and American capital according to circumstances. Without too many illusions, however, for if foreign aid was indispensable to India's development, this could only come from India's own efforts, "otherwise we run the risk of a colonialism of the mind; and in any case I don't believe that every Indian is particularly anxious to possess a refrigerator and a car." What refrigerators? The tragedy that had India by the throat was hunger. Would Communist planning prove more effective against famine than liberal capitalism?

I REALIZED why his words had shaken what we called the Third World. In this domain, like Gandhi, he was revealing the obvious. He made some reference to the Round Table Conference, Gandhi huddled in his blanket among dignitaries as gilded as the painted nymphs on the ceiling, "at the time when the Aga Khan was making a show of support for Independence, and when the parlor socialists, in London and in India, were calling Gandhi a super-reactionary." Beside this tiny shadow, Stalin remained colossal but seemed like an interloper. Khrushchev and Bulganin had come to the Capitol as heads of state among others. Nehru's English upbringing was not Marxist, and his Indian upbringing drove him to fight against caste rather than class; for the untouchables, who in spite of the Constitution were dying on the lawns of the Capitol, rather than for the proletariat.

But the maintenance of true independence, and the industrialization of India, could only be founded on a State. And Nehru was conscious of the fragility of the one he was fashioning. He held that all revolution was inseparable from an ethical drive, a desire for justice; in the West, this had come from individuals, and was founded on reason and equality before the law, which they held to be the supreme values. It was not so in India. There individualism, and even the individual, played only a minor role. The fundamental reality is caste. The Indian is not an individual who finds himself

a member of a caste in the sense in which one can say that a European is an individual who belongs to a nation: he is a member of his caste as a true Christian is baptized before being an individual. In the past, the Hindu ethic was never profoundly altered by secular men, nor even by the Brahmans, but only by the ascetics: because the ascetic is outside caste, and because he is dedicated to the gods. Apart from self-denial, the fundamental ethic of India is devotion to caste, which is inseparable from religion: there is no conception of a lay ethic. Gandhi, in the eyes of the West India's political leader, was in Indian eyes, and no doubt his own, a traditional great ascetic.



The liberation struggle had not called into question the nature of Indian society. The Communists accused the Congress Party of being a bourgeois party. When had it ever claimed to be proletarian? Its objective, independence, was national, not social. It had fought for all. But the objective once gained, social justice became a major problem. And caste-consciousness was stronger than class-consciousness. The political apparatus did not constitute an order like the Communist Party: members of Parliament were only partially emancipated from their caste. The parliamentary ideal derived from an ideal image of the British Parliament, and had no connection with the Indian past; the agnostic Nehru strove in vain to make it Indian. To create a modern India, he was obliged to rely directly on his people by associating the humblest Indian with an epic (he simply called it "a great enterprise"). "India must be activated, but by herself, not by government orders." But immemorial India saw social injustice as part of the cosmic order, and the cosmic order must of necessity mean justice. Had Gandhi, though determined to destroy untouchability, been equally determined to destroy the castes? His struggle against untouchability had been enough to have him assassinated, not by a Communist, but by one of those traditionalists who put the assassin's picture up on their walls, and who still played a role in the army which the Minister of War did not take lightly. Long live the eternal order, with its *kchatriya* (the warrior caste) armored divisions and air force, its Brahman administrators, and the corpse of Nehru after the corpse of Gandhi!

This was what even his socialist opponents called the second great problem of India.

"Obviously I have never dreamed of a Congress whose members were ascetics. But after all," he added sadly, "how can our political personnel com-

pare with that of a totalitarian party, or of British democracy? So, I have to strengthen the State. The great historic figures of our time have been linked with a struggle; more often than not with the seizure of power by a victorious party. Even Gandhi's name remains linked with the struggle for the liberation of India."

When the struggle was for independence or for revolution, of whatever sort, it carried within itself the seeds of its own metamorphosis. I remembered Trotsky once talking to me about Thermidor. But in this banal office surrounded by glory and by famine, I was aware that the enigmatic force which transformed the leather-jacketed people's commissars into gilt-edged marshals far exceeded the miserable gains of the winning side, and swept along the conquerors whom it found in its path as the Ganges sweeps along its flotsam. Lenin had ended his life still wearing the cap shown in all his photographs in Soviet embassies — but he had written, "There is no instance of a revolution which did not end up by increasing the power of the State." And Stalin's cap was a field marshal's cap. Thermidor was studied by the revolutionaries in the spirit of the bourgeoisie itself, and they defined it as a *return*. None of the pitfalls encountered by the Indian government would bring back the power of England. What was holding back the permanent revolution and the time of equality was not the past but the future, the seeds which independence and revolution carry in themselves.

"I must sustain the feelings that we brought to life, in order to create a State in a country whose national consciousness is primarily religious and where the word State, whether applied to the Mogul Empire or the British Raj, has always stood for administration. Shaped by independence, our organization is in the course of becoming electoral."

Poor elections! What I sensed behind these friendly and clearheaded observations was the inescapable necessity which Lenin, Mao, and Mussolini had come up against, and which was not only the power of a single party: the imperative of the State. This alone could ensure India's survival and its destiny, the State, which had perhaps haunted Alexander and had certainly haunted Caesar and Charlemagne and Napoleon. But before the advent of Islam (and even then) had India ever been a State?

"Don't forget that Europe continually calls 'nonviolence' what we call nonviolent resistance. When was India ever a State before the Moguls? Not under the Guptas, I imagine. And to what extent," Nehru added sadly, "could a State be founded on nonviolent action? But in any case, was it really a State that we wanted to build?"

He pitied India. He knew its misery. But he wanted to see it committed to a unique destiny,

dedicated to becoming the conscience of the world. And it was no doubt because he knew that I loved this India that he had not forgotten our former meetings.

"General de Gaulle," I said, "thinks that a State which does not sooner or later found its legitimacy on the *defense* of the nation is doomed to disappear."

"Yes. If they want to bomb India, well, let them. You can destroy an army, a government, perhaps a regime: you cannot destroy a people."

Who were "they"? The West? But he added, "Every time China becomes China again, she becomes imperialist."



In speech after speech Nehru had reminded his listeners that although the peoples of India did not claim to be superior to others, they knew themselves to be different. The difference to which he had dedicated his life, the supreme value that India had brought to the world, was nonviolent action, by virtue of which the liberation of India could rank with the great revolutions of history. He knew better than I did why Gandhi had translated the *Bhagavad-Gita*; he knew better than I why he himself had called the Buddha "India's greatest son." In spite of the horrors of the separation of Hindustan and Pakistan, in spite of Kashmir, nonviolence retained its luster. Here, the word democracy did not yet make people smile. Europe confused the passionate ideology inherited from Gandhi with passivity, but Nehru still believed what he had once written: "It has been said that nonviolent action was an illusion; here, it has been the only *real* means of political action. Even in politics, an evil action has evil consequences. That, I believe, is a law of Nature as precise as any law of physics or chemistry."

I remembered Ramakrishna: "God cannot appear where there is hate, or shame, or fear." But I also remembered Gandhi: "It is better to fight than to be afraid."

Just as Stalin had claimed to be creating the Soviet Union on the same basis as Lenin had created the Revolution, so Nehru was compelled to give at least the appearance of creating India on the same basis as Gandhi had won independence. Everything, in particular the unity of this federal state, rested on a foundation of teaching, but this in its turn was based less on a British rationalism to which Nehru readily subscribed than on the expression of the deepest feelings of India. Hence their effectiveness, which surprised the West. When I met Nehru for the first time in Paris around 1935, I had asked

him, "What connection do you see between non-violence and reincarnation?" He had paused to reflect; he still retained from his imprisonment a grave deliberation of mind, very different from the suggestion of playfulness beneath the smiling seriousness of the head of state. He was well aware that *ahimsa*, the nonviolence of India, was not to be considered a method for gaining independence without risking a bad reincarnation. He saw non-violence as a powerful myth, not a theory. He remembered our talk. "Tolstoy is supposed to have asked Gandhi the same question."

"What was Gandhi's answer? The same as yours?"

"What was my answer?"

"Roughly: 'Reincarnation had to be the fertilizer.'"

The struggle against poverty combined with indifference to the standard of living, the refusal to choose between the Communist and capitalist nations, or to justify the means by the end, did not spring from a nineteenth-century liberalism but from thousands of years of Hindu thought. Not for nothing had Gandhi been Nehru's guru. Bandung had given India a moral rather than a political authority.

"Were you not struck," he asked me, half-smiling, half-serious, "by that saying in the *Bhagavad-Gita*: 'He who really does what he should will obtain what he wants.'"

I was deeply interested in what he said, for the element of irony was superficial. Any head of state or head of government must reckon sooner or later with "reasons of state," and he masks the necessity either with the values of the man he is talking to, or with the traditional values of his people, which are often his own values. I have heard Russian Communists appeal to Orthodox values and Chinese Communists appeal to Confucian values with scarcely a change of terminology. And I have heard everybody use the vocabulary of democracy. But here, the ethic was really fundamental.

"What has been your greatest difficulty since Independence?" I asked Nehru.

His reply was instantaneous, although up to this point he had often spoken of India as if he were groping in the dark. "Creating a just State by just means, I think." And, after a brief pause, "Perhaps, too, creating a secular State in a religious country. Especially when its religion is not founded on an inspired book."

I WAS face to face simultaneously with eternal India and with an India akin to what is represented in our memory by the France of the Year II or the United States of Washington: the end of an exem-

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Decubiti (bedsores) can make a large contribution to a patient's misery. We have been working with knitting mills, the American Institute of Laundering, and 2,000 hospitals to develop something more satisfactory than the traditional sheepskin pads. It turns out to be a $\frac{3}{4}$ "-1"-deep pile knit fabric of 100% KODEL Polyester Fiber anchored to a sturdy, acrylic-coated polypropylene backing. It feels like rabbit fur. We hope you never feel it. But if you do have to look into the sizes and shapes available and don't know where to start, write Knit Merchandising Department at Eastman Chemical Products, Inc. (Subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company), 260 Madison Avenue, New York City 10016.

As the artist sees

This year and next Jeannette Klute's exquisite work, as in years gone by, is bringing a joyful peace to the eyes of beholders at one-woman Klute shows in the exhibition halls of 26 lands. She hadn't thought of herself as an artist when she entered our employ in 1940, one of a crew of girls hired to run a color enlarger.

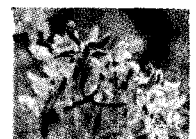


Just as parallels are scarce to the way Miss Klute's career developed, so uncommon is the scientist-artist collaboration with her boss, the director of Photo Technology at Kodak. Ralph M. Evans is himself an unusual director, provided with administrative associates of such high competence that he can function personally as a working scientist despite an official responsibility for 431 other persons' work.

Human color perception is the field Evans has long investigated. Its phenomena underlie the best known part of our business. Chemists to make the dyes in film and psychophysicists to study color stimuli are not enough. Perception is the product of stimuli and circumstance. There is no such thing as brown light, but there is orange light. A surface from which orange light enters the eye may look brown if other light enters from nearby at the same time. Brown is greyed

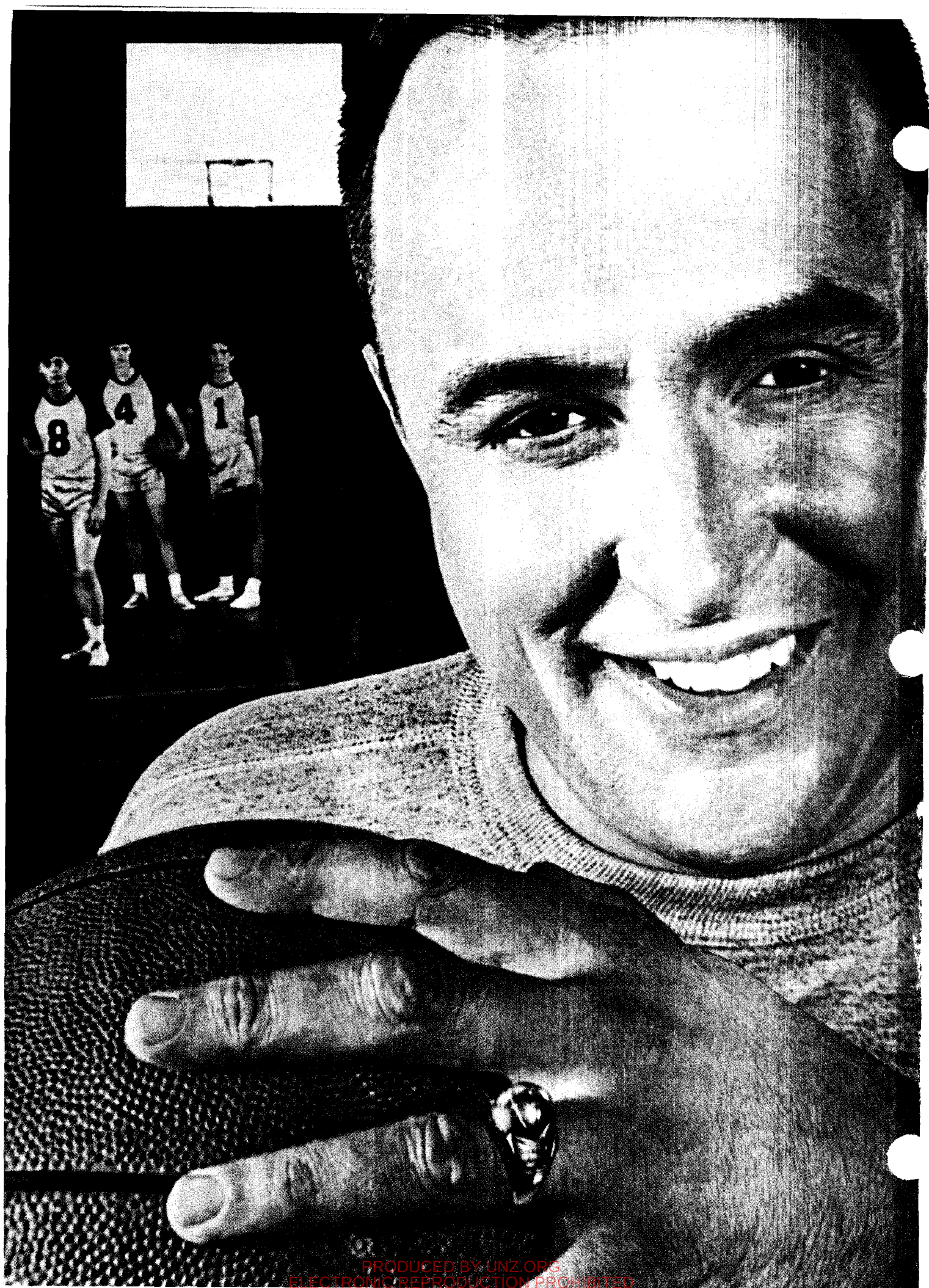
orange. "Greyness," a new-found dimension which Evans is currently introducing to color science, can pass through zero and become "fluorence" when a color appears to glow with its own light. The artist's eye, such as Miss Klute possesses, has known since the days of the great painters what the scientists are now slowly learning and systematizing.

Hence the collaboration. Our cold-hearted goal, of course, is to pin down just what happens when a white border degrades a color print even though the colors remain physically unchanged, and we want to know what can or cannot be done to make a convenient color print stimulate and simulate as well as does the transparency or projected slide.



EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY An equal-opportunity employer

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This ex-pro basketball star found his toughest competition selling computers.

At 6 foot 4, 210 pounds, Paul Arizin was one of the "small" men in professional basketball. Today, he's an IBM computer salesman in Philadelphia.

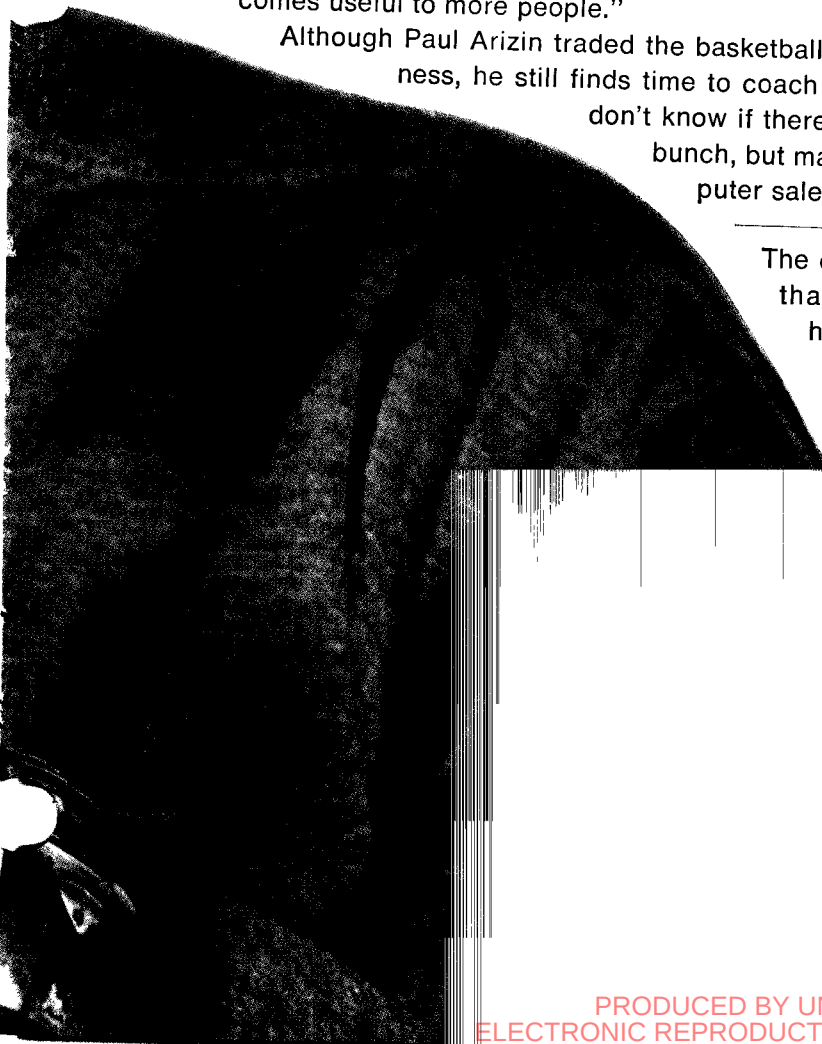
His competitors aren't seven feet tall anymore, but the challenge is just as tough. "That's why I chose the computer business," says Arizin. "When I retired from pro ball, I simply couldn't take a routine job."

"The computer industry is intriguing. Each of my customers has a different problem, ranging from routing trucks to unscrambling inventory. And with many computer companies working on the same problem, you have to hammer out the best possible solution, or it's no sale."

"All this competition not only makes my job exciting, it's good for the customer. For a dollar, today's computer can process a thousand times more data than it did in 1950. And as data processing gets even more economical, it becomes useful to more people."

Although Paul Arizin traded the basketball court for the computer business, he still finds time to coach his son's basketball team. "I

don't know if there are any all-Americans in the bunch, but maybe there's a promising computer salesman or two."



IBM®

The computer industry began less than two decades ago with a handful of firms. Today, IBM and companies like it have created new career opportunities for hundreds of thousands of people like Paul Arizin.

Why 100 Pipers?

There's a legend in Scotland,
so people say,
That when you sip a good Scotch,
you hear a Piper play.
But it has to be a good Scotch,
that's the only way
You'll hear the Piper play.

If the Scotch is mellow,
you might hear two.
If it's very smooth,
then three might play for you.
If the Scotch is light,
then four or five play too!

Now six or seven Pipers
send shivers up your spine.
They say of Bonnie Charles the
Prince, he heard as high as nine.

One day a master blender
was blending in the glen
To see if he could find a way
to boost it up to ten.

He tried out every trick he knew.
A prayer or two, and then:
He tested it, he tasted it,
he tested it again.
Then he heard the Pipers,
but he wasn't hearing ten.

He heard a hundred Pipers.
He heard a hundred Pipers.
He heard a hundred Pipers
a-playing in his glen.



Seagram wouldn't settle for less.

PRODUCED BY UNZ, C. S. Every drop bottled in Scotland at 86 proof. Blended Scotch Whisky. Imported by Seagram Distillers Co. N.Y.C.
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plary period of history. "One day, men will have lived according to their hearts." At this hour, at the other end of the earth. Western intellectuals were fitting India into their little Marxist or democratic pigeonholes. And Nehru was attempting one of the most profound metamorphoses in the world, in this weakly federal country against which Pakistan was building up its strength — in this capital where the untouchables squatted on the English lawns, and where at night the cars skirted the skeletal sacred cows asleep on the asphalt of the triumphal avenues.

I imagined Stalin hearing "Building a just State by just means," and his successors, great and small; and Hitler not long ago. And above all Mao Tse-tung, an Asian like Nehru, a liberator like Nehru, who would have considered that the poverty of the Indian peasants was the sole reality; that the castes could be crushed as he had crushed the money-lenders and landowners of China; that a Communist army of ten million men would joyfully transform into people's communes the kingdoms of Prince Siddhartha and the last maharajas — and that the fleet of wooden gods would one day flow down the Ganges with the ashes of Benares.

"In some ways," Nehru went on, "it's impossible to judge what is most difficult. For Gandhi, it was to overcome the hardness of heart of cultivated people. The leaders of the Independence struggle were men with a vocation. And now India must struggle against herself. But each year is a little better than the last. For how many years? 'I shall never see Kailasa again.' This is the mountain of the sacred texts, the Sinai of India. It is also one of the most beautiful mountains in the Himalayas. In his youth, Gandhi had loved High Kashmir, and dreamed of an expedition. In prison, he had planned one down to the last detail: the beaten earth of prison yards was his substitute for the most beautiful lake of Tibet and the most beautiful mountain of Kashmir. Then the burden of power had revived the dream, and he had written: 'Perhaps the weight of India will be so heavy that old age will come without my setting eyes on the lake and mountains of my dreams.'"

Nehru was looking absently at the cover of a children's paper on his desk, which I had leafed through in the Capitol while having breakfast. It contained an interview with him in which he said: "I sometimes forget that it's a long time since I was a child."

He raised his eyes again. "You were in prison too, weren't you, during the war?" he asked me. "We hardly ever meet anyone nowadays who hasn't been in prison."

He had spent thirteen years there. I remembered passages in his memoirs (written in fact during one of his spells inside) where he noted his discovery

of the color of clouds, or his joy on hearing a dog bark for the first time in seven months; or his taste for travel books, and, during the hot season, for atlases where there were glaciers to be seen.

"I remember the squirrel that used to come and sit on your lap," I said, "and that would run away as soon as he caught your eye. At Dehra Dun, was it?"

"At Lucknow. There were also little squirrels that used to fall out of the branches. Their mothers used to rush down, roll them up into a ball, and carry them off."

I did not know that a squirrel could be rolled into a ball, but the Indian ones haven't the same tufted tails that ours have.

"Gandhi," he went on, "used to say that without humor, he would have been unable to live."

I knew that on several occasions Nehru had left an official procession and disappeared into the crowd, leaving the explanations to the authorities. His tone of voice ruled out pretense; he meant what he said, like the few great statesmen I have met, and like most of the painters. He came back to prison memories. "After all these years, do you know what the word prison evokes for me? A ramshackle building with rows of identical windows, and the struggle going on outside; a blade of grass sprouting from the beaten earth just outside the fence, and looking so surprised at being there. And you?"

"Condemned men being taken away under a big arcade with Gestapo men playing leapfrog."

And off we went on the subject of prisons. His own (he did not stop smiling during this part of the conversation) made me think of Chirico's vast yellow buildings casting their shadows over deserted streets. English prisons, "administrative" prisons, which one was allowed out of to go to see one's dying father, and where special trains brought to Gandhi and Nehru the leaders of the Independence struggle, prisoners like themselves. All the same, a nothingness, cut off from life, but limited in time. No torture. And in this geometry of stone and dead hours, the passing of an animal, the slow growth of a branch over a wall. My own memories intrigued him: our prisons were alike in our isolation from the continuing struggle, and yet, what a difference.

The ambassador was beginning to feel ashamed that he had never even been taken to a police station, but was not displeased to see the usher's head popping in and out in vain.

"Tomorrow," Nehru said, "we shall learn from the newspapers what we said to each other."

"You know that the day before a Catholic marriage the bride and bridegroom go to confession. My mother went into the confessional and came out after a few minutes. Then my father went in.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes! What terrible sins could take so long to enumerate? When my father came out and they left the church, she ventured a timid question. 'Confession?' my father said, 'oh no! But the priest used to be the chaplain of my squadron, and we had a chat.'

"But," Nehru replied, "even if they believe we 'had a chat,' the papers will enumerate the sins."

He stood up and said, "See you this evening." The ambassador had passed on to me his invitation to the official dinner.



Dinners at the Capitol were no less haunted than the avenues of New Delhi by the shadow of the Empire. In the gardens, the geometrical sandstone paths seemed to bring the flowers in the flower beds sharply to attention. Nehru, dressed in his familiar smoke-gray tunic and white forage cap, greeted about a hundred guests in an enormous reception room under a naïve ceiling painting illustrating a Persian tale. "Wouldn't you like to go to see our sacred caves?" he asked me. "I should like to know what you think of the work of our archaeological service." He went off again with little rapid steps among the overdressed groups of guests, and I remembered his speech to the multitude massed in front of the Red Fort on Independence Day: "For a long time we have had a rendezvous with fate, and now, here it is!"

I thought of our conversation that afternoon, of the blade of grass emerging from the ground with an air of astonishment, of the almost tame animals. For him, as for me, prison had been a wall cutting us off from events, and for him, behind this wall, there had been, for thirteen years, the destiny of India. This evening, he was in the world — and even in the theater. Surrounded by respect, not like a parliamentary leader, but like a dictator, although for different reasons. I knew that he had asked himself whether he would be able to hold to nonviolence if he saw his mother being beaten by the police; that his father had spent a night on concrete so as to know what it was like to sleep in prison; that his dying wife had said to him: "Never give your word to abandon the struggle." I thought of the letter from his father which, following him around the world, had reached him five years after his father's death. But this personal life portrayed him far less than the indirect influence he had had on the world, and the direct influence he had on his country.

Even more than his speech at the Red Fort, I remembered his defense at the Gorakhpur trial

(on November 3, 1940, the day of my first escape from prison): "It is not me you are seeking to judge and condemn, but the hundreds of millions of my people, and that is a heavy task, even for a proud Empire." The feeling I had experienced in the Parliament building came back to me now, even more profound: Nehru was the nation's guru, as Gandhi had been.

Waiting for a diplomatic corps dinner is not calculated to evoke the great images of history. And India herself repels them, because their romance is not hers. There is no coronation of Napoleon, no cruiser *Aurora* with its guns' great fingers seeking out the target of the Winter Palace, in the world of the *Bhagavad-Gita*. Nehru's life offered little scope for the picture album. The legend seemed linked to Gandhi, from the Salt March to the assassination. And even then it remained remote, blurred by the slow-movingness, the dreams, and the immensity of India. Its multitudes were present, not like the crowds of the October Revolution, but like the stars in the Indian night. I had seen Gandhi's portrait everywhere, and now Nehru going from group to group, but of all that they had *done*, there remained only a profound and confused epic. Five hundred million men had lived under foreign rule; in a single generation, the moral action of a few men had freed them, not by a series of battles, but by a concatenation of symbols which were already being submerged in the swamps of independence; and yet the awareness, the steadfastness given to these multitudes surrounded Nehru as an immense cemetery surrounds the tombs of conquerors. In any case, the conversations of the diplomatic corps showed that it was not all over yet. When I had asked Nehru what he had found most difficult, he had answered straight off, Pakistan. Not that he feared a Pakistani attack, as the European newspapers were suggesting, but because nonviolence was far more dangerously challenged by Partition than it had been by the British.

Gandhi had once declared: "I am fighting against three opponents: the British, the Indians, myself." For Nehru, only the purification of India would bring ultimate victory. On the one hand this endless preaching, and on the other this murder hunt from village to village — so many Hindu houses burned, so many Muslim houses looted, and the Sikhs waiting for the Muslim refugee trains in Amritsar station, their sabres across their knees, as the Muslims waited for the Hindu refugees in the stations of Bengal; this inexhaustible Sermon on the Mount preached to so many murdered men right up to the funeral pyre.

A few hours earlier Nehru had said to me, before talking of "better years": "And now India must struggle against itself." The successor of the grinning old prophet was building India with his back

turned on the demons of blood as it was now turned on the red fireplace. After what Gandhi had called India's *danse macabre*, one of humanity's greatest adventures was under way, groping toward the establishment of a nation of four hundred million souls on the basis of faith in the ineluctable power of forgiveness.

Although this sadly smiling head of state, more gentleman than British, did not merge with India as Gandhi had done, he *was* India; although there remained an enigmatic distance between India and him, although he did not believe in the divinity of the Ganges, he carried the Ganges in his heart. He had the reputation of being an intellectual (and was) because he had written a great deal. But his speeches belonged to the realm of action; his memories, a few family memories aside, were memories of stubborn action. He admired originality of thought, and saluted it with a passing smile, as a lover of painting might have saluted a fine picture. But intellectuals enjoy such originality for its own sake; I believe that Nehru enjoyed it only when it was linked to action.

We went into dinner between two lines of Bengal Lancers. And in the dining room, where immense portraits of the British viceroys still covered the walls, a file of servingmen in white dolmans and red turbans, as numerous as the guests, stretched back to the deep-set entrance hall where the perspective of sloping lances receded into the distance. When I had taken the lift down from my room, the young lift boy had asked me to sign his autograph album. I had flourished my pen with a grandiose gesture, and then stopped, gaping at the signatures of half a score of kings. Were there still so many? This chapter of Proust had now developed into a tale by Voltaire.

When had I ever been so conscious of being present at a spectacle where the guests would disappear at dawn? It was the atmosphere of provisional

governments, of the twists and turns of fate. There was nothing of that sense of famous palaces occupied by revolutionaries turned bourgeois, nor was there a sense of this being the government of India. Even if the dawn were slow in coming, it would come one day with men daubed with white ashes, with the hordes of the untouchables brandishing their torches — or with eternal Islam, which thinks that “shame comes into the house with the plow.” Nehru made a banal reply to a banal speech by a Scandinavian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and I asked myself again, when had I had this feeling of being present at a doomed spectacle, with this feeling of having been there before. It was at the Hotel de Beauharnais, now the Ministry of Cooperation, with its facade supported by Bonaparte's caryatids. The leaders of Central Africa had come for the handing over of the flags of the Community, and were slowly climbing the front steps. The parliamentary crowd stood aside to let them pass in their tenebrous robes preceded by their sorcerer-musicians walking backward singing of the glory of their race.

After dinner, Nehru took me down a spiral staircase with a few of his more important guests to a tiny underground theater, where classical dances followed one another while an orchestra played “music which it is suitable to play in the evening.” When everyone was seated, he leaned over toward me and said: “For you, prison was an accident; for us, an end. When one of our men was arrested, Gandhi would send him a telegram of congratulation. At that time, he used to say, ‘Freedom must often be sought behind prison walls, sometimes on the scaffold, never in council chambers, lawcourts or schools.’”

Stately figures slowly unwound their sinuous convolutions to melodies of an ageless nostalgia.

The dances over, he left us all at the Capitol, and went home.

In sections to appear in October and/or November, Mr. Malraux visits China in three stages — the China of the late twenties, with Kuomintang pitted against Communists in the brutal confrontation that provoked Malraux's first, and in this country, most famous, book, MAN'S FATE (LA CONDITION HUMAINE); the days of the historic Long March, by which Mao Tse-tung and the Communists achieved control of China; and his long visit with Mao and other Red Chinese leaders in 1965, just as Mao was preparing to launch the “cultural revolution” that still wracks the land.

THE WAKING OF ANGANTYR

*(Translated from the Icelandic
by Paul B. Taylor and W. H. Auden)*

Notes by Peter H. Salus

A young maiden met at sunset
A man with his flock on Munarvag

Herdsmen To visit this island all alone
Is overbold: go back to your lodging.

Hervor I have no lodging: of the island folk
I know none. I will not go back.
Before we part, first tell me
How I may come to the Hjorvard graves.

Herdsmen Do not ask: it is unwise.
You do not know your deadly peril:
Let us flee as fast as our feet can take us,
All without is a horror to view.

Hervor It is vain to hinder the Viking's friend.
Show me the way: as a reward you shall have
This gold necklace: you will get nothing,
Nor ring nor ornament, if you hold your peace.

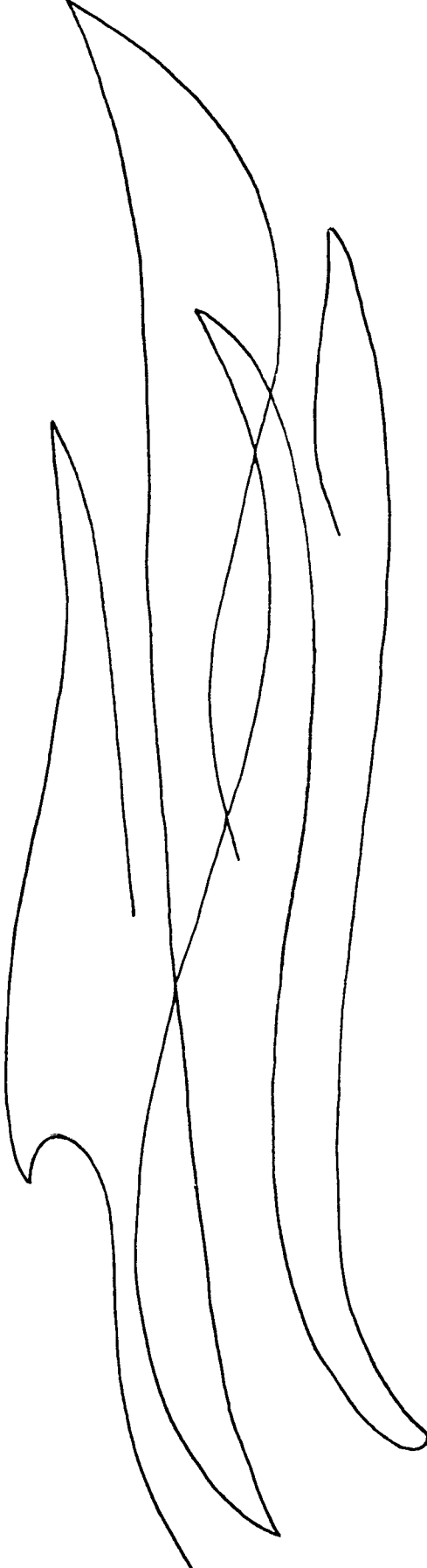
Herdsmen To have come hither, all alone
To this land of shadows, was sheer folly.
Over fen and fold fires are soaring,
Graves are opening: let us go quickly.

Hervor Fear not the fire, fear not the graves:
Although the island be all aflame,
Never shall warriors while they live
Yield to terror. Tell me the way.

The herdsman had taken to his heels already,
Fled to the wood, far from the maiden,
But the fierce heart in Hervor's breast
Swelled up at the sight of these things.

*She saw now the grave-fires and the graves standing open. She went
to the howe and was not afraid. She passed the fires as if they were
smoke, until she reached the graves of the berserks. Then she said:*

Hervor Angantyr, wake! Hervor calls you,
Your only daughter whom you had by Tofa.
Give up from the grave the gleaming sword
That the dwarves smithied for Svafrlami.



Hervard, Hjorvard, Hrani, awake!
Hear me, all of you, under the tree-roots,
With sharp swords, with shields and byrnies
And red spears, the rig of war.

Much are you changed, children of Arngrim,
Once so mighty: are you mold now?
Will Eyfura's sons refuse to listen
Or speak with me on Munarvag?

May ants shred you all to pieces,
Dogs rend you; may you rot away.
Give back the sword that was smithied by Dvalinn:
Fine weapons are unfit for ghosts.

Angantyr Evil it is, Hervor, my daughter,
To call down such curses upon us:
Your words are mad, without meaning in them.
Why do you wake the bewildered dead?

Nor father nor brothers buried me deep.
Tyrfing was owned by two who live,
Though only one owned it later.

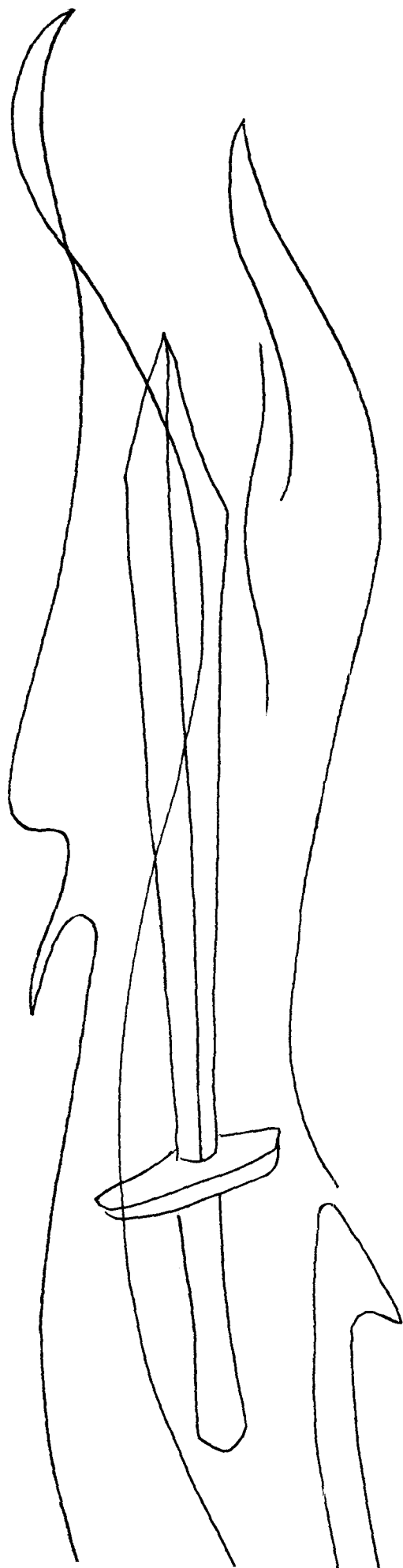
Hervor Tell me the truth, that the timeless gods
May bless your grave. Have you got Tyrfing?
Why are you unwilling to yield
Your heritage to your only child?

*Then it was as if a flame lit up all the graves which stood open.
Then Angantyr said:*

Angantyr Graves open and Hel's doors,
The island surface is one searing flame,
All without is a horror to view:
Go, while there's time: return to your ship.

Hervor With no flames, tonight or ever,
With no fire can you frighten me,
Nor daunt the heart in your daughter's breast
With ghosts standing at grave-mouths.

Angantyr Hear me, Hervor, hear from me now,
Daughter of princes, the doom I foretell:



This Tyrfing will, if the true blade,
Destroy your kindred, kill them all.

You will bear a son, a bold warrior,
Who shall wield Tyrfing, trust in its strength:
After Heidrick shall the hero be named,
The bravest one under heaven.

Hervor Churlish cowards! may my curse fall
On all of you: may you ever lie,
Wretched shades, in the rot of the pit.
Give back the wondrous work of smiths:
Son of Vikings, it is vain to hide it.

Angantyr No mortal maiden to me you seem,
Who walk in the dark where the dead lie,
Uncowed by flames, with a carved spear
And mailed corselet on Munarvag.

Hervor A mortal maiden to men I seemed
Until advised to visit your halls:
Surrender the blade, the bane-of-shields,
Hater-of-byrnies, Hjalmar's-killer.

Angantyr Hjalmar's-killer lies under my shoulders,
The sharp sword, sheathed in flame:
No maiden on earth, no mortal dare
Touch such a weapon, take it to hold.

Hervor I will touch the weapon, take hold of
The sharp edge. In order to get it
I will walk through fire with unflinching step:
The flames are sinking before my eyes.

Angantyr Reckless maiden, rather than see you
Fling yourself on the flames and perish,
I will grant what you ask, give you the blade:
Such courage of heart I cannot refuse.

Hervor You have done well, dead warrior,
To grant what I ask, give me the blade:
To possess the sword seems to me better
Than to own all Norway.

Angantyr Alas, daughter, little you know,
 Wretched woman, at what you rejoice:
 I tell you again, this Tyrfing will
 Destroy your kindred, kill them all.

Hervor With a glad heart I will go now
 To ride the horses of the roaring sea:
 Little care I what may come after,
 What dole my sons may deal each other.

Angantyr Long may you hold it and long enjoy it!
 But conceal it well. Beware the edges
 Of Hjalmar's-Bane: both are poisoned.
 Mortal to man is the Measurer-of-Fate.

 Farewell, daughter: would I could give you
 All the strength and stoutness of heart
 That was taken from Arngrim's twelve sons,
 The good of life they lost in death.

Hervor I will hasten hence: I am eager to be gone.
 Blessed in your graves, may you be at peace.
 I deemed in my mind that death was near
 When all about me leaped high flames.

NOTES

Textual note: The first two lines are added from the *Hauksbók*.

Munarvag: A mythical place name: There is no "Munar Bay."

Hjorvard: one of Angantyr's brothers.

Svafrlami: grandson of Odin.

Dvalinn: one of the dwarves enumerated in *Völuspá*.

Bane-of-shields, etc.: kennings for sword; here Tyrfing.

Heidrick: the details of Heidrick's life are contained in "The Battle of the Huns."

Masurer-of-Fate: another kenning for Tyrfing.

A note on Tyrfing: Svafrlami forced Dvalinn and Dulinn to forge him a sword which would never rust, with a hilt and handle of gold, and which would cut iron as though it were cloth. The dwarves forged the sword, but Dvalinn cursed it, saying that it would kill a man each time it was drawn, and that it would perform three dastardly deeds, as well as being the cause of Svafrlami's death. In a fight with Arngrim, Svafrlami lost his hand, and Arngrim killed him with Tyrfing. Arngrim then took Svafrlami's daughter and had twelve sons by her. Angantyr, the eldest, fell heir to Tyrfing. Hjalmar the Haughty and Arrow-Odd slew all twelve in a fight in which Hjalmar was also slain. Odd buried the brothers in barrows with their weapons. Svava, Angantyr's wife, gave birth to a daughter, Hervor, who was inclined to fighting and weapons. Posing as a man (Hervard), she joined a band of Vikings, and thus came to Munarvag.

SOREL'S UNFAMILIAR QUOTATIONS



The theory of the seizure class.



Mia culpa.

A \$50 award for this quotation goes to John A. Parse



My only regret is that I have but one country to give for my life.

A \$50 award for this quotation goes to Wayne Lee Harman



On a clear day I can see forever.

For identification see page 126.

viewpoint

Keep It Out of the House!

by Jonathan B. Bingham

Mr. Bingham is Democratic congressman from the Twenty-third District of New York.

Our American Constitution has proved a durable document, but it has an Achilles' heel that this year could cause us acute pain — and might even prove to be a fatal flaw.

Alexander Hamilton singled out the provisions governing the election of the President and Vice President as the only part of the Constitution which "received the slightest mark of approbation from its opponents." Yet it is those very provisions which almost never worked as intended and which are potentially disastrous.

The Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution, which is a modification of part of the original Article II, provides that if no presidential candidate obtains a majority of the electoral college, the choice must be made from the top three candidates by the House of Representatives. The vote in the House is to be cast by states, with each state having one vote, and an absolute majority (or 26 states today) is required to elect. The Vice President is chosen by the Senate from among the two top candidates for that office.

Not since 1824 has the electoral college failed to produce a majority for a President or a Vice President, but it could easily happen this year because the two major candidates may be in a close finish and because the American Independent Party candidate, George Wallace, is expected to win in some states.

There are a number of plausible

combinations of state results that could produce the impasse. Here is just one such combination, based on perfectly reasonable expectations: Wallace wins Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina, for a total of 47 electoral votes; the Democratic candidate wins Arkansas, California, Connecticut, District of Columbia, Hawaii, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Washington, and West Virginia, for a total of 250 electoral votes; the Republican wins the remaining states for a total of 241 electoral votes. No one has the required 270.

Former Governor Wallace has made no secret of what he will do if the voters place such power in his hands. In the event of a deadlock, he says, he will offer his electoral votes to either major candidate who agrees in a solemn "covenant" to Wallace's demands. "Covenant" is the Alabamian's euphemism for a racist political deal, probably involving Southern veto power over future Supreme Court appointments and a decided slowdown, if not a halt, in federal efforts to push the pace of desegregation. If precedent is any guide, a step-up in federal bounty flowing South without strings would also be a part of the price.

Election impasse?

Tom Wicker of the New York Times has argued that no Democratic or Republican candidate could possibly make such a deal. I am not so sure, but let us assume that Mr. Wicker is correct and that no deal is made in the electoral college. The

election then goes into the House, which would at the least mean a dangerous delay in starting the now very complicated process of arranging for the transfer of power from one Administration to the next.

It might also mean that the party defeated in electoral votes might win a majority of the state delegations in the House, as happened, for instance, in 1956.

An even more awkward contingency would be if the House of Representatives, like the electoral college, found itself deadlocked and unable to elect. This could happen if several state delegations were evenly split and therefore unable to vote, or if, with the state delegations fairly evenly divided between the major parties, three or four conservative Southern Democratic delegations were prepared either to support Wallace or to refuse to vote for the Democratic candidate.

The result would be severe uncertainty and unrest, causing acute problems at home and loss of confidence abroad. Again, as in the electoral college, Wallace would be trying to make a trade, and he might just succeed; or the deadlock in the House could continue past January 20, when the President's term ends pursuant to the Twentieth Amendment. At that point, if the Senate had chosen a Vice President, he would become acting President.

Because of its different composition, the Senate might well choose a Vice President whose ticket had been second best in the popular vote and in the electoral college. Since next year's Senate will probably be Democratic, they would presumably elect the Democratic choice for Vice President no matter what the House does.

A deadlock in the Senate is most

unlikely, since it must choose from the top two vice presidential contenders, but such a frustrating contingency is not out of the question in a nip and tuck situation. An absolute majority (now 51 senators) is required to elect, and some senators might simply refuse to vote. Presumably, if both Houses were deadlocked, the Speaker of the House would then have to take over as acting President until the knot could be unraveled.

Orgy of deals

The possibilities for maneuvering in such situations as these are almost limitless. Twice in our history, when a presidential election was thrust into the House of Representatives, the result was in fact an orgy of wheeling and dealing, blatant manipulation, and pressure politics. Both elections nearly led to armed uprisings. And one of them gave the country a President who had secured a plurality neither of the electoral nor of the popular vote.

In the first case, the election of 1800, the deadlock occurred because the original Article II of the Constitution directed that each elector vote for two persons, but did not require that he specify which one was his choice for President. Thomas Jefferson, his party's candidate for the top office, and Aaron Burr, his ostensible running mate, each received 73 electoral votes. But the unscrupulous Burr refused to concede the presidency to Jefferson and thus forced the election into the House, which deadlocked on the first ballot with 8 states for Jefferson (one short of the majority), 6 for Burr, and 2 evenly divided.

The power of determining the vote, and thus of shaping the future destiny of the nation, lay in the hands of obscure congressmen such as Joseph Nicholson, a critically ill member of the stalemated Maryland delegation, who cast his vote from a cot on the House floor to keep his state out of the Burr lineup, and young playboy James Bayard, Delaware's single-member delegation,

who vacillated agonizingly between Jefferson and Burr. The outcome was decided in Jefferson's favor only after 35 ballots — and an unbelievable amount of maneuvering.

After this fiasco, the Constitution was changed by the Twelfth Amendment to read as it does today. But this did not prevent the absurdities of 1824-1825.

Early in December, 1824, with all of the electoral votes counted except Louisiana's, the tally stood at 96 for General Andrew Jackson, 84 for John Quincy Adams, 41 for William Crawford, and 37 for Speaker of the House Henry Clay. Louisiana was considered a major Clay stronghold, and with its five votes he would have been one of the three top candidates to go before the House, where his power was supreme.

But Clay drew a blank from Louisiana. The state assembly, which was to choose the electors, was closely divided. Because two assemblymen favorable to Clay had a carriage accident on their way to the state capital, and two others simply neglected to show up, Clay did not get his majority in the assembly, and a slate of unfavorable electors was named. So the choice in the House was between Jackson, Adams, and Crawford.

When the House convened in February, 1825, the big New York delegation was at first evenly split with 17 members for Adams and 17 for Crawford. This situation neutralized a vote which Adams needed to control a majority of the state delegations. Once again, the partisan pressures focused upon a single wavering representative, Stephen Van Rensselaer of upstate New York. When the critical moment came, the election was decided by a discarded paper ballot, bearing the name of Adams, which Van Rensselaer took as a divine signal and dropped into the ballot box.¹

Jackson and his people were furious and charged that Adams had made a deal with Clay to win. When Clay turned up as Adams'

Secretary of State, Jackson spoke of "the Judas of the West" as receiving his "thirty pieces of silver."

The recital of horrors that actually have occurred under our electoral system would not be complete without at least some reference to the sordid story of 1876 when back-room deals deprived Samuel J. Tilden of election and Rutherford B. Hayes emerged the winner in the electoral college by one vote, all three contested states — Florida, Louisiana, and South Carolina — having been adjudged to fall in the Republican column. The mess of pottage in this case for the Southern Democrats of the day who went along with Hayes included Cabinet appointments, restoration of "home rule" in the South (that is, rule by white Democrats), and public works, known then as "internal improvements," and later as "pork barrel." In those days it was merely inconvenient that the country did not know who its President would be until a few hours before his inauguration. Today the uncertainty would create grave problems.

Absurd and undemocratic

Surely a system for presidential election that contains a serious risk of such results should not be allowed to continue. The system is not only dangerous, it is absurdly undemocratic, since each state regardless of size has an equal vote in the House. This gives the smallest state in the nation, with fewer than 300,000 inhabitants, the same voice as the largest state, which has more than 19 million. An evenly divided delegation has no vote at all, regardless of the size of the state.

To be elected President, a candidate needs the support of a majority of the delegations of any 26 states. To win the delegations of the 26 smallest states, he would need to control the votes of only 59 members — about 13 percent of the total membership of the House!

With the grave and unprecedented tensions that exist in our society today, and the widespread questioning of the validity of our democ-

¹ For these details I am indebted to Theodore Venetoulis, whose book *And the House Shall Choose* has just been published by the Elias Press.

cratic system, an unpopular, rigged, and undemocratic election of a President by Congress might well mark the revolution that is already building in our cities. Such a revolution would be likely to produce an even stronger counterrevolution with totalitarian overtones.

It is too late now for the Constitution to be amended before the November elections. But it has been my hope, and the hope of many others who are concerned about our constitutional Achilles' heel, that the fears of this season would provide the needed incentive for a change in the Constitution.

There are various ways in which the amendment could be drawn. Some, including the New York *Times* editorially, are in favor of providing for the election of our Presidents by direct popular vote. This solution is attractive, but there are two main objections to it.

First, unless provision is made for a runoff contest, the election of a President by a plurality far short of a majority would be possible (like the election of President Thieu in Vietnam with 32 percent of the vote).

Second, such a constitutional amendment has been rejected often in the past and has little chance of adoption because the present electoral vote system is favored by a powerful coalition of forces. The small states like it because they are assured of at least three electoral votes. And the big states like it because, with their electoral votes going on a winner-take-all basis, they get special attention from the major parties. Because most of the big states are big-city states as well, many perceptive liberals, who want to see the federal government pay more attention to big-city problems, are opposed to giving up the electoral vote arrangement. Also in this political lineup, oddly enough, are the advocates of strong state authority, who fear — with some reason — that popular presidential elections would lead to stronger pressures for federal laws governing voting qualifications and similar questions now left to the states.

Another kind of proposed constitutional amendment would call for

the election of the President by a majority vote of a joint session of Congress if no candidate obtained a majority of the electoral college. This would certainly be an improvement over the existing system, in that each member rather than each state would have one vote. But making the President dependent on Congress for his election would still leave the door open for postelection political bargaining, and it ignores the fact that the voters may prefer a presidential candidate of one party while electing a Congress dominated by the other party, as in 1956. Moreover, the participation of the Senate in the choice is particularly questionable since two thirds of the Senate would have been elected in prior elections.

Run it off

The simplest way to avoid the dangers of the present system, and one that would not arouse the same opposition as the idea of a direct popular vote, would be to provide for a runoff election between the two top contenders if no presidential candidate received a majority of the electoral votes on the first go-around. This would not only prevent the election from being thrown into the Congress, but it would assure that the new President would be elected by a majority of the electoral votes (and in all likelihood the majority of the popular vote also). The runoff works well in a number of states which use it in party primary elections. And we urged the Vietnamese Constituent Assembly to adopt it for their presidential election and were chagrined when they did not.

The chief argument against such a system is that it will tend to discourage third- or fourth-party candidacies. As one who believes that the two-party system has had much to do with the stability and strength of our democratic system, I am not greatly impressed by that argument.

In addition to the essential idea of a runoff, the proposed constitutional amendment and complementary legislation which I have intro-

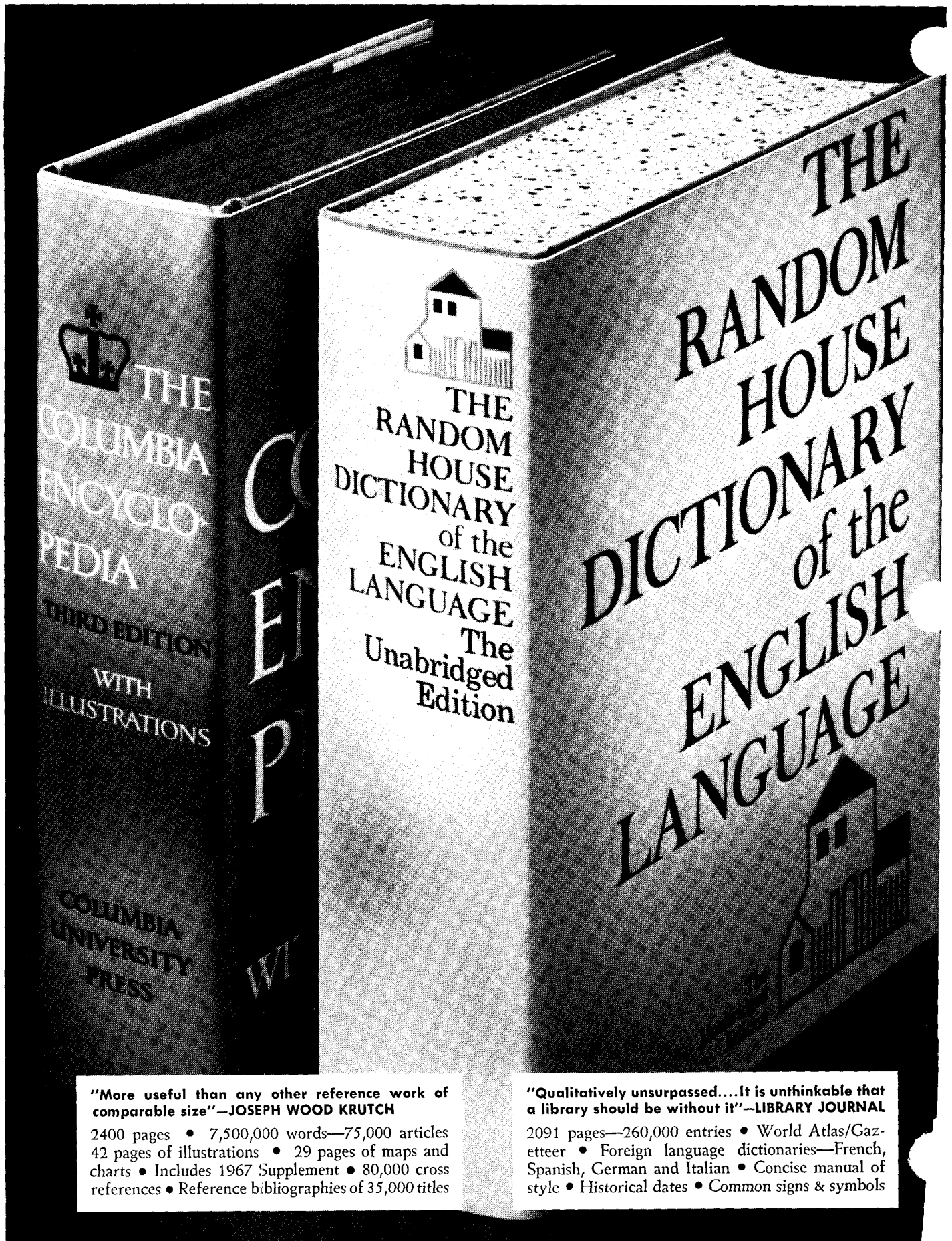
duced in the Congress contain two other elements. First, in order to assure an adequate period for the transfer of power to the new President, the date of the main election would be moved up three weeks, so that the runoff, if needed, could be held on the present election day.

Second, the archaic "electoral college" would be eliminated, without disturbing the present electoral vote-counting system. This would do away with the potentially disruptive and dangerous power of electors to disregard the instructions of the voters who elected them.

In 1960, all eight of Mississippi's electors and six of Alabama's electors withheld their votes from both national candidates and cast them instead for Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia, who was not even a candidate. To prevent a similar occurrence in the future, and to make it impossible for a third-party candidate to bargain with his electoral votes, the slates of electors should be abolished. In their place, each state would be allotted the number of electoral votes corresponding to its representation in the House and Senate, and these votes would be cast automatically for the presidential candidate receiving the largest popular vote in that state.

Today, when most people could not name a single elector who represented their state in 1964, the electoral college, like the vermiform appendix, is no longer useful and may be hazardous. If the coming election does produce a deadlock in the electoral college and an ensuing mess of one sort or another, we can be sure that the Congress and the states will be sufficiently disturbed to pass and ratify a corrective constitutional amendment. Proposals such as that by Congressman Charles Goodell, Republican of New York, and Morris Udall, Democrat of Arizona, for a gentleman's agreement that the House would elect whoever won a plurality of the electoral votes are ingenious but offer no reliable or permanent solution. But if no deadlock occurs, the problem is likely to be neglected for another four years — unless, of course, an aroused citizenry demands otherwise.

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THE BIGGEST THING SINCE CUSTER

by William Eastlake

THE chopper came in low over the remains of Clancy's outfit. Everyone below seemed very dead. They were as quiet as lambs. Sometimes you could see what looked like smoke coming up from a fire, but it was only ground fog. Everyone with Clancy was dead. All of Alpha Company. It was the biggest thing since Custer.

Mike, the correspondent, had to watch himself. The correspondent tended to take the side of the Indians. You got to remember that this is not the Little Big Horn. This is Vietnam. Vietnam. Vietnam. They all died in Vietnam. A long way from home. What were the Americans doing here? The same thing they were doing in Indian Country. In Sioux Territory. They were protecting Americans. They were protecting Americans from the Red Hordes. God help Clancy. You could tell here from above how Clancy blundered. Clancy blundered by being in Vietnam. That's a speech.

The chopper circled now low over the dead battle. Clancy had blundered by not holding the ridge. Clancy had blundered by being forced into a valley, a declivity in the hills. It was the classic American blunder in Vietnam of giving the Indians the cover. The enemy was fighting from the protection of the jungle. The first thing the Americans did in America was clear a forest and plant the cities.

Concentrate on the battle below. Do not always take the side of the Indians. You could see here clearly from above how Clancy blew it. In the part of the highlands of Vietnam near the Cambodian-Laos bunch-up, there is no true open country. Everything is in patches. You could see where Clancy's point squad had made contact with the enemy. You could see, you could tell by all the shit of war, where Clancy had made, where Clancy had tried to make, his first stand on the ridge and then allowed his perimeter to be bent by the hostiles attacking down the ridge. Then Clancy's final regrouping in the draw where all the bodies were.

Clancy should have held that ridge at all costs. If you must fight in the open, fight high. Then

the only way the enemy can kill you is with arching fire. Mortar fire. You can dig in against mortar fire. When they force you in the valley, you are duck soup. They can hit you with everything from above. From the way the bodies lie Clancy had mounted three counterattacks to get the ridge back he had too early conceded. The attacks were not in concert. He did not hit them all at once. There should have been more American bodies on the ridge. Clancy should have paid any price to get back the ridge. The ridge was the only opportunity. The valley was death. Ah, but the valley is comfortable. The hill is tough, and the men are all give out and dragging ass, tired and leaking blood. See where they stumbled up and were shot down. See where they failed. See where they tried again and again and again. Where they were shot down. See the paths of bright they made with their blood. See Clancy pointing them on with his sword. War is kind. See Clancy pointing them on with his sword. The son of a bitch had one, like in an old movie. See Clancy pointing them on up the ridge. Once more into the breach. Once more, men, for God and Country and Alpha Company. I blew the ridge. Get it back. Get it back. Get it back for Clancy. Go Smith, go Donovan, go Lewis, get that ____ back! I need it. Now Shaplen, now Marshall, now Irvine, get me the ____ back. I will lead this charge. Every man behind me. Where has every young man gone? Why is that native killing me? Why, Shaplen? Why, Marshall? Why, Irvine? All dead. The valley is beautiful, warm, and in this season of Vietnam, soft in the monsoon wet. Contemplative, withdrawn, silent, and now bepatched, bequilted with all of the dead. Alive with scarlet color. Gay with the dead.

The helicopter that carried the correspondent made one more big circle to see if it would pick up ground fire, then came in and hit down in the middle of Clancy's dead with a smooth chonk noise.

The grave registration people got out first. They ejected in the manner of all soldiers from an

alighting chopper, jumping out before it quite touched the ground, then running as fast as they could go to escape the giant wind. When they got to the perimeter of Alpha's dead, they stopped abruptly as though they had come to a cliff, and then they came back slowly, picking their way among Alpha's dead, embarrassed and wondering what to do about all this. The lieutenant got out and told the body people not to touch any of the bodies until the army photographers had shot all the positions in which they had fallen. This was important, he said, so Intelligence could tell how the battle was lost. Or won, he said. We are not

here to draw conclusions right now. The lieutenant was very young and had red hair. The grave registration people just stood now quiet among the dead, holding their bags in which they would place the dead folded over their arms, like waiters.

The army photographers alighted now holding their cameras at high port like weapons, and began to shoot away at the dead it seemed at random, but they began at the concentric of the perimeter and worked outward in ever widening waves of shooting so that there was a method to their shots. The young lieutenant kept telling them not to touch. The photographers kept having trouble with the angle of repose in which many of the Alpha bodies lay. They had not fallen so that the army photographers could shoot them properly. It was important that they be shot so Intelligence could tell the direction they were pointing when they were hit, how many bodies had jammed guns, how many bodies ran out of ammo. What was the configuration of each body in relation to the configuration of the neighbor body, and then to the configuration of the immediate group of bodies in which the body rests? What relation does said group of bodies have to neighbor groups? To all groups? Bodies should be shot in such a way so that patterns of final action of dead are clear and manifest to establish Alpha's response, if possible, to loss of ridge. Does bodies' configuration show aggressive or regressive response to ridge objective? Where body position of men and commissioned officers? Does body position of non-



commissioned officers manifest immediate body group leadership? Neighbor body group's leadership? Photographer should manifest if possible commissioned officer's response to command situation. Does command officer placement of body manifest command presence? Lack of same? Does placement of commissioned officer's body manifest battle plan? Lack of same? Find Clancy. Photographers should shoot all mutilations. Does Captain Clancy's body show normal kill? Planned mutilations? Do commissioned officers' bodies show more mutilation than ear men? When battle situation became negative did ear men attempt to throw

away ears? Hide ears? Display ears?

"Don't touch," the lieutenant said.

The correspondent was examining the bodies. He had never seen it so bad.

"Don't touch," the lieutenant said.

"What's this about ears?" the correspondent said.

"Ears?" the lieutenant said.

"Yes."

"You must mean years," the lieutenant said.

"We have some five-year men, some ten-year men."

"I see them," the correspondent said.

"I wouldn't write about it if I were you," the lieutenant said.

"You'd pull my credentials?"

"Yes."

"I'll have a look-see," the correspondent said.

"Don't touch," the lieutenant said.

The correspondent leaned over a soft-face boy whose M-16 had jammed. The boy body had never shaved. He was that young. The boy had something stuck in his mouth.

"Jesus," the correspondent said.

The young lieutenant knelt down alongside the correspondent now.

"You see how bad the enemy can be."

"Yes," the correspondent said. "Why has it got a condom on it?"

"Because Alpha was traveling through jungle swamp. There's an organism that gets in the penis opening and travels up to the liver. The condom protects the penis."

Etching by Otto Dix.

The correspondent made a move to remove it.
"Don't touch," the lieutenant said.
"Why don't you bag him?"
"Intelligence wants pictures."
"Bag all of them," the correspondent said, "and let's get out of here."
"It won't be long," the lieutenant said.
"If I report this you'll lift my credentials?"
"I don't know what the brass will do," the lieutenant said. "I do know the people at home can't take it."
"They might stop your war," the correspondent said.
"They don't understand guerrilla war," the lieutenant said.
"You're tough," the correspondent said.
"Listen," the lieutenant said, and touched the correspondent.
"Don't touch," the correspondent said.
"Listen," the lieutenant said, "it makes me sick. I hope it always makes me sick."

THE correspondent stood up. There was an odor in the jungle now from the bodies that the correspondent had not noticed when the chopper rotor was turning. Now the chopper was dead. It was very quiet in the jungle.

"How did Clancy get into this?"
"He asked for it," the lieutenant said.
"I heard different."
"You heard wrong," the lieutenant said.
"I heard he was ordered out here."
"He ordered himself out. Clancy's an old ear collector. Alpha Company always had that reputation. Clancy's an old ear collector."
When the lieutenant became angry, his white skin that could not tolerate the sun became red like his hair. His red hair was clipped short under his green helmet, and when the young lieutenant became angry, his white skin matched the hair.
"Clancy wanted to provoke the VC, Victor Charlie. Clancy wanted to collect more ears."
"I don't believe that."
The lieutenant kicked something with his boot.
"Why not scalps?" the correspondent said.
"Because they're too difficult to take. Did you ever try to take a scalp?"
"No."
"It's difficult," the lieutenant said.
"What makes you think Alpha Company asked for this?"

"Because Clancy could have made it up the hill," the lieutenant said pointing. "But he stayed down here on the narrow ridge hoping Charlie would hit him. You see," the lieutenant said carefully. "Look. It's only a hundred more meters

up the ridge to the top of the hill. That makes a perfect defense up there, you can see that. And Clancy knew Charlie could see that too, and he wouldn't hit. That's why Clancy stayed down here. Clancy wanted Charlie to try to take him."

"A full battalion?"
"Clancy didn't know Charlie had a full battalion."

"How do you know that?"
"We had contact with Appelfinger, his RTO man, before radio went dead. Clancy guessed the Unfriendlies as maybe an overstrength company."

"Unfriendlies?"
"NVA. North Vietnamese Army. Clancy knew that. They are quite good." The lieutenant almost mused now, looking over the dead, reflective and sad.

"We got a man alive here, Lieutenant," someone called.

The jungle had been most quiet, and everyone had been moving through the bodies with caution, almost soundlessly, so that the announcement was abrupt, peremptory, and rude, almost uncalled for.

"Don't touch," the lieutenant said. The lieutenant raised his arm for a medic and moved toward the call, sinuously winding through the bodies with a snakelike silent grace. The man who had called, the man who made the discovery, was a body man, one of the grave registration people. He had been standing gently with his bag over one arm waiting patiently for the others to finish when he noticed a movement where there should have been none.

"Don't touch," the lieutenant said, standing over the alive. "See what you can do," he said to the medic.

Each of the American dead had received a bullet through the head, carefully administered to each soldier by the enemy after they had overrun the position, to make absolutely certain that each was dead. The soldier who was alive had received his bullet too, but it had been deflected by the helmet, and you could see when the medic removed the helmet from the head of the young Mexican soldier that it had only torn through the very black, very thick hair and lodged in the head bone. The soldier was dying of natural causes of battle. You could see this when the medic removed the boy Mexican's shirt, which he did skillfully now with a knife. The boy Mexican had been sprayed with hostile machine-gun fire, eight bullets entering the olive-colored body just above the pelvis. The boy Mexican with the olive body in the

Mr. Eastlake, who has served as a correspondent in Southeast Asia, is the author of several short stories and novels, of which the most recent is CASTLE KEEP.

American olive-colored jungle uniform was cut in half. But he lived for now, taking in sudden gusts of air terrifically as though each were his last.

"Nothing can be done," the medic said without saying anything. The medic's hands were just frozen over the body, not moving to succor, just antic and motionless like a stalled marionette's.

"Water?" the lieutenant asked.

The medic shook his head no.

"If he's going, it could make it easier," the lieutenant said. "He seems to be looking at us for water."

The medic shook his head OK. Nothing would make any difference.

When one of the photographers tried to give the boy Mexican water from his canteen, the water would not run in the mouth; it just poured down the Mexican's chin and down his chest till it reached his belly and mixed with the blood that was there.

"I think the son of a bitch is dead," one of the army photographers who was not pouring the water said.

"No," one of the body men said. "Let me try it."

"That's enough," the medic said, letting the body down. "I think he's dead now."

"How could the son of a bitch last so long when he was cut in half?"

"We have funny things like this all the time," the medic said. "Another funny thing is I've seen guys dead without a mark on them."

"Concussion? But there's always a little blood from the ears or something, isn't there?"

"No, I've seen them dead without any reason at all," the medic said, wiping clean the face of the Mexican boy with the water the Mexican could not drink. "If you look good at the guys around here I bet you'll find at least one that doesn't have a mark on him that's dead. It's funny. Some guys will die without any reason at all, and some guys will live without any reason at all." The medic looked perplexed. Then the medic allowed the boy's head to rest on his smashed helmet. "You'll find some guys with just that one bullet in the head given by the Unfriendlyes after they overran Alpha."

"Some guys will play dead," the army photographer said, "hoping to pass for dead among the dead."

"They don't get away with it though too much," the medic said. But the medic was not listening to himself. He was still perplexed that the Mexican boy could have lived so long when he was cut in half. "It's funny, that's all," the medic said.

"You want them to die?"

"I don't want them to suffer," the medic said.

"There's another live one over here," someone called.

"Don't touch," the lieutenant said.

No one moved. There was a hiatus in the movement in the jungle, as though, the correspondent thought, no one here wanted to be deceived again, no one wanted to be taken in by another illusion. The problem was that Alpha was all dead. You could tell that with a glance. Anyone could see that they were ready to be photographed and placed in bags. It wasn't planned for anyone to come back to life. It made all the dead seem too much like people. The dead should stay dead.

"Maybe this one's real," someone said.

That started a drift toward the caller.

"Don't touch," the lieutenant said.

The correspondent got there early. It was a Negro. It did not seem as though the boy were hit. He was lying in a bed of bamboo. He looked comfortable. The Negro boy had a beginning half-smile on his face, but the smile was frozen. The eyes too were immobile. The Negro boy's eyes looked up, past the correspondent and on up to the hole at the top of the jungle canopy. There were two elongated fronds that crossed way up there at the apex of the canopy. Maybe that's what he was looking at. Maybe he was staring at nothing. The Negro boy said something, but nothing came out. His lips moved, and words seemed to be forming, but nothing came out. Maybe he was saying, the correspondent thought, that he had come a long way since he was dragged up with the rats in the ghetto. He had never been close to white people before, except relief workers. Now he had joined the club. In death do us join.

The young Negro stopped breathing. The white medic was on top of the Negro like a lover. In one sudden deft movement the white medic was down on the bed of bamboo with his white arms around the black boy, his white lips to the black lips, breathing in white life to black death. The Negro lover did not respond. It was too late. The white boy was late. The eyes were all shut. Then abruptly the young Negro's chest began to heave. The eyes opened. But not to life, the correspondent thought, but to outrage, a kind of wild surmise and amaze at all this. As though he had gone to death, to some kind of mute acceptance of no life and now come back to this, the lover's embrace, the lover lips of the white medic.

The white medic ceased now, withdrew his lips from the young Negro's and tried to catch the erratic breathing of the Negro in his hand to give it a life rhythm. He was astraddle the boy now, up from the bamboo bed, and administering a regular beat with his hands to the young Negro's chest.

"Ah," the Negro said.

"Ah," the white boy said.

"Ah ah ah," they both said.

Now the medic allowed the boy beneath to breathe on his own.

"Ah," the lieutenant said.

"Ah-h-h-h . . ." everyone said.

Now the jungle made sounds. The awful silence had given way to the noises that usually accompany an American motion picture. The cry of gaudy birds seemed fake. The complaints of small animals, distant, were remote like some sound track that had blurred, some other mix for a different cinema, so that you not only expected that the next reel would announce the mistake, that this war would have to start all over again, but that the whole damn thing would be thrown out with whoever was responsible for this disaster here at Dak To, this unacceptable nightmare, this horror, this unmentionable destruction of Clancy and all his men. But more, the correspondent thought, this is the finis, the end of man in this clearing, this opening in the jungle, the end of humankind itself and the planet earth on which it abides. And shit, the correspondent thought — and Ah — He found himself saying it too now, celebrating the rebirth, the resurrection of the black man and the rebirth and resurrection after the crucifixion of humankind itself. And shit, he reflected, they, Alpha Company, are the ear hunters, and maybe not shit because all of Alpha were standing in for us, surrogate, and all of us are collectors of ears.

"Will he make it?" the young lieutenant said.

The medic looked perplexed. It was his favorite and especial expression. Then he went down in the bamboo bed in lover attitude to listen to the heart.

"No," he said from the black heart. "No."

"No?"

"Because," the medic said from the black heart. "No. Because they were supposed to be all dead here, and we needed body room in the chopper, and there was no room for my shit."

"Blood plasma?"

"We didn't bring any," the medic said.

"Can he talk?"

"Yes." The medic passed a white hand in front of the black face. The black eyes did not follow it.

"Ask him what happened to Clancy's body. Clancy is missing."

The medic made a gentle movement with his hands along the throat of the Negro and whispered to him with lover closeness, "What happened to the captain?"

"He dead."

"Where is the body?"

"The RTO man," the Negro pronounced slowly.

"Appelfinger carried him off," the medic said to the lieutenant.

"Can you give the boy some morphine?" the lieutenant said to the medic.

"I don't like his heart."

"Risky?"

"Yes."

"Can he talk more?"

"I don't think it would be good," the medic said.

"All right, keep him quiet," the lieutenant said.

"They was so nice," the Negro said.

"Keep him quiet," the lieutenant said.

"They gave us each one shot," the Negro said.

"They was so nice."

"Keep him quiet."

"They was so nice — "

"I said keep him quiet," the lieutenant said.

And the lieutenant thought, war is so nice. Looking over all the dead, he thought ROTC was never like this, and he thought in this war everything is permitted so that there is nothing to be forgiven. And he thought about the ears that Clancy took, and he thought a man can read and read and read and think and think and still be a villain, and he thought there are no villains, there are only wars. And he said, "If the photographers are finished, put the men in the bags."

AND then there was that goddamn jungle silence again, this awful and stern admonition and threat of the retribution of Asia to white trespassers. But that is metaphysical, the lieutenant thought, and it is only the VC you have to fear. More, it is only yourself you have to fear. It is only Clancy you have to fear. Clancy is dead.

"When you find pieces of body," the lieutenant said, "try to match them and put the matched pieces into one separate bag. Remember a man has only two arms and two legs and one head each. I don't want to find two heads in one bag."

And the lieutenant thought, Clancy is dead but the crimes that Clancy did live after him. Custer too. Custer liked to destroy the villages and shoot up the natives too. Listen to this, the lieutenant told Captain Clancy silently. I did not spend all my time in the ROTC. I spent some of the time in the library. What you did in the villages is not new. Collecting ears is not new. Listen, Clancy, to Lieutenant James D. Connors after the massacre of the Indians at Sand Creek, "The next day I did not see a body of a man, woman or Indian child that was not scalped by us, and in many instances the bodies were mutilated in the most horrible manner. Men's, women's and children's private parts cut out. I saw one of our men who had cut out a woman's private parts and had them for exhibition on a stick. Some of our men had cut out the private parts of females and wore them in their hats." I don't think you can top that, Clancy. I don't think war has come

very far since then. I don't think your ears can top that, Clancy.

"What's happening, Lieutenant?" the correspondent said.

"Happening?" the lieutenant said. "I was thinking."

"This man is dead," the medic said, pointing to the Negro.

"Bag him," the lieutenant said.

"What were you thinking?" the correspondent said.

"That this makes me sick. Awful sick."

"Have you ever seen it this bad?"

"No, I have never seen it this bad," the lieutenant said, spacing his words as though the correspondent were taking each separate word down. "No, I have never seen it this bad in my whole short life. I have never seen it this bad. No, I have never seen it this bad. Is that what you want me to say?"

"Take it easy," the correspondent said.

"OK," the lieutenant said. "I'm sorry." And then the lieutenant heard something. It was the sound of a mortar shell dropping into a mortar tube in the jungle. It was the sound the lieutenant had heard too many times before, then the poof, as the enemy mortar came out of the tube, then the whine as it traveled to their company. The symphony. The music of Vietnam. Incoming! The lieutenant hollered as loud as he could make it. "Incoming!"

Incoming? Where? Who? Why? The shell hit their helicopter, and it all exploded in a towering orange hot pillar of fire in the jungle.

"Pull the bodies around you, men, and try to dig in. Use the bodies as a perimeter!" the lieutenant hollered. Then the lieutenant said quietly to the correspondent, "I'm sorry I got you into this."

"You didn't," the correspondent said.

"I'll try to get Search and Rescue on the radio."

"You do that," the correspondent said.

SATURDAYS EVERY SEPTEMBER

BY WILLIAM STAFFORD

Saturdays every September we walked silvery
cottonwood groves, not for birds or animals
but for a slower, bigger creature: Autumn,
too big to see. Its feet slid among leaves;
its face held blue against miles of branches.
It made a clear pulse, those days.

Always that hollow sky, and the trees — its local
reminders — waited for us. We stood in our several
states, in one of the creature's tracks, turning.
We heard the atoms of its body race, its promise
run in patterns among those limbs that sparkled
when the wind blew.

Yes, Winter would come, a white foot on each mountain;
it would roll forth in its white fur southward
across the prairies. But always we had this pet
so big that none of our teachers knew. It sat up
begging outside the window, or traced zigzag
figures in frost. I heard it pant in the chimney.

Someday later we would meet Summer's daughter
and run off together, where the great Autumn
friend had gone. And at last everything
would be gathered in a great silver tree or graceful
weeds or a river. How big that story was!
It might still come true.



BOOKS and MEN

MRS. WHARTON'S LITERARY MUSEUM

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

FOR a number of years — partly owing, perhaps, to an essay of Edmund Wilson's some years earlier — Edith Wharton has won renewed attention and favor. Her declining importance before that had differed somewhat from the usual depreciation that sets in at an established writer's death. Mrs. Wharton had not just become unfashionable or been harmfully overpraised: for a good many years before she died she had written novels with hardly a touch of her old distinction, and seeming out of touch with much that she wrote about. Time had to pass till her later books no longer discouraged reassessment of her earlier ones; time did and revaluation began: certain books of hers were re-scrutinized and variously praised, and she has slowly reasserted her always slightly special place in American letters.

To this reappraisal one large element of her work — her short stories — has contributed little. It was with short stories, actually, that she began as a writer, and for half a century she wrote and in time published them in some dozen volumes. All eighty-six stories, including some not previously collected, have now, under the able editorship of Professor R. W. B. Lewis, been brought together in two volumes (Scribner's, \$12.50 each) running to about 1600 pages and 650,000 words. Surely very few superior writers who have made their name as

Photograph courtesy Scribner Art Files.

prolific novelists have written anything like so many short stories — perhaps no one except the writer with whom Mrs. Wharton is otherwise so often linked, Henry James. James's stories, particularly many of the longer ones, constitute a very solid part of his achievement; what part, we may ask, do Mrs. Wharton's?

Certain of her stories have not dropped out of sight, if only from being anthologized: "Xingu," "The Lady's Maid's Bell," "*Autres Temps . . .*," "Roman Fever." But in any nonspecialist way — in the way, rather, that a literary critic might do an essay-length study of Mrs. Wharton — her stories have figured very little. Indeed, not one of them acquired the half-literary, half-academic prestige achieved not just by a Joyce's "The Dead" or a Faulkner's "The Bear" or a Lawrence's "The Prussian Officer," but even by a Fitzgerald's "Diamond As Big As the Ritz," a Forster's "Celestial Omnibus," a Willa Cather's "Paul's Case." (Hemingway is omitted from this list because his short stories are his major achievement.)

Though I can remember reading two volumes of Mrs. Wharton's short stories, and scattered stories as well, this was mostly long ago; and it was with trustworthy memories of only three or four in all that I addressed myself to Mr. Lewis' two large volumes. The most definite reaction I came away

with was how readable I found them — this simply a more subjective word for Mrs. Wharton's skill as a storyteller, and with various kinds of stories. (Mr. Lewis has helpfully divided a great many of them into thematic groups, The Marriage Question being far in the lead, followed by Art and Human Nature, Ghosts, and Culture and Comedy.) My next most definite reaction was that the stories, even when differing much in merit, differed very little (within their categories) in manner. Although Mrs. Wharton is inventive about ideas, situations, narrative twists, she is given to recurrent human types and to scarcely distinguishable settings and backgrounds. Her centuries-old ghosts at one end, and her satiric targets at the other, are somewhat more varied, but my general impression might be described as a blurred uniformity; even looking at the titles, I often could not recall the tales. This was partly due to reading so many in so short a time; it was partly due also to so many, after fifty years or more, displaying the same period atmospheres, attitudes, themes. But it was due as well to the stories, and the very virtues of the stories, themselves; to a skill that seemed as much trademarked as the subject matter, to a consistent smoothness that denied them cumulative impact.

To take two opposed talents, Mrs. Wharton's careful craftsmanship winds up a loss where, say, Chekhov's creative unevenness proves a gain. On this head it is interesting that the story Mr. Lewis calls "very likely the best story Mrs. Wharton ever wrote" — "The Other Two" — should have a contrasting cousinship with perhaps the most famous of Chekhov stories, "The Darling." Though very different characters in very different surroundings, the two heroines equally adjust, indeed revise, their personalities with a succession of men. But where in Chekhov the woman wholly dominates the story, in Mrs. Wharton it is the men, as three husbands, who stand out. Mrs. Wharton's comes off a sophisticated and believable social comedy of situation, Chekhov's a simple and unforgettable comedy of character.

THAT so many of Mrs. Wharton's stories should treat of the Marriage Question is hardly surprising. For it not only channeled the thinking of the world she knew best, it also cut deep into her own life. Often in her stories a very worldly question and in more genteel days a very knotty one, it necessarily introduced as one of its answers divorce. For Mrs. Wharton herself, making a proper Old New York marriage to a rather conventional man who became mentally ill, and divorcing him at length to live abroad a much more cultivated, if not a whit more bohemian, life, the whole subject had a vital importance. Bound up in it indeed was the man

she had been long and passionately in love with, an American lawyer, Walter Berry. That, clearly because of Berry, they never married endowed the question with further nuances and left behind its own particular question mark.

Mr. Lewis and others have pointed out how in certain stories of Mrs. Wharton's, even certain ghost stories, now the nature of her relationship with Berry and her husband, now the unattractive character of Berry himself, has been revealingly disguised. Yet, though the personal element may lurk or even bulk large in such superior stories as "*Autres Temps . . .*," "The Long Run," "Kerfol," "The Eyes," and in lesser stories as well, Mrs. Wharton, as a chronicler of worldly life, cannot help asserting the central importance of marriage. In her work, as in her world, marriage and money form the greatest marriage of all. Crushing as society might be for Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Lewis remarks, it was the only subject matter there was; and working in different moods — realistic, satiric, ironic — and writing at different levels, from the lightly entertaining to the extremely serious, it was upper-class society she concentrated on. Her dependence upon so large but ultimately self-limiting a subject produced in consequence an overrepetitive, almost a *plus ça change*, impression. In her cultural comedies, the sense of merit stands out more sharply: where, of two once well-known satires, "Expiation" today seems crude and "Xingu" little more than a *jeu d'esprit*, "The Pelican," from being a solid satiric comedy of character, comes off very well. A story like "*Les Metteurs en Scène*," its "plot" a kind of brief, benevolent variation of Kate-Densher-Milly in James's *Wings of the Dove*, fizzles out as a cute little formula comedy of reversal. And so on: though this collected edition is fully justified, indeed called for, it rather resembles a crowded, very reputable antique shop which yields only a few really valuable pieces. The stranglehold of a caste and conformist society can be as defeating with literature as with life: every character in these stories, even the eccentric, even the rebel, is a type. And the short-story form itself proves an obstacle, seldom offering anything very solid for sharp teeth to bite into. Finally, Mrs. Wharton's neat, orderly approach can cause not life or art to emerge, but artifice. If a genuine critic of society, she was also, as Louis Auchincloss has said, a caretaker of the traditional art of fiction; but often, while treating art as a kind of museum, she took far too much care of mere reproductions. She herself, so to speak, was never even an Impressionist.

Mr. Kronenberger's appraisal of Mrs. Wharton's contribution to American letters is prompted by a new collection of her stories and the forthcoming new Scribner's edition of THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

Yet, if her stories taken together seem inadequate, on the whole they are adult. Even where they date, the detail has a valuable historical accuracy. A number of them, if too fictional in treatment, yet bear out a kind of aphoristic truth; and her worldlings, however deficient in flesh and blood, are often sharply etched in acid. Her perceptions and characterizations can have a nice satiric or epigrammatic touch: "She was the kind of woman whose emotions never communicate themselves to her clothes"; ". . . a mother's instinctive anger that the girl she had not wanted for her son should have dared to refuse him"; "she takes in all the moral fashion papers, and wears the newest thing in ethics." Her stories have rightly not counted much in the revival of her reputation: they can be astute and mature as well as trivial and merely entertaining, but they contribute nothing to the enlargement of literature, and they are almost never literature themselves.

WHAT is literature or has a comparable value rests in Mrs. Wharton's longer fiction. Whether society was quite all there was for Mrs. Wharton, it is certainly the spine and sinew, it begets the very best, of her work. Indeed, portraying and exposing society as an entity, a massive force, an uncircumventable fact, is her one great achievement. And pre-eminently the American society she was part of, whose manner she made the haughty shield of her personal shyness, and whose matter the imperious citadel of her literary assault. In this respect, the short stories are only so many potshots. But in her two New York, and two finest, novels, the 1870-ish *Age of Innocence* and the turn-of-the-century *House of Mirth*, Mrs. Wharton has fully penetrated two social worlds, one a luxurious prison house whose morality was all facade, the other a frivolous and privileged playground, with rules more *ad hoc* than adhered to. In both novels there are vivid characters and powerful scenes. Yet, though they are in every sense genuine novels, what gives them their real importance is largely documentary, is less story than setting, less a group of characters than a ruling class. For it is the document, the historical reality, which both inspires the drama and authenticates it. It is setting that spins the plot — in *The Age of Innocence* a walled town with a desiccating climate, in *The House of Mirth* an overbearing Gold Coast that can freeze or starve out its offenders.

In both novels society is the antagonist, but in no large modern sociological sense; society here is a very concrete, identifiable, legislating caste which makes or breaks all the laws, carries all the keys, pronounces on all the activities, welcomes people

to Newport or sends them to Coventry. In *The Age of Innocence* gentility and respectability are so repressive that the skeletons hiding in closets are as nothing to the truth packed away in trunks. The book's actual story — of Newland Archer, married to nice conventional May Welland and passionately and reciprocally in love with May's cousin the Countess Olenska — is very adroitly set forth, the background nostalgic enough, the renounced, never consummated *grande passion* romantic enough to delight the circulating library. The countess, for me, is a touch too noble and too storybook, and Archer yet another decent, sensitive, Wharton-style worldling-weakling. But, aptly, it is neither of them who determines matters, but rather Newland's wife, who by not creating a situation solves one; who, with the simple mention of her coming child and the simple morality of her *comme-il-faut* world, holds the trump card — though Mrs. Wharton might be said to have stacked the deck. But if the story seems too fictional, the blandly suffocating society it treats of is exposed in a voice as low-pitched as its own, and with as velvet-gloved a hand. For this upper-class New York is one to induce an almost affectionately lethal exposé, since while condemning the disobedient to limbo, it sentences itself to a form of non-living. It sanctified tradition less where it boasted patina than embalmed complacency; it enthroned hypocrisy under the name of honor, and wallowed in a fetish worship entirely devoid of sex. As I have said elsewhere, *The Age of Innocence* portrays a world in which the personal pronoun may strut at times or declaim, but where it is the collective noun that decrees and punishes.

Fifteen years before portraying New York society in the seventies, Mrs. Wharton, in *The House of Mirth*, had demonstrated what it had become by 1900. In that demonstration lies Mrs. Wharton's greatest achievement. Here, with implacable purpose, with uncompromising realism, she portrayed an equally tyrannical but much more tarnished ruling caste, and against this she pitted a heroine who can neither accept it on its own terms nor do without it on hers. Having beauty and every social qualification except money, Lily Bart is too dependent on what money provides, too habituated to a moneyed world. At the same time she is too fastidious to stomach its coarser side: more than have her cake, she must eat it off the finest porcelain. Having turned down the right man who has no money and the wrong one who has nothing else, she finds her situation becoming acute. She now refuses a rich Jewish climber; she now in her high-mindedness acts indiscreetly with a married man in her set, gets talked about, is publicly insulted by his wife, and confronted with social ruin. She could still marry the Jew but does not, and is driven to

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From Milan's lively *Corriere della Sera*, "Servan-Schreiber's Lagging Europe"—in which a shrewd young Italian acknowledges the overwhelming U.S. industrial challenge but disputes the famed Frenchman's formula for meeting it.

From *Die Zeit* of Hamburg, "Those Secret Swiss Bankers," a close look behind the scenes, where they allow you to take your secrets to your grave if your account's numbered.

The American elections. *The Times* of London offers its case for McCarthy and *L'Express* of Paris examines Rocky and the argu-

ment that goaded him on.

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unpalatable jobs and squalid living; and worn out and dejected, after a rather *exaltée* scene with the right man, dies of an overdose of sleeping pills.

As a novel *The House of Mirth* has size and scope enough to present Lily in conflict both with society and with herself. With Lily's self-struggle — indeed with Lily's character and Mrs. Wharton's plotting — I have never been altogether happy. The plot abounds in downright flashy coincidences; and the squeamish Lily, a total however thoroughbred worldling, endures — which I question — agonizingly revolting living conditions rather than remain, in an inferior form, the parasite she has always been. But about Lily in conflict with society Mrs. Wharton is superb. No one else, so far as I know, has equaled the picture here of an assured, materialistic, coldhearted New York caste: a new corruptness added to the old complacency, a faintly rancid frivolity replacing the old musty decorum. Even toward Lily, no outsider but one of its own, it turns callous and then cruel: though she is actually more its victim for the luxury-loving dependent it made of her early than for what it does to her late. Mrs. Wharton seems rather too determinist about her heroine's downfall, but of the adverse forces at work, and the despotic power they wield, hers is a mastery beyond dispute.

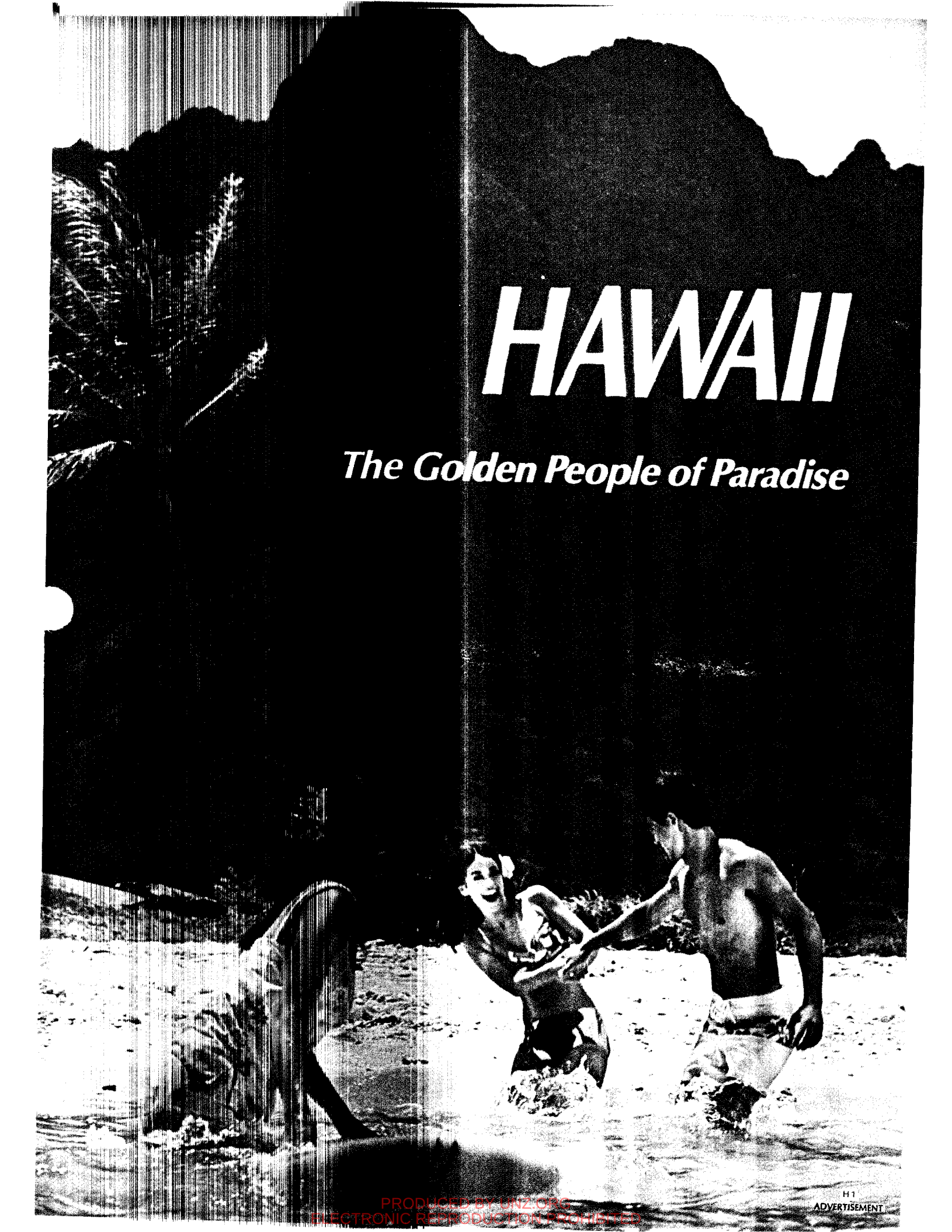
Mrs. Wharton's remaining social novel of consequence, *The Custom of the Country*, appeared eight years after *The House of Mirth* and in a sense reverses it. Here it is the beautiful social-climbing Undine Spragg, with her ruthless methods, her insatiable material desires, who batters down anything obstructive and tramples on everything human. Though here too coincidence lends a hand to fate, and though Mrs. Wharton lacks finesse in dealing with coarseness, her Undine is as memorable as she is monstrous, and is improbable, if at all, only in degree. In kind she is real enough, and her great beauty — in such a story, let us not forget Ilium's burnt topless towers — strengthens the credibility of her unstoppable career.

There is merit in other books of Mrs. Wharton's — now and then in her very Jamesian *The Reef*, and to a degree in the two novelettes where she deserted cosmopolitan for village life: the very well known *Ethan Frome* and the not very well known *Summer*. From having been wildly overpraised, *Ethan Frome* has possibly been unfairly devalued. But, granted its good points, it perhaps always owed too much of its celebrity to being so "stark" and untypical of its author. Despite its harshness as a story, it inhabits the temperate zone of achieve-

ment. *Summer* I like better, although it is a little sentimentally stark, and for all its harsh passages treats of three people essentially good. But it has power at times and poignancy at others. Something should be said, too, for *Bunner Sisters* and perhaps for Mrs. Wharton's Old New York novelettes.

These last were published in 1924, and thereafter till her death thirteen years later Mrs. Wharton wrote novels with rather clockwork regularity and with often mechanical effects. Picking up by no means the worst, *The Children* — about a man of forty who falls in love with a girl child playing mother to a raft of neglected children of the rich and who at length renounces both the girl and the woman he would have otherwise married — I found it readable enough and once or twice a little more, but fairly ridiculous and slightly bargain-basement Henry James. Picking up *Hudson River Bracketed* I found it not very readable — old fictional furniture with dull slipcovers to boot. In liberating herself from New York's ritualism, Mrs. Wharton came to breathe cultural and artistic fresh air, but there was no real broadening or even varying, for her, of human experience. Many of her friends — Howard Sturgis, Logan Pearsall Smith, Henry James, Walter Berry himself — were fastidious and crotchety bachelors; and with strangers the shy Mrs. Wharton could only behave *très grande dame*; she terrified, as Wayne Andrews has remarked, the very people she herself stood in terror of. Life lacked real fulfillment, and in her better work she disallowed half portions as well as happy endings. Repeatedly her heroes either marry wrong or don't marry at all, and the amount of renunciation they go in for, from a sense of honor, or decency, or destiny, seems as much fixation as formula. However unsoundly, one can't help wondering now and then whether Mrs. Wharton could have turned rejection on Walter Berry's part into renunciation on her fictional heroes'.

So long as she could hold on artistically to the world from which personally she had broken away, and set it against something better, her work had both force and truth. But in her last period she set that world against something worse, writing inexpertly or ignorantly of what she thought a tasteless mongrel modern society. Her last period finds a parallel of sorts in her near-contemporary Willa Cather's. Despite very dissimilar backgrounds and subject matter, both lost stature in their later books for comparable reasons — Willa Cather through a kind of escapism into a decorative and distant past, Mrs. Wharton through distaste for what she envisaged as the present.



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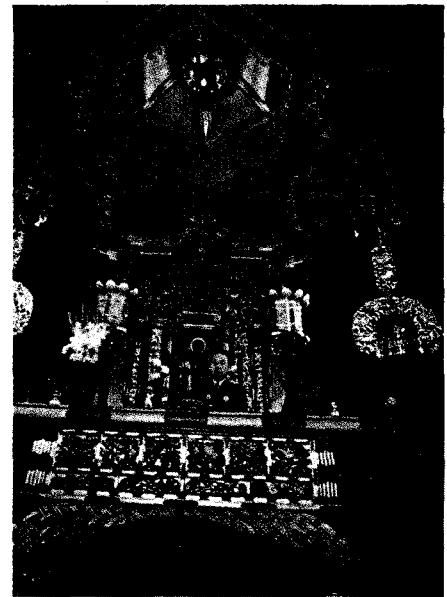
richly green and languid...

floats in a shimmering sea... cloaked in the
prideful fabric of brown-skinned kings
and queens and stately royal palaces...

throbbing happily with contrasting
currents of an ancient East and a restless,
seeking West... melded under a familiar flag
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The Golden People of Paradise



William Kalaniopio, full-blooded Hawaiian, decks his family with leis for a Sunday picnic at Maui's Seven Sacred Pools, a place once reserved for royalty. Bill is head of paniolos at Hana Ranch on idyllic eastern coast of Maui, an island studded with secluded coves and beaches and quiet, graceful mountain vales.



The Reverend Yoshiaki Fujitani, raised on Maui, prepares incense for Sunday morning services at Honolulu's Honpa Hongwanji Mission, main temple of Hawaii's largest Shin Buddhist sect. History of racial migration and assimilation has produced diverse religious expressions, both Western and Eastern.

H-1: Elizabeth Logue, Lynn Kimoto and Mike Apele, who among them represent ten different racial strains, typify Hawaii's golden people they enjoy a warm, wintertime day at Oahu's Kualoa Point

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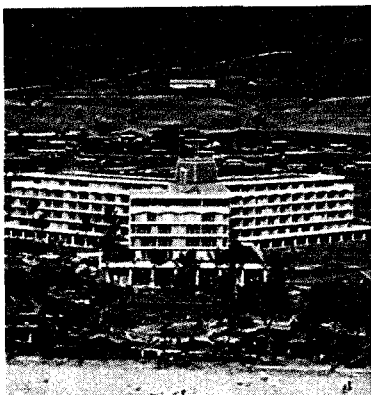
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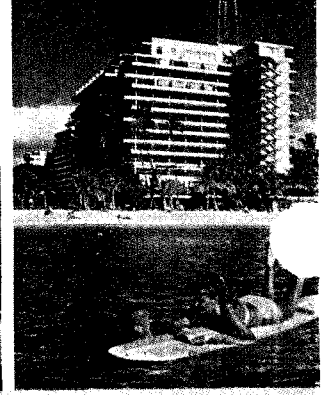
Maui Hilton
Kaanapali Beach, Island of Maui*



Kona Hilton
Kona coast, Island of Hawaii*



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Hilton Hawaiian Village
Waikiki Beach, Island of Oahu*

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Marybeth Yuen Maul, Molokai's Magistrate since 1958, stands by her turn-of-the-century courthouse in Kaunakakai, where she also keeps an eye on Yuen family enterprises and practices law. The mother of two and an avid gardener, her Chinese middle name, Moon Yee, means "satisfaction." Long a quiet little island, Molokai now has modern hotel accommodations.



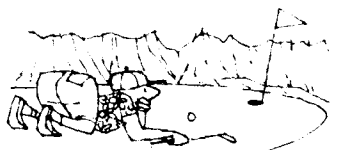
Ralph Harris, naturalist at Maui's Haleakala National Park, and his wife, Bonnie Jo, begin descent from rim for several days of camping in Haleakala's volcanic crater, so enormous it could hold Manhattan Island. Strange, moonlike interior of the dormant volcano's crater has been used to train astronauts.



Geraldine Hee, pert Chinese teacher whose grandfather was an aide to China's great 19th-century political leader, Sun Yat-Sen, acquaints preschoolers with their unique Pacific heritage in trip through Honolulu's Bishop Museum. Containing extensive Polynesian collection, museum was founded in memory of Hawaiian princess.

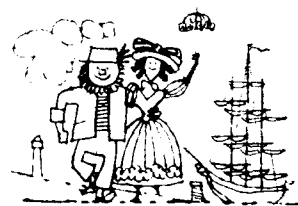
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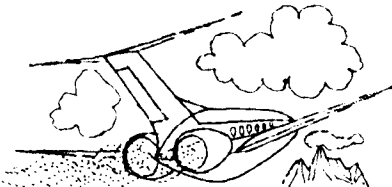
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Robert Koyanagi, young Japanese seismologist with Hawaii Volcanoes National Park Observatory, installs sensing device in Kilauea Crater about three-fourths of a mile from steaming Halemaumau Firepit. Hawaii's volcanoes, a favorite attraction, are active and erupt spectacularly every few years. Scenic roads and trails wind through the area, giving visitors easy access to the craters.



Lionel Mathias, 30, pours molten metal into ingot molds in Oahu steel mill. Hawaiian-Spanish-Irish-German, he lives in quiet Nanakuli. Weekends he swims off Maili Pt. or plays his ukulele at a family luau.

Martha Carrell, 25-year old beauty of Guamanian-Hawaiian-Caucasian parentage, studies for a master's degree in speech at University of Hawaii by day. After dark, she dons grass skirt of a Tahitian hula dancer and joins excitement of Waikiki's varied nightlife scene.

Dela Cuesta sisters, La Verne Akiko, 14, and Karen Fumiko, 17, Honolulu schoolgirls of Japanese-Filipino-Spanish descent, wear kimonos for a "bon dance," one of many ethnic celebrations.



Lowell S. Dillingham, kamaaina businessman, checks stock market at his Mt. Tantalus home. Worldwide operations of Dillingham Corporation are directed from headquarters in Honolulu, where shipping and communication networks link East and West.



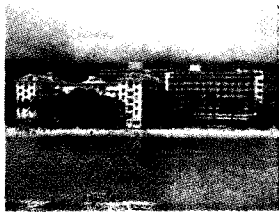
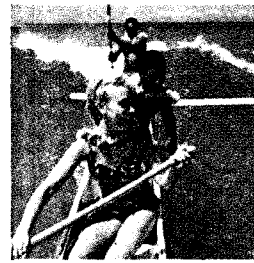
Kanani Dizol, 18-year-old beauty of Filipino-Hawaiian-Portuguese-Chinese descent, a student during the day and a hula dancer at night, zips down Kauai's "Slippery Slide" near her home. The slide at Waipahee Falls is typical of the isle's scenic splendor.



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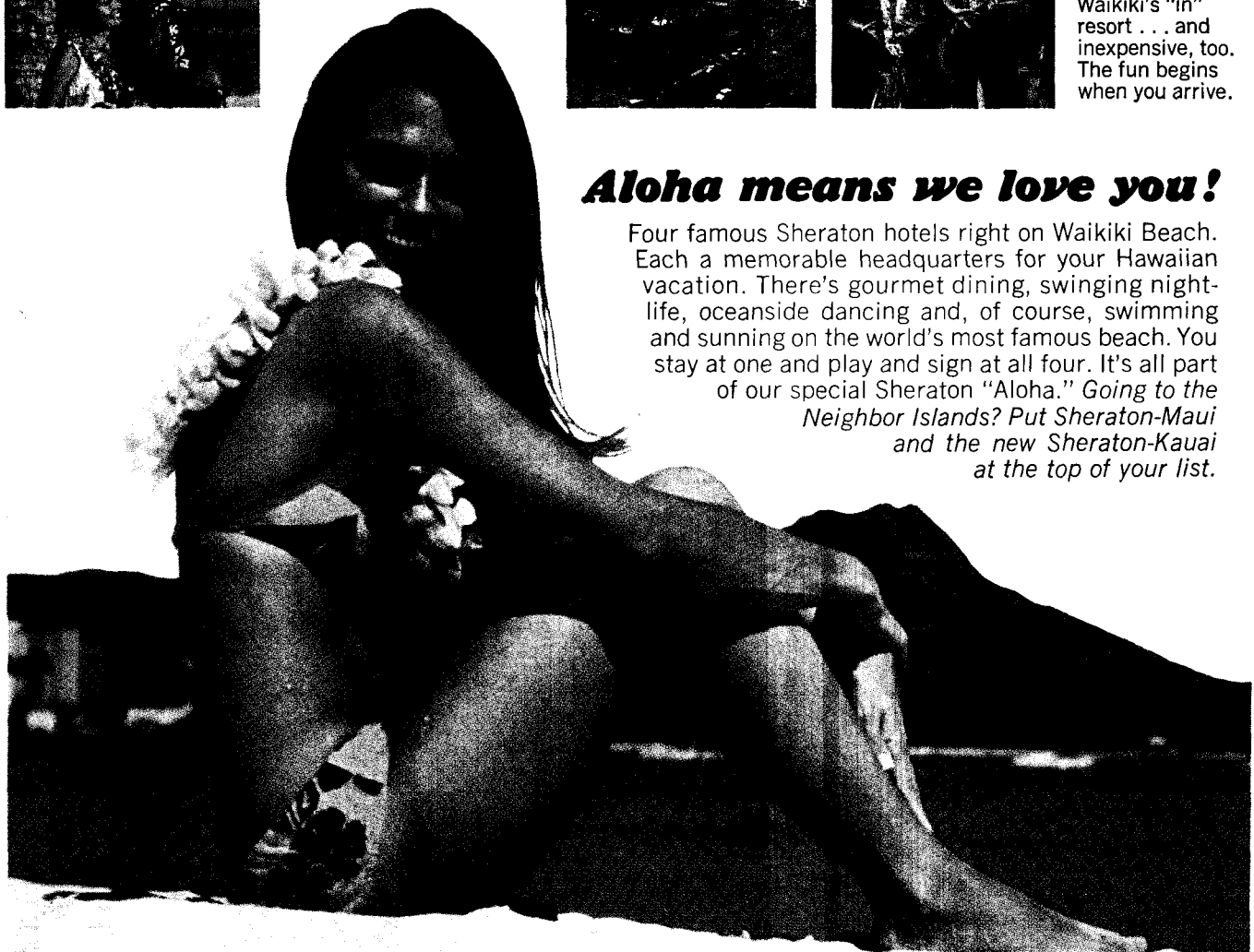
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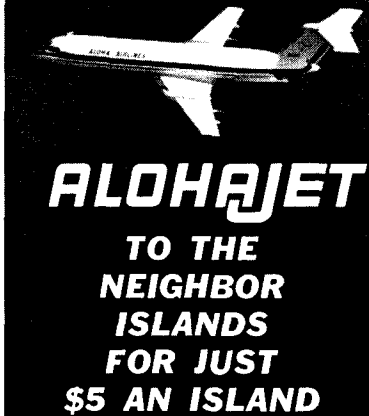
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Ku'upualehua Kelekolio, 24, Hawaiian Irish-Italian, rides porpoise at Oahu marine attraction, Sea Life Park. Born in Kealahou, Big Island fishing village, she works at Park days and studies marine biology at University of Hawaii nights.



Louis Kealiipuaia Kau and Gladys Hokulani Brash, King and Queen of Honolulu's 1967 Aloha Week, embark on grand parade through Waikiki. Each year Aloha Week revives ancient Hawaiian traditions, arts, crafts and customs. Other festivals celebrate many Isle cultures.



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Kekoa D. Kaapu, 31, Honolulu city councilman, scans across Oahu's Kana Point from fragile glider he pilots weekends. Hawaiian-Chinese-Caucasian, he grew up in a grass house; is a Harvard graduate. Richly green Windward area's beach parks are quiet counterpart of bustling Waikiki.





Ted Makalena, ranking young golf pro, relaxes from a PGA tour at one of Hawaii's spectacular oceanside courses, Waialae Country Club, where the Hawaiian-Chinese golfer won the Hawaiian Open. Golf is highly popular in the islands and there are some 40 public and private links to choose from.



Dwayne Strong, 11, a Samoan fire dancer since he was six, is Hawaiian-Chinese-Cherokee-Japanese. Dwayne dances under the name "Manulele," sings in both Hawaiian and Japanese and has performed in Orient and in Hawaii where nightlife encompasses entertainment forms from around the Pacific Basin.

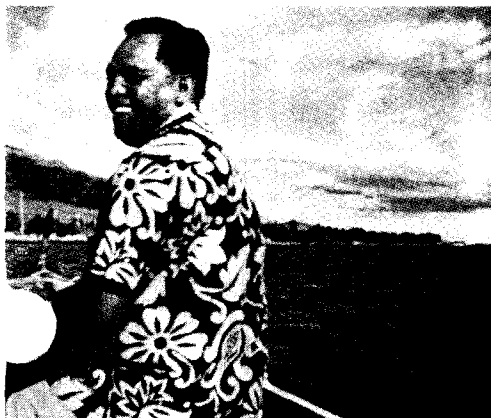


Peter Cole first took his Hawaiian-Caucasian son, Kaaina, out in the Waikiki surf at the tender age of two years. Now five, Kaaina hardly misses a weekend surfing with his father, a civilian mathematician for the Navy. Famed Waikiki Beach, birthplace of surfing, is the Pacific's most glamorous resort area, with a variety of modern hotels.

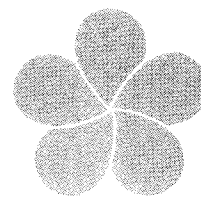
Martha Miyahira, Yokohama-born wife of a Hawaii Japanese, and Honolulu neighbor, Mary Ann Cavanagh, raised in Michigan, shop at Ala Moana Center, an exciting complex of 155 shops—one of world's largest.



LeRoy Lindsey, Hawaiian-Irish-Puerto Rican-English, roams vast Parker Ranch with cloud-shrouded peak of 13,796-foot Mauna Kea at his back. Dominating northern half of Island of Hawaii, it is capped with snow for winter skiers. The fourth generation of Lindsey paniolos (cowboys) in Hawaii, LeRoy heads ranch's riding stables.



Sam K. Puahala, pure Hawaiian who has lived all his life on Maui and now works as a hotel bartender, spends a quiet afternoon fishing for ulua off Lahaina, one-time whaling center of the Pacific and first capital of Hawaiian Islands, a short distance from the luxury hotels at golden Kaanapali Beach.



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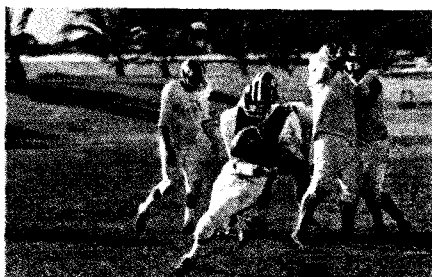
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Daniel Saragosa, 18, Puerto Rican-Hawaiian, darts for a lateral during football scrimmage at Waianae High School. Famed surfing beach, Makaha, is nearby but Danny gave up his surfboard, temporarily. He and his nine brothers and sisters make good use of Hawaii's year-round balmy climate for outdoor sports.



James W. Smith, Jr., field maintenance superintendent at Dole Company's pineapple plantation on Lanai, kneels next to wild goat he shot with bow and arrow. Dole owns the entire island, where forested hills and canyons conceal prize game, such as Mouflon sheep and pronghorn antelope.



Napoleon Durante, 36, assists school children through Waikiki crosswalk near base of famed Diamond Head. Hawaiian-French-English-Chinese, Nappy is a 14-year veteran of the highly-reputed Honolulu police force and has six children of his own. With over half its residents under 24, Hawaii has one of the youngest state populations in the nation.

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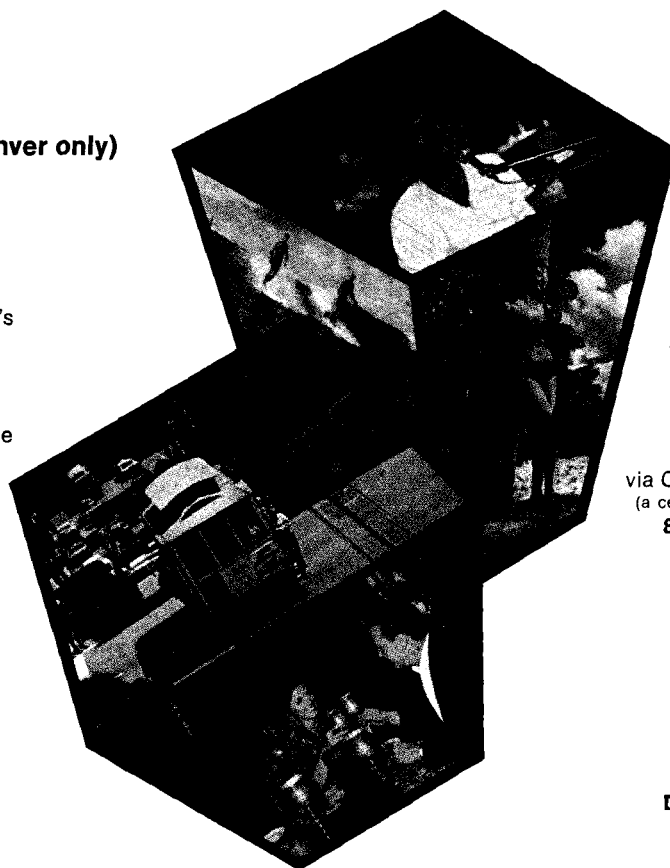
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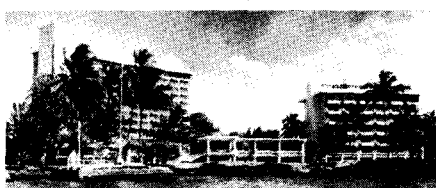
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GEOGRAPHY: Hawaii is both the southernmost and westernmost state of the United States. Located 2,396 statute miles from San Francisco (or 5,030 from New York), the Hawaiian Island group stretches northwest 1,900 miles from Hawaii Island to Kure Island (about the same distance from St. Louis to Seattle). The eight major islands (Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai, Niihau and Kahoolawe) comprise 6,415 square miles, 47th in size among the states, and have 750 miles of coastline. **FEATURES:** Kauai's Mt. Waialeale is the world's wettest spot with annual rainfall averaging 460 inches. But at Puako on Hawaii Island, annual rainfall doesn't exceed nine inches. Niihau's 841-acre Halalii Lake (which dries up every summer) is the smallest biggest lake in any U.S. state. Hawaii's three national parks cover 246,929 acres. Over 650 tropical fish species swim among the reefs, and over 94% of the 1,800 different floral plants are not found elsewhere in the world. **CLIMATE:** The average temperature annually ranges between 56 and 88 degrees. But during the winter months while skiers slide the snow-covered slopes of Mauna Loa (13,680 feet) and Mauna Kea (13,796 feet) on Hawaii island, golfers flock to the state's 39 courses. **HISTORY:** Hawaii is the only state with monarchial beginnings and Honolulu's Iolani Palace is the only royal palace in the United States. The Hawaiian language has the world's shortest alphabet (12 letters: A E H I K L M N O P U W). And Hawaii's Aloha spirit remains the hallmark of warmth and hospitality over the world.



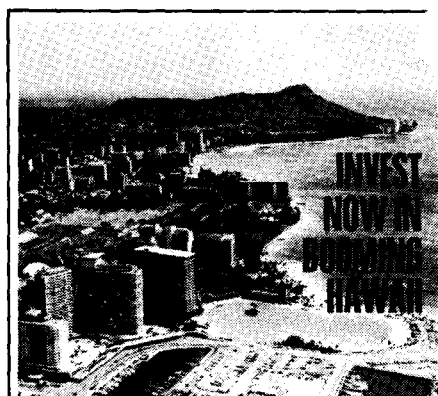
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Donna "Kim" Ching, vivacious Maui Chinese teenager who's a sophomore at Cornell College in Mt. Vernon, Iowa, takes a summer swim at the Garden Isle's beautiful Haena Beach, one of scores of lush, tropical beaches found throughout all the Islands of Hawaii.



Joanne Brown and Melvin Park, elementary school students in Hilo, play midst some of the exotic plants and animals for which state's biggest island, Hawaii, is famous. She is Filipino-Hawaiian-Portuguese; he is Korean.



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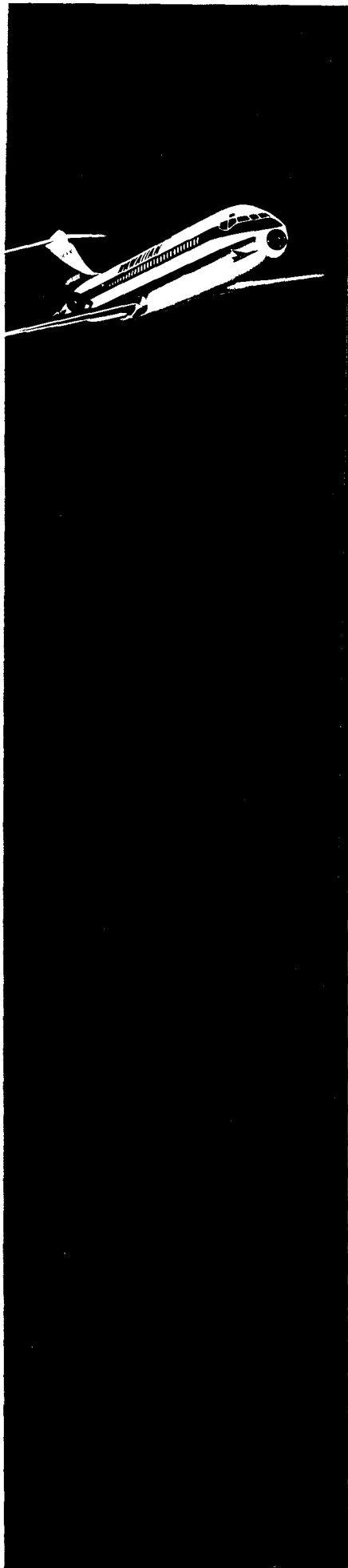
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Mrs. Malia Solomon, Samoan mother of eight, adds to family income by picking pineapple. Born in American Samoa, she came to the Islands when her missionary parents were called to the Mormon Temple in Laie, Oahu. Hawaii's commercial pineapple crops started in the late 1800's and now provide half the world's canned pineapple.

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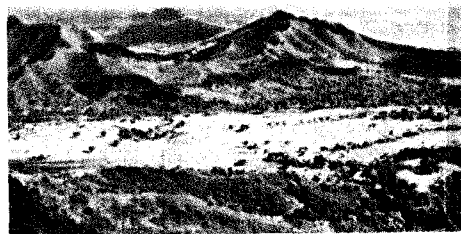
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Arts and Letters

Aimez-vous Brahmins?

by Stanley Kauffmann

James Gould Cozzens' *By Love Possessed*, published in 1957, turned out to be the first of a peculiar series: a sequence of books by genuinely gifted Americans, each of which was an inferior work by the author — if not his worst — and each of which was the author's biggest success. In the series I would include Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools*, Mary McCarthy's *The Group*, Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*, and William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner*. In each case I got the feeling that, for varying lengths of time, a known talent had been denied adequate rewards, that groups of critics and other readers were waiting to make amends, and that they were not to be put off by any defects in the new work so long as it was big enough. (It's difficult to shout "At last!" about a novella.) There were also at least two social reasons for this phenomenon. The widening maw of the mass media needs more and more material — cover stories, exciting interviews, TV symposiums; and, in the post-war years, the reading public has grown both in size and in cultural ambition, though not necessarily in taste.

Dwight Macdonald notes in *Against the American Grain* that he sent Cozzens a copy of his famous blast *By Cozzens Possessed* and that the author replied "he had become bored by the unanimous critical praise for *By Love Possessed* and found my 'novel pronouncements' an in-

Morning Noon and Night
by James Gould Cozzens
(Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.95)

teresting change." If Cozzens was bored by praise and success last time, he is in for another attack of ennui, I would guess, with his new novel.

He was the first author in the "series," and he is the first to produce another book (excepting Miss McCarthy's excellent long pamphlet *Vietnam*). *Morning Noon and Night* will give Cozzens readers everything that the last book had in attitudes, style, and social locus. It will give them some novelty (for Cozzens) in form. For the first time he uses the first person, with the hero addressing the reader; for the first time, he uses a method of seemingly random

memories instead of straight chronology. His hero is Henry Worthington, the sixtyish owner of a greatly successful firm of management consultants and the scion of a long line of New England professors, who tells us, in a number of what he calls "stage plays of memory," who he is, where he came from, what he did, and — of course — how little he understands it all. Retrospect is by definition rueful, and if the narrator is drawn as a surviving patrician in a debased age, the Brahmin pathos of the closing pages is guaranteed in the opening.

Curriculum vitae, as Henry might say: He goes to Harvard, not the small college of which his father is president, takes an M.A. in literature, gets a job with a Boston bill collector, soon founds his own firm in New York, marries and has a daughter, is divorced and remarried and widowed, is a Pentagon officer in World War II (but keeps in touch with his business), and then returns to New York to make his company boom. By his move from his family's academe to corporate counseling, he reflects the age's shift. By his war service, he reflects his family's continuity in America

(Advertisement)
September Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



(Each month in this space we ask our editors to tell the world about some of our recent books)

The "brief and strenuous adventure" of the life of John Keats has fascinated readers ever since it ended tragically in 1821. Keats's last companion, Joseph Severn, published a memoir of the poet in the *Atlantic* in 1861, and biographies have come thick and fast ever since. As recently as 1963, two major and widely admired American biographies of the poet were published. Why, then, do we bring out another, only five years later?

Simply because **JOHN KEATS** by **Robert Gittings** is the most comprehensive life of the poet ever to be written. Its author has personally seen more of the original sources than anyone now living. As George D. Painter, the biographer of Proust, has written us, "One expected this great biography to be beautifully written and with the literary and human insight of a fellow poet, but Gittings has extracted from the original evidence that last morsel of truth which no one ever saw before, and which changes everything."

We and Mr. Painter are not alone. Lionel Trilling writes, "The Keats it gives us is of a quite extraordinary — sometimes quite startling — actuality," and Aileen Ward calls it "a memorable re-creation of the miracle of Keats's achievement." The English critical reception was summed up by John Raymond: "Nothing further, within the limits of human competence, needs to be added."

Surely an editor, with such praise at his back, can use that dangerous adjective, "definitive"?

JOHN KEATS by **Robert Gittings**

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(grandfather and father were in wars). By his use of superior intelligence, he reflects a certain aristocracy even in the marketplace, and by his insistence on the inseparability of man and job, he reflects a refusal to distinguish sentimentally between the way a man makes a living and his "real" life. By his marital misadventures (and those of his twice-divorced daughter), he reflects changing moral standards. It is Cozzens going through his old material yet once more.

Those who found *By Love Possessed* profound, beautiful, knottily American, and attractively tintured with Brahmin melancholy will regret only that *Morning Noon and Night* is somewhat shorter. They may wish the new book had more of a story; still, Cozzens is probably on his way to plaudit-boredom once again.

For myself, I disliked this novel very much, perhaps a little less than *By Love Possessed* but only because it is less ploddy in form and less doggedly Great. I will not belabor the well-beaten subject of Cozzens' style; here is just one absolutely typical example:

Might not what (when I find out about it) I elect to see as compulsive non-volitional copulating on the spur of the moment with other men be better seen as proof that needs my wife had shown herself to feel when younger she still (and, past youth, maybe to a greater degree) feels, and I am no longer meeting them?

Cozzens is so strapped to this style that, having decided to use the first person, he was forced to give his hero an M.A. in literature. (From Harvard!) Since Cozzens now cannot or will not write any other way, he uses this device to justify his own verbal mazes in a keen-minded businessman, and to explain the incessant quotations and paraphrases — from Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson, the Greek Anthology, Defoe, and numerous others, many of whom I doubtless missed. Traces of this crinkum-crankum style are discernible as long ago as *S.S. San Pedro* (1930). During the last twenty years, in which he has lived increasingly in isolation and has written only two novels, that style has proliferated in his work, as if the welding of thick syntactic intricacies had become for him the act of creation, as if ample quotation from dead authors proved the best kind of connection with life.

But there are other, and, I think,

stronger reasons for disliking this book. First, as hinted above, the hero is a transparent fraud. There is no Henry Worthington. He is a hollow papier-mâché figure containing the author. We all know that every serious author uses himself to some extent in his fiction, but here it is not artistic transmutation, it is silly masquerade; and it leaves the novel without a center.

Second, there is a spuriously humble note of apology throughout the book. The epilogue consists mainly of apology, possibly meant to disarm critics. But Cozzens digresses continually through the book and ends almost every digression with an attempted justification. I think he takes these side trips — among others, expatiations on book publishing, theology, World War I draft practices, the self-help pamphlets peddled by Henry's sleazy boss — because there is nothing really pressing him for utterance; but this persistent phony note of apology is somehow patronizing. It seems to say, "If I have deigned to write this, you can damned well read it."

There are technical flaws. Cozzens writes detailed descriptions of settings in which relatively little happens. In a novel that affects casualness, he contrives mightily. There are a large number of deaths that alter his characters' lives. Both of Henry's parents die in a fire and leave him an estate, his second wife commits suicide (her first husband was killed in a car accident), his daughter's two children are killed in a plane crash, so she is unencumbered, his first boss drops dead of a heart attack at a convenient moment, there is even a stranger in California who dies just in time to help him indirectly with a legacy. Henry may not have history on his side, but he certainly has Thanatos.

Then there is the recurrent subject of Cozzens' view of sex. He hates it. There is no other way to state it. No other explanation will account for his repeated repelled descriptions of female genitals; for the joyless spastic mechanics that are his sole view of the sex act; for Henry's sense of assault and enslavement, from his first seduction by an older woman to his own seduction of a wartime secretary. (He finds he has to marry the latter, and eventually she kills herself.) Possibly it is Cozzens' single-mindedness about sex — what I would call his insensi-

tivity — that permits him to let Henry's daughter tell her father at length how she first achieved orgasm and how she once caught her mother and another man *in flagrante*.

But after the specifics of dislike have been noted, they must be posed against two factors: what Cozzens has been and what he is. He has been writing for almost fifty years (he was sixteen when he first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1919), and among the nine novels that he chooses to remember — he ignores the first four — some are memorable indeed. *The Last Adam* contains a vivid portrait of a tough, somewhat curmudgeonly but staunch individualist. *The Just and the Unjust* is the best American novel about law and justice that I know. *Guard of Honor*, though hellishly overlong, is a good use of the military as a paradigm of social hierarchies and power dispensation.

What he has become in his last two novels is thus all the sadder. He was always a conservative — literary, social, and political — and, as such, was a valuable element in the American compound. But his conservatism has degenerated into truculence, misanthropy, and artist-self-indulgence. It is exactly as what he wants to be, a champion of conservatism, that he has become weakest. His explicit comments on social deterioration are usually trite. Here he is, in this new novel, speaking of the magazines in which Henry's first boss advertised:

They were monthly — some semi-monthly — magazines of cheapest possible manufacture. Bearing names like *Snappy Stories*, an impressive flood of them then met the reading needs of those for whom reading was a chore (the flood would finally dry up with the advent of "comics" where looking at pictures reduced the reading labor to a minimum).

This is on a level with Cozzens' idea of merit, which is to give Anglo-Saxon names to characters he admires and to call a shyster Garesche and an abortionist Skorupski. Cozzens' conservatism, now superficial and anachronistic, merely laments the end of Anglo-Saxon dominance in America, a purely tribal dominance. (He claims no special intellectual or other qualities for Henry's forebears — usually quite the reverse.) He portrays with oblique cynicism the replacement of the standards of family and club and

tradition by those of money-acquisition. He does not acknowledge that his lamented caste system was only a different money system in disguise, since America has never had a true social aristocracy, which requires a foundation stone of royalty. He is so unobservant of the play of powers in our time that he is unable to supply what might be a really useful conservative tension in literature and life view.

To compare this book with the work of a true and great conservative novelist like Wyndham Lewis is out of the question. To compare it with Marquand, which is more reasonable, is only to make the best Marquand look better. Such novels as *The Late George Apley*, *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*, and *Wickford Point* earn their tweedy rue by the pathos of men who want to live but who are having difficulty in changing with

the times. *Morning Noon and Night* is the work of a man who not only hates modern changes but convinces us that he would probably have hated life at any time and who imagines a kind of Augustan grandeur in himself for hating it. Because he poses an incompletely seen present against a romanticized past, his intended *Götterdämmerung* becomes a very *Kleine Nachtmusik*. But his thin patricianism may again flatter those who need easy social superiorities, whatever their own backgrounds, and the blatant "literariness" of his prose may again convince them that they are on Parnassus, no matter how little they enjoy it. Weight machines that tell your fortune usually have cards reading: "You are more sensitive and refined than others know." One of those cards costs a penny; this book costs \$5.95, but it lasts longer.

Pink Badge of Courage

by Justin Kaplan

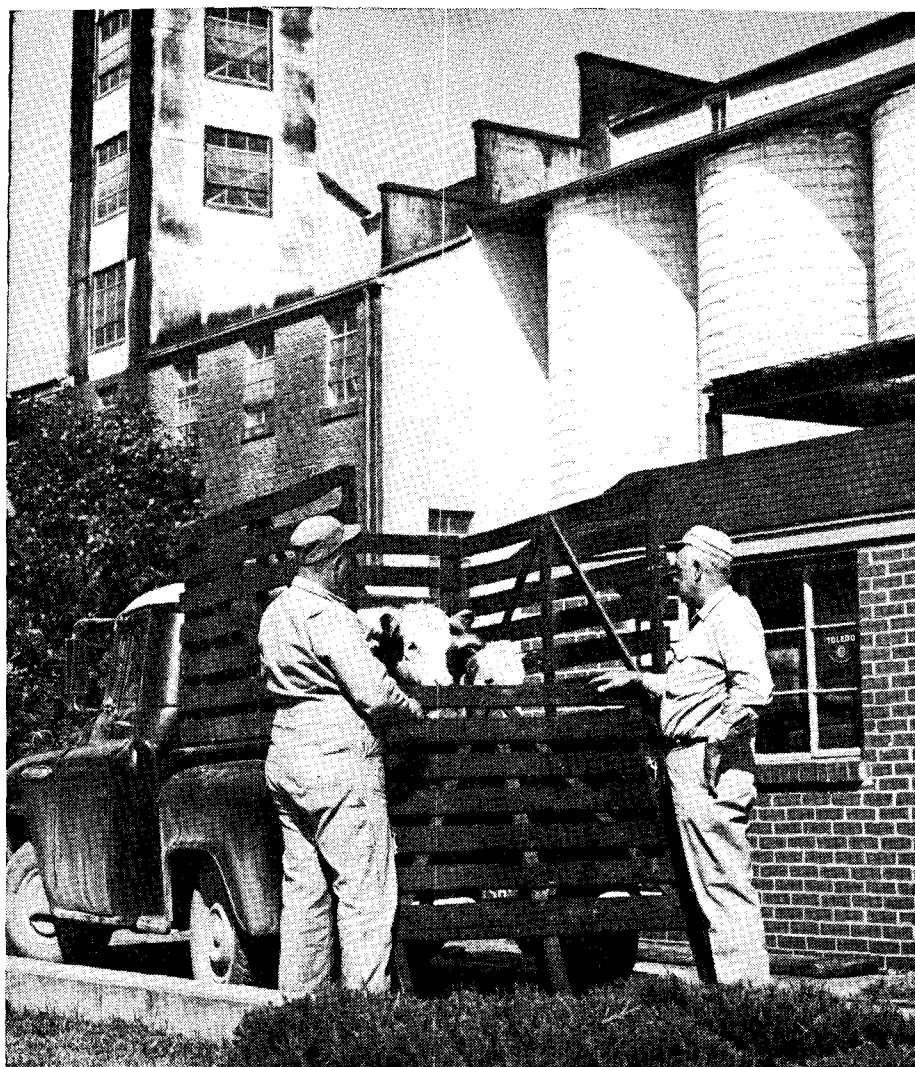
In its brevity and intensity Stephen Crane's life (as distinguished from Stephen Crane's biography) has a Keatsian quality. But in the way Crane grappled with the problems of early fame and money, it is a peculiarly American life. One thinks of Bret Harte and Scott Fitzgerald. Crane was only twenty-four when, in 1895, he found himself famous on both sides of the Atlantic as the author of a totally imagined and totally realized "episode of the American Civil War," *The Red Badge of Courage*. Here was a genius, said William Dean Howells, which had sprung to life "fully armed." Challenged by sudden fame, which never brought with it a tenth of the riches he and his public expected, Crane led an increasingly desperate life as

Stephen Crane

by R. W. Stallman
(Braziller, \$12.50)

journalist and foreign correspondent, occasionally in direct competition with another golden boy of the era, Richard Harding Davis. He wrote some remarkable poetry, a handful of brilliant stories, and a number of potboilers and self-imitations.

In 1896 Crane took up with Cora Taylor, the proprietress of Hotel de Dream, a fashionable sporting house in Jacksonville. Partly to escape American public opinion, which frowned on their relationship and which also, without foundation in fact, entertained dark suspicions that Crane was an alcoholic and a drug addict who had known life in the lower depths too well for his own good, he and Cora settled in England, just as Bret Harte had done. There he was lionized, was intimate with Joseph Conrad, Henry James, and other literary lights of London and East Sussex. A celebrity, he was plagued by unwelcome visitors whom he regarded as locusts but still entertained with free lunches and champagne. The visitors, together with his conviction that a famous writer had to live like a duke, drove him deeper and deeper in debt to the butcher, the wine merchant, and just about everyone around him. If he could only get in the clear, he seemed to be saying in telegrams imploring his agents and publishers for ten pounds here, twenty pounds there, advances against the "short stuff" that he had to grind out. Four months before his twenty-ninth birthday Crane



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Down in the hollow our neighbors share credit for the smooth sippin' taste of Jack Daniel's. From them, you see, comes fine grain to flavor our whiskey. And hard maple charcoal that mellows its taste. Year after year our friends bring us only their best. So when they need a favor (like borrowing our weighing scales) you can be sure we're quick to oblige. After a sip of our whiskey, we believe, you'll be glad things are so neighborly here in Moore County.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

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was dead: Medically, the cause of death was tuberculosis. More generally, as A. J. Liebling once wrote, Crane died "of the cause most common among American middle-class males — anxiety about money."

While making allowances for the fact that neither of the previous biographers, Thomas Beer (1923) and John Berryman (1950), had access to some important primary materials, R. W. Stallman, in *Stephen Crane*, writes them off, with varying degrees of justice, as inadequate: Beer, because his facts *were* shaky and because he prudishly scanted the relationship with Cora; and Berryman, largely because he offered psychoanalytic speculations of a sort and tendency which Stallman finds unacceptable. Since Professor Stallman is the reigning and pre-emptive authority on Crane, having edited or co-edited half a dozen books on the subject, including Crane's *Letters*, it was inevitable that he should answer the call of that will-o'-the-wisp of American literary scholarship, "the definitive critical biography."

I am sorry to have to report my opinion that his book is a disaster comparable with the one which befell the filibustering steamer *Commodore*, which was on its way to Cuba with Crane as a passenger, when it foundered off the Florida coast. Crane alive made his way to shore (the experience was the basis for his best story, "The Open Boat"), but this, metaphorically speaking, is more than can be said about Crane, dead, in this biography.

Reacting against both Beer and Berryman, Professor Stallman has, on the one hand, given us more facts than he or we could possibly use or want — the book often reads like a Crane "log" or like notes for a biography. On the other hand, he has pretty consistently avoided or suppressed speculations of anything other than a purely circumstantial nature. So we come to the end of 534 pages of main text knowing a great deal *about* Crane — especially arrivals and departures, addresses and finances, the weather and the condition of the sea when the *Commodore* went down — but knowing Crane himself scarcely any better than we did at the beginning. The view throughout, except when Stallman is directly quoting Crane or Cora, is external and circumstantial, as if this were a necessary condition for "definitive" or any other kind of

literary biography. And it is in this way precisely that Stallman, for all his lengthy critical discussions of Crane's work, seems to have missed the lesson of Crane himself in *The Badge of Courage*: that "realism" consists in attempting to render objects and events in the personal and spontaneous terms by which the subject comprehends them.

Instead of making an imaginative leap into Crane's inner life to find out what it was like for him, Stallman focuses on coordinate factuality, even when the fact at hand clearly cannot bear the sort of scrutiny he brings to it. Here, for example, is a crap of Crane's shipboard writing which Stallman quotes:

New York 290 261. Took up collection 43 dollars. Captains own money paid to Paris. In Paris, 100 police, commissioner of minister of interior./ Arrested in Marseilles No tickets./ Sharefe millionaire.

And here is Stallman's gloss on the passage:

Everything about this note resists unriddling. It would seem that Crane took up a collection of \$43 from the passengers, at the Captain's suggestion, and what sum the Captain contributed was paid by a note against Paris bank. Then in Paris, what? Police on parade? Or perhaps Crane had to appear before the Commissioner for the Minister of the Interior, about some passport difficulty. The stateroom numbers, as that's what they seem to be, put Cora on the same ship with Stephen, but not in the same room.

The book is loaded with repetitions and narrative stumbles of a sort to bring the most determined reader to a dead stop, and even on his favorite level of detail Professor Stallman does not seem as reliable as he ought to be. A seven-line passage about the pseudonymous Ouida contains two terrible errors in the rendering of her real name and one substantive error which initiates Crane's review of her work by implying that *Under Two Flags* was one of her later novels. Edward Vatterman Townsend, the author of *Himmie Fadden*, a popular book of stories about New York life, appears correctly the first time, the second time as Edward E. Townsend, and a third time as the author of "Jim Fadden." We are given a brief description of a certain barfly by a writer named "O'Henry," but the only bar I associate this "O'Henry" with is a candy bar.

Slips like this are the least of it. The real sadness of Mr. Stallman's book is that, like the men in "The Open Boat," who every moment had to keep their eyes out for the next wave which might drown them all, the biographer and his readers are

constantly in trouble and lose sight of the main thing, which is the spirit and inner workings and exigencies of Stephen Crane. "None of them," said Crane in the opening line of his survival story, "knew the color of the sky."

The Volunteer Fireman

by Charles Nicol

Because he isn't likely to discover the meaning of existence, a sane man will forget about looking for it. We are all, however, quite mad, so when Kurt Vonnegut revealed in one of his novels that all of earth's history was merely a signal for a replacement part arranged by a very patient space traveler with a broken motor, we felt a lot better. We also worry about the imminent destruction of civilization by atomic war, so in another novel Vonnegut obligingly arranged for the sudden end of the world by freezing — and we were able to get down to business for a few days.

We are best cheered by untruths, so the bigger the whopper, the better — says Vonnegut. In his masterpiece, *Cat's Cradle*, the founder of a new religion insisted at every step that his own doctrines were lies. Solace, apparently, came immediately.

In the preface to this collection of short stories, he announces that

Welcome to the Monkey House

by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
(Delacorte, \$5.95)

one of the themes of his novels is "No pain." Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., probably our finest Black Humorist, is offering us comfort.

He is the little Dutch boy stopping the hole in the dike: while he conscientiously aids us, he reminds us that we live in the shadow of deep waters. Or, to use the idea that appears frequently in his work as a main character, a minor figure, part of the background, or the tail of a metaphor, he is the volunteer fireman, unselfishly and innocently rushing to put out the random blazes of civilization. His comforts frighten us with their inadequacy, and we laugh in self-defense.

Vonnegut's special enemies are science, morality, free enterprise, socialism, fascism, Communism, all government — any force in our lives which regards human beings as ciphers. His villains are simple egotists, indifferent to other people, his protagonists men who adapt events to their own discontent with the system, rolling with the times to create change, which is rarely, in Vonnegut's world, an improvement. His third group of characters, his saints, his volunteer firemen, are content to aid others in their own small world, unaware of the larger actions that swirl around them. Failing to participate in events, they nevertheless become the focus of all activity, their relevance being the undeniable fact that they exist.

Vonnegut is a pessimist. But he is also an idealist; his irony is not cynicism. His writing has a disarming directness, and his few statements about style reinforce this simplicity, yet the apparent slickness of his short, tight paragraphs — almost a paradigm of the popular magazine — fails to conceal the size of his concepts. And what appears at first to be gratuitous satire is always integral to the tale.

For instance, the title story occurs in an overcrowded world of the future where even Howard Johnson's is nationalized, where, to reverse the population trend, all citizens are required to take pills which make them numb from the waist down. "The pills were ethical because they didn't interfere with a person's ability to reproduce, which would have been unnatural and immoral. All the pills did was take every bit of pleasure out of sex." Curiously, in *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater*, a novel that Vonnegut wrote several years before the story, this setting is attributed to the inventiveness of an old science-fiction

writer named Kilgore Trout, whose "favorite formula was to describe a perfectly hideous society, not unlike his own, and then, toward the end, to suggest ways in which it could be improved."

The story, which first appeared in *Playboy*, climaxes with a rape in the "ancient Kennedy Compound" in Hyannis Port: "On the green cement, in front of the ancient frame houses, were statues representing the fourteen Kennedys who had been Presidents of the United States of the World. They were playing touch football." While recent events have made this scene poignant, its original intention was not so much satire as explanation of the future's quite-acceptable-to-Catholics method of birth control.

Further, that Billy the Poet, the hedonist rebel against the social order, after raping a girl to restore her sensuality, reads her Elizabeth Barrett's "How Do I Love Thee?" sonnet seems a put-on, a cheap irony, or worse, until one realizes that the whole situation of the story comments on the fabled Browning romance. It is not only of interest to psychologists that Elizabeth had been thrown from a horse at puberty and remained an invalid until she married Robert Browning. Freed from her domineering father, she rapidly regained her health on her honeymoon. "What you've been through," says Billy the Poet to his rapee, "is a typical wedding night for a strait-laced girl of a hundred years ago." The poem is functional to the story, for this whole society, numb from the waist down, is more sexually repressed than any Victorian lady poet.

Like the settings of the novels, those of the stories remain close to Vonnegut's own experience. The Kennedys at Hyannis Port, who appear in several stories, are not gratuitous in that respect either, for Vonnegut lives on Cape Cod; a nouveau Yankee, he resents the tourists, hot on the Kennedy trail, who despoil his haven. His boyhood home in Indianapolis, the General Electric plant where he was a public relations man, and his new home on Cape Cod — these settings are common to almost all his novels and short stories.

The style may bring to mind another Black Humorist, Terry Southern. But only Southern's film-script for *Dr. Strangelove* approaches

Vonnegut's brilliance. Both authors use the cliché for effect, but where the sardonic Mr. Southern uses the commonplace to reinforce our own complacency, Vonnegut uses it to throw new light on those thoughts which we hoped were *not* ordinary. A cliché is dead language, as when an author deliberately inserts one into the unresisting mouth of a character, he is registering contempt for that character, labeling him dead. In *Cat's Cradle*, a nihilist strangles a cat and hangs a "Meow" sign around its neck. Vonnegut does not find that funny.

Roughly half of Vonnegut's published short stories are included in this collection. It is a good selection, although an unimpressive re-

view of the big Random House dictionary has unaccountably crept in. Vonnegut's writing has only recently brought him a fair amount of success, and these stories occasionally bear the scars of their commercial birth. His predilection for science-fiction modes has limited his acceptability as far as the upper-class journals are concerned. Respectability has its own limitations.

The reader should not expect full-fledged apocalypse from these pleasant tales, only brush fires of varying intensity that a good fireman can handle. "The contents of this book are samples of work I sold in order to finance the writing of the novels." It is a modest and unnecessary disclaimer.

Shoot-up in Detroit

by Stephen Schlesinger

Mr. Schlesinger became interested in the legal implications of the Algiers Motel shooting when the story was first reported during the Detroit riots last summer. He made his own study of the affair in the course of several trips to Detroit to talk to participants and witnesses and read the record. His review augments that of Edward Weeks in the August issue.

— The Editor

Every so often an event occurs which assaults the conventional imagination because in its gruesome detail and horrid reality it lays bare the ugliest sores of a society. During the worst hours of the Detroit riot last summer, three Negro boys were shot by police in a red-light motel. First official reports described the black youths as "snipers"; later suspicions were aroused when none of the police involved filed a report on the deaths and witnesses began walking into the office of Detroit Congressman Conyers, a Negro, with stories of being clubbed and forced to play "death games." The newspapers investigated and turned up evidence of murder. Two of the three white officers implicated changed their stories and admitted the shootings as self-defense. Suddenly a minor incident overshadowed the riot because in its particulars it somehow encapsulated what is worst in this

country today, the scabrous conditions of Negroes, police prejudice against black youths, white fears of Negro sexuality, the uncontrolled violence of riots, and the pervasive racism which seeps into the pores of American justice and laws.

John Hersey spent months tracking down the witnesses of the incident at the Algiers Motel. He recorded thousands of facts, apparently taped numerous conversations with participants, police as well as Negro, studied hundreds of pages of testimony taken during the preliminary hearings, and sifted through a gigantic mound of conflicting evidence and interpretations before

The Algiers Motel Incident
by John Hersey
(Knopf, \$5.95; Bantam, \$1.25)

constructing his book. The outcome is a profusion of details, surmise, hearsay, and murky recollection which, in its final state, is nothing more than the court transcript itself.

One must give credit to Hersey's sense of outrage. He was keenly aware, as he probed deeper and deeper into the story, of the raw savage currents tearing at the society and the awful injustices visited upon vulnerable black children. Unmentioned in the book, though not surprising in its context,

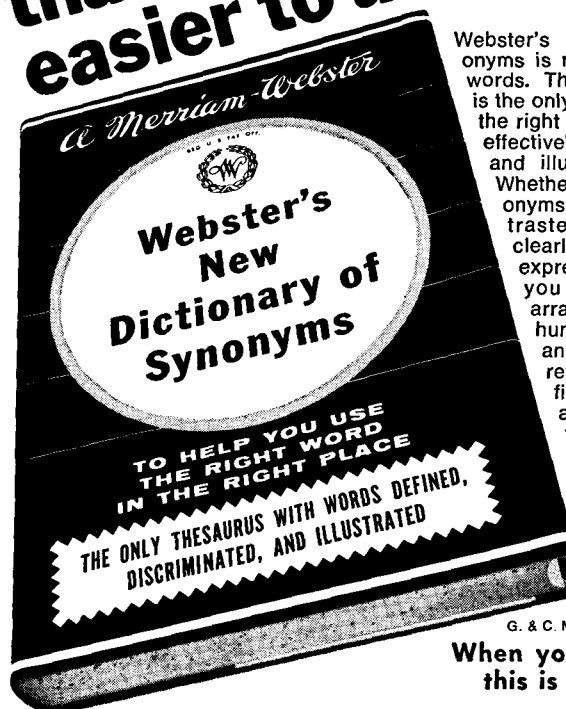
the horrifying figure compiled by the President's Crime Commission last year that 90 percent of Negro urban youths will be arrested for an offense more serious than a traffic violation at some point in their lifetime. This is not so incredible when one realizes that most police forces in this country are prejudiced against Negroes. In a survey conducted by the Crime Commission in selected precincts of Washington, Boston, and Chicago with predominantly black populations, over three fourths of the white policemen expressed prejudiced or highly prejudiced sentiments toward the black man. A distinguished former commissioner of a large city police force in the early sixties told me that 90 percent of his force was biased against Negroes. His own lieutenants referred to them as "burrheads" in his presence until he forbade it.

Many police officials, however, have argued that prejudice does not necessarily interfere with the day-to-day dealings the patrolman has with the black community. The Crime Commission confirms this to a certain extent. But unquestionably the tacit approval of bigotry within the police itself and by white society generally, especially among lower-income communities which produce most white policemen, does influence the man on the beat. He finds it easier to abuse the Negro than the white. Thus the only civilian review board extant in the United States, the Philadelphia Police Advisory Board, in its first eight years of life received two thirds of its complaints from nonwhites and only a third from whites. As a member of the Los Angeles Police Department remarked during the McCone hearings, the white officers simply can't conceive of Negroes as individuals.

The most damning evidence of this official contumacy is the paucity of black police officers. In Detroit, with a Negro population of 25 percent, only 4 percent of the force is black. In Boston, a city of supposed liberal heritage, the black community is 11 percent of the populace, and less than 3 percent of the police is Negro.

Overshadowing the Algiers incident, then, were the raw materials of which prejudice has been shaped and institutionalized. Hersey perceived these themes as he dug into the macabre tale at the Algiers. He starts with an insistent portrait

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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

Sorel's Caricatures, page 84

Clockwise beginning top left: Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Frank Sinatra, John Kenneth Galbraith, South Vietnam's Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky. Mr. Harman's suggestion for General Ky was first to arrive of several in a similar vein.

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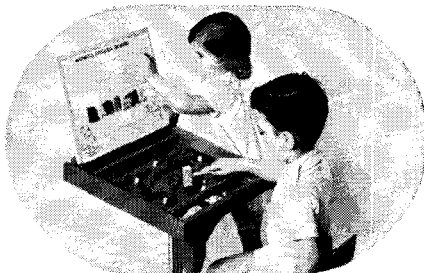
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of the police invading the motel badgering the Negro youths, taking their money, pushing and shoving them around, treating them, in short, as dumb objects. Auburey Pollard, one of the youths later killed, was beaten so hard with a shotgun that it broke, and the officer yelled, "This nigger made me break my shotgun. . . ." One policeman threw a knife to a boy and said, "Defend yourself." Several other youths were led to rooms and told to lie down. Police then fired into the floor in an attempt to scare the men into talking. Emerging as the ringleader of these "games" was a short young officer, David Senak, nicknamed "the Snake," who worked on the vice squad and uttered classic statements to Hersey about his job: "I know all women aren't prostitutes," but, "who gave who the apple?" Senak led the beating and stripping of two white girls discovered with the Negroes. The sexual tension aroused by the presence of the women apparently enraged the police. When the officers left, three Negroes were dead; no weapon was found in the Algiers.

To give his book the smells and colors of its setting, Hersey has larded his pages with descriptions of the lives of the Negro youths. From long, sometimes diffuse, conversations, one receives a collective sense of how white society gradually ruined the hopes and ideals of the black adolescents, through the broken families, indifferent schools, lack of openings into white jobs, harassment from the police, and the difficulty of staying stable in a twilight world. For a reader intensely curious about these jumbled lives, the extended dialogues are fascinating. But streams of narrative soon enlarge into a river of accounts. Hersey begins to thrust chapter after chapter of quoted testimony and conversation at the reader, stringing it together loosely with his own observations. That thread of continuity, so important to the strength of a documentary book, gets hidden in the onslaught.

It is then that Hersey's real problem with his material becomes apparent. His dilemma is that he is writing before the trial and he is subject to the legal process, the dangers of pretrial publicity, and the problems of hearsay, and if he doesn't quote witnesses exactly, he may be subject to libel. On the

other hand, he is outraged by the incident; he is fearful that the police may get away scot-free if the trial takes place at some vague date in the future. And he has a publisher's deadline to meet.

Prudence tells us that Hersey could have avoided this quagmire if he had waited to publish after the trial. This is what Truman Capote did in *In Cold Blood*. But in fairness, Hersey faced a different situation. Capote had a straight murder case in which legal niceties were observed: the killers confessed, and no police were involved. On the other hand, Hersey had a murder case where two of the suspects confessed, but because they were police officers and their victims were young rootless blacks, the judicial system, the police department, and the city all tried to protect the officers from prosecution.

In brief, Hersey in putting together his book confronted a hopelessly rotten system. It was a system which automatically disbelieved the stories of black people. The police department refused to investigate the Algiers incident on the strength of Negro witnesses until the papers and Congressman Conyers goaded them into it. The county prosecutor then issued a warrant only again.

Negro policeman who was present. When the white police confessed, the prosecutor finally had to act against them. In court, however, the judge preferred to believe unreliable white testimony against unreliable black testimony and dismissed the case against one officer, suppressed a confession of another officer on the grounds he had no lawyer present, and indicted only the third. The city then undertook to harass the black witnesses by constantly arresting them on various pretexts, instilling fear in their families, and dragging its feet on the trials. The worst truth of all, as one of the youths points out, was that if the police had been Negro and the young men white, the scenario would have been reversed.

Hersey came to the conclusion that the Negroes might never get justice, like many poor people black and white, in this "system." Thus his own sense of idealism drove him to write this book and take the risk of boring his readers with stretches of detail and prejudicing the forthcoming trial. Yet the subject remains intrinsically compelling.

The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks

Etched in Sunlight is the happy title for a remarkably beautiful book. In it Samuel Chamberlain has told the story of how a boy from the state of Washington transferred to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to study architecture, and how suddenly he woke up in a life class (where the casual nakedness of the model made him blush) at the sound of magic words quietly spoken by Professor W. Felton Brown, as in a sweeping gesture from the model's shoulder he pointed out the "line of light and shade." Those words were an open sesame for Sam Chamberlain, who was to break away from architecture and commercial art to free-lance in pencil drawings, etchings, drypoint,

Etched in Sunlight

by Samuel Chamberlain, N.A.
(Boston Public Library, \$20.00)

The Hurricane Years

by Cameron Hawley
(Little, Brown, \$7.50)

The Occupying Power

by Gwyn Griffin
(Putnam's, \$6.95)

and lithographs. His artistry has covered half a century, at a time when the new medium of photography would have driven a lesser man out of business. With his zest for food and wine and his gift for friendship, Chamberlain has become, and I do not exaggerate, the most welcome and appreciative American in France and the adjoining gastronomic provinces of Italy and Britain.

Time and his teachers favored Chamberlain. The traveling fellowship in Europe which he hungered for in 1916 came to him a year later as an ambulance driver in the American Field Service; he went to war with a box of watercolors and a pad of Whatman's paper in his duffel bag, fell in love with France at first sight of the villages of the Médoc. "low white houses capped with rose-colored tile roofs radiant in the

summer sun," and more important than his Croix de Guerre were the drawings and paintings which he made on leave in Paris, Dinard, Aix-les-Bains, and Biarritz. When he returned from war, William Emerson, the great-nephew of Ralph Waldo, had succeeded Ralph Adams Cram as dean of the Architectural School. Emerson had graduated from Harvard the year Chamberlain was born, but their lifelong friendship was based on a mutual love for France and for sketching, and the dean did not demur when Chamberlain quit architecture.

In the early twenties Sam acquired the economy and discipline which were to make his drawings so desirable; he went to France on a shoestring, sought out the old houses, the châteaux, the old towers, city gates, and bridges where the line of light and shade could be most beautifully depicted. He learned as he traveled, studying lithography in the studio of Gaston Dorfinant, and etching in the atelier of Edouard Léon on the Left Bank; and when he was joined by his attractive wife, Narcissa, who had just as fine a palate and a better memory for recipes, his mastery of black and white and his knowledge of good cooking and good wine began to approach perfection. The portfolios which he brought back from their annual sojourns in Europe held source material for magazine editors and for the more than seventy books which he has written or illustrated.

Wherever they went the Chamberlains made friends, and their friendships, whether with the artists on the Left Bank or with Steve and Rosemary Benét, the Donald Mofats, and the Karl Cates at Senlis, are bright and restful episodes in his peregrinations. William Emerson was always his mentor, they grew in each other's affection, and the dean must have approved when Sam added photography as another string to his bow. In this medium, as in his lithography, he is drawn to what is old, to the covered bridge at Sturbridge and to the salt-box houses in Plymouth and Topsfield and the wharves at Nantucket



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by Thomas E. Quigley

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and Rockport. Of the drawings and lithographs my favorites are the Salamanca Cathedral, *Senlis From a Crow's Nest*, the exquisite facade of Beauvais (drawn while serving as a retread in the Air Corps), *Reflected Light*, *Sidi-Bou-Saïd*, and, if I had to settle for one, *Quimper*, for its superb symmetry and contrast. My complaint, and it is a minor one, is that Chamberlain does not usually pause long enough to hint, much less to tell us, of the history associated with so many of his romantic subjects. The Boston Public Library, which sponsored the publication, and the author, who laid out the format and decided so rightly on the size and choice of the more than 400 illustrations, are to be congratulated.

Are Americans more vulnerable than other people to heart attacks? Has the climate or our compulsion for success made us so? The question has become more pressing in recent years with the realization that many American executives thought to be in their prime are suddenly bowled over in their mid-forties. This is the inquiry which led Cameron Hawley to the writing of *The Hurricane Years* (after he himself had suffered a heart attack), and he is as deeply

concerned with the causes which prompt a man to knock himself out for a corporation as he is with the aftermath.

The Hurricane Years opens in a hospital on the Pennsylvania Turnpike where the hero, Judd Wilder, a brilliant promoter, who has ignored all the danger signals in his drive for success, comes to after a coronary occlusion. In its telling, this is a duel between two men, Judd, the executive, frightened but determined to get back into the pitch as soon as possible, and his doctor, Aaron Kharr, a heart specialist, who has been writing papers and planning a book about men under stress, and who has come to believe in an unorthodox treatment for their cure. Under Dr. Kharr's probing, Judd relives and, grudgingly, revalues his career: his marriage to Kay, a wife turned cold, his abandonment of the theater for advertising, his obsessive dedication to the Crouch Carpet Company. Judd feels that he is being used as a guinea pig, and at times he rebels. But the light filters in, and the truth he is learning is a truth which many executives could well heed. This story may be regarded by some as too didactic and too long; I think it is saved from both charges by its humane and compassionate qualities, and by its characterization.

For some years now I have been relishing the short stories and the novels of Gwyn Griffin. He has a pictorial power which stems from his familiarity with the Mediterranean countries and the Near East; he has a sublime sense of the ridiculous; and he is unafraid to be romantic when the occasion warrants. His performance marked him as one of the most promising of the current crop of English novelists, and in his last book, *The Occupying Power*, now published posthumously, he chose a theme and a setting well adapted to his versatility.

The island of Baressa, ninety-five miles long by fifty miles broad, was, the author says, "one of Italy's earliest and most disappointing colonial acquisitions." Palm-fringed and tropical, it sat "in shark-infested waters six hundred miles off the northeast coast of Italian Somaliland." Arabian, Indian, and African pirates had used it as a stronghold, and later, exiles from Abyssinia and the Balkans had compounded

an exotic population before Mussolini took it over.

The story begins on a hot August afternoon in 1940 when the small Italian colony was roused from its dripping siesta to discover that a British warship was at the entrance to the harbor of San Pietro, and that a new phase of life was beginning in their corrupt and overheated paradise. The story ridicules the conquest by the English authorities, the subtle ways in which they are seduced or opposed by their Italian captives, and how they are finally ejected; in short, this is a comic opera book about the war, and a good one.

The Senior Civil Affairs Officer — in effect, the English governor — is Major Euan Lemonfield. Short, fastidious, coolly articulate, and well endowed with English arrogance, a London lawyer of acumen, he means to clean up the place, rule it with an iron hand, and live well in the bargain. Incidentally he loathes the British Army. His immediate assistants are Christopher Kellermann, an overdecorated infantry officer who was wounded by his own men and who sees in Baressa a heaven-sent chance of avoiding any further combat; Captain James Naughton-Muirhead, a fop from St. James, full of grace and sarcasm and presumably the playboy of the governor; and last but not least, Sergeant Brinsmead, who has all the canniness of a superior noncom. The Italians whom they encounter are a motley crew, including Mrs. Tamminetto, a virago, who was in charge of the Italian police force when the British arrived and was not easily dislodged. Her secretary, Silvana, is quite the most attractive young girl on the island, and those of the invading party who are so inclined vie for her favors. Major Lemonfield works wonders with the place without detracting from its operatic features and is deservedly promoted. He has a hard time with the English renegades on the island, the one a Puritan priest, the other a fascist decadent; and his hardest, when transports periodically land elements from the army, especially a British general who has been relieved of his command for incompetence in Libya, and who descends on Baressa with the idea of fortifying the place against an improbable German invasion. Bizarre and unpredictable, I find this story clear sailing all the way, and good fun.

The Writers

Stanley Kauffmann, formerly drama critic for the *New York Times*, is Associate Literary Editor for the *New Republic* and author of *A World on Film*.

Justin Kaplan received the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award for his book *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*.

Charles Nicol teaches English at Indiana State University.

Stephen Schlesinger graduated from the Harvard Law School last June.

Carter Harman is a free-lance writer and reviewer. He is the author of *A Popular History of Music*.

Phoebe Adams, Herbert Kupperberg, and Edward Weeks contribute regularly to the magazine.

The Revolt of the Composers

by Carter Harman

There are 1436 symphony orchestras making music in the U.S.A. today, according to the American Symphony Orchestra League, which keeps track. I suspect that in thirty years there will be 100, or fewer.

The current number is 400-odd more than that of ten years ago, which averages out to one spasmodic birth every nine days.

I submit that, despite appearances, this is not so much the issue of a joyous, nationwide cultural love-in as an unnatural child sired by the so-called musical establishment, the high church of culture composed of symphonic societies, opera guilds, the big conservatories, the musicians' union. The facts are obscured by a smoke screen of verbiage, practically all of it either obscurantist or downright uninformed.

But the facts are there. *Concert Music U.S.A., 1968*, a publication of BMI (an organization that divvies up the music-rights business with ASCAP, and should know whereof it speaks), admits *with pride* that only one third of the music played by symphony orchestras last year was by twentieth-century composers. (The pride comes because the year before, the percentage was still lower.) This, of course, includes such twentieth-century names as Stravinsky, Bartók, Strauss, and Mahler.

The orchestra has not changed its setup or its sound significantly in a hundred years. We can hardly fault it for cranking out the same stuff it was designed for, but by so doing, it has plunged itself into a century-long science-fiction time stasis. Before that, concert music was always new, the latest thing, even as popular music is today. Young Wolfgang Mozart, out on the road to display his latest concertos, wrote his father to the effect that somebody had played a piece that was pretty good *despite the fact that it was seven years old*. Today, every art gallery show, every record release, every magazine issue, as well as every brand of cigarette and soap, is touted for its newness. What in the

world is the matter with "serious" music?

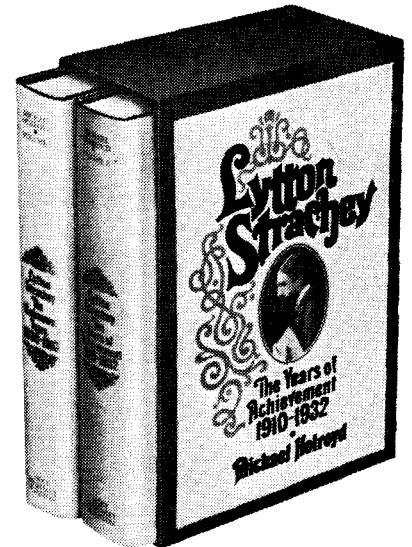
We cannot blame its catatonia on any single villain or misfortune, unless we call "greatness" a misfortune. For the musical establishment has been lured to the brink of disaster by its preoccupation with greatness.

Musical greatness was discovered in Vienna about 150 years ago. It had been going on for some decades, of course, but that was revealed later. Beethoven was the first great musical hero, the prototype. For greatness, there must be massive sound, impressive length, and a looming sense of high tragedy, usually accompanied by breast-beating. The qualities are easy enough to recognize after a little practice. The great composers put great reliance on simple tunes supported by monolithic harmonies. This gives the listener a comfortable sense of security, particularly when it comes to those rousing final chords. But it is disturbing to realize that our yearnings toward greatness are not instinctive, like mother love, but are injected into us from outside, like the yearning for a new car.

In music, too, we are victims of the hard sell. For example, at the beginning of the present century, New Yorkers could not stomach the music of Richard Wagner. But Walter Damrosch, then conductor of the New York Symphony Society, would not allow his listeners their prejudice. "They don't like Wagner?" he fumed. "Then they shall hear Wagner until they do like it!" And with heroic defiance not only of the public but of his own board of directors, he played the stuff until the crowd was begging for more.

Similarly, the recent rise to popularity of the music of Gustav Mahler was produced by the powerful combine of the Philharmonic's latest conductor, Leonard Bernstein, and Columbia Records, which immortalizes it on vinyl. The sales promotion on Mozart, Beethoven, and the other classics was wrapped up long ago by other high-minded

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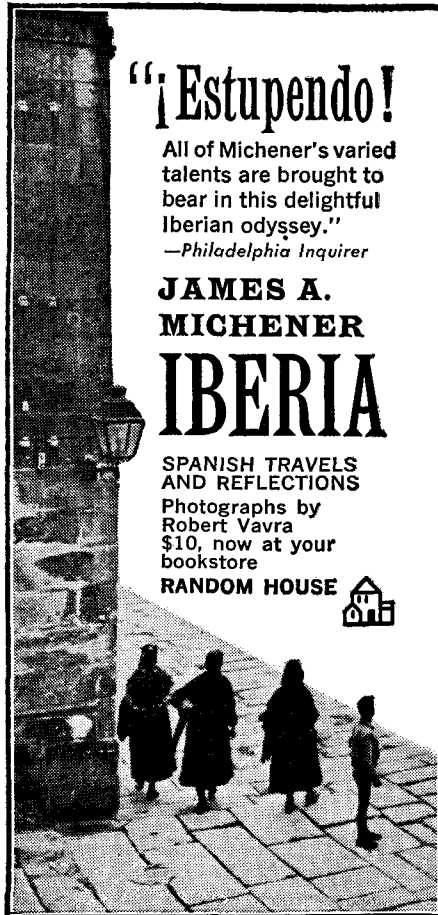
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citizens of other lands. By the time this music had reached our generation it had become, in the Madison Avenue term, presold.

The critics (I hate to use a dirty word here) have a definite role to play in the situation. It is a rather negative role, either because they are pussyfooting — out of fear that if the present situation should change they might lose their jobs — or because they are just too lazy to deal with today's new music. So of course they sigh with almost audible relief when they hear something pretty.

"Unabashed melody," they call it; in other words, melody that should have brought a crippling blush to the composer's face when he wrote it, but for some reason didn't. If they were reviewing a serial in a woman's magazine they would call it "purple prose." The trouble with unabashed melody is not that it is pretty but that it is too *easy*; its parts have loosened like the gears of an old car.

The kind of melody used by today's advanced composers, the kind that the press deplores or ridicules, is unabashed in another way. It leaps back and forth from one end of the gamut to the other and is definitely hard to follow, the first time. The problem is that, mired as we are in the not-so-recent past, we are conditioned to think of *melody* in nineteenth-century, grand opera terms — as something that can be sung without too much effort, even though it might be played on an orchestral instrument. There is no rational explanation for this, since the fiddles and winds are literally better able to play leaps than the runs and cautious intervals of "unabashed melody."

I have never read anything about unabashed rhythm, although it is just as basic and embarrassing as unabashed melody. The reason the old boys had to use unabashed rhythm was that the players needed to hang on to that thudding down-beat lest the performance fall apart.

Today's big orchestras are still hung up on that miserable down-beat, but the new music is moving away from it. Music in the advanced styles is so filled with metrical changes that there is often no sign of regular or even irregular pulse. The effect is dreamlike: the rhythms are no longer limited to the natural rhythms of the human body, as the melodies are no longer limited to

those that can be sung by the human voice. It is not exaggerating to say that music has reached a point it has striven to attain for centuries: the point of abstraction or spirituality.

Nobody should be surprised to learn that established performing organizations find the extreme samples of advanced music virtually unplayable. They are not financially able to buy the enormous lengths of time it takes to prepare a performance, nor do conductors have the courage to program the stuff and risk the disapproval of their boards, their public, and the press. Consequently the advanced composers are either (a) not getting played or (b) not getting played well enough. Stefan Wolpe, who is something of a demigod to one advanced school of composers, had two of the three movements of his symphony played by the New York Philharmonic about three years ago. Mr. Wolpe later rated the performance at about 20 percent accurate.

And so it happens that while the great concert halls are busy with the prolongation of yesterday's sunsets, the dawn is breaking anyway. After 150 years of entrusting others to do their performing jobs for them, composers are waking up to the fact that they have been double-crossed. And they have gone and started a revolution. They have formed their own performing groups to play their own music.

The first overt step in the secession of the composers from the musical establishment was taken in 1962, when Harvey Sollberger, composer-flutist-conductor, and Charles Wuorinen, composer-pianist-conductor, organized the Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University. After a while, the Rockefeller Foundation got interested, and starting in 1964, groups sprang up in a dozen colleges and universities.

They are, in order of appearance, or rather of bestowal, the Creative Music Associates of Buffalo, led by Lukas Foss; the Contemporary Chamber Players of the University of Chicago, led by Ralph Shapey; the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble at Rutgers University, led by Arthur Weisberg; the Center for New Music at the University of Iowa, led by Richard Hervig; the University of Washington Contemporary Performing Group, led

by William Bergsma; the Group for New Music at Portland State College, led by David Bloch; Sarah Lawrence's Aeolian Chamber Players, led by Lewis Kaplan; Grinnell College's Lenox Quartet; the Mills College Performing Group, led by Nathan Rubin, now merged with the San Francisco Tape Center, at Mills; the Pennsylvania Contemporary Players at the University of Pennsylvania, led by George Rochberg; and the University Circle Contemporary Chamber Ensemble at the Cleveland Institute. Several other groups are functioning, but are less known than those backed by the Rockefeller Foundation.

Performers for these outfits do not necessarily come from establishment training centers. They are being "identified" every day by alert members of the groups, often as undergraduates who play an instrument only for fun. They are helped to learn the music from the inside of it — the way the composer wrote it — so that learning each one is something like learning a little language. Understanding why the notes lie the way they do makes them easier to play, since the player is not always fighting his fingers. In fact, the scales and arpeggios, the "exercises" of establishment training, are as unpopular as spirochetes among the advanced, on the theory that they will stiffen attitudes as well as fingers.

Like good revolutionaries anywhere, these composers claim to be restoring matters to an ideal state that once existed. Their point is that it was not until after the time of Beethoven that composers stopped playing their own music in public. The retreat was so total that only yesterday the phrases "composers' piano playing" and "composers' conducting" were terms of ridicule. It was also a necessity: the job of organizing, managing, rehearsing, and promoting a great symphonic organization left no time for writing music.

It was after the big retreat, when the masses began to sit alongside the nobility in concert halls, that the notion took hold that great music was for everybody; that, like government, music was somehow democratic — and that the public should be the ultimate judge of greatness.

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But now there is a book that dares to deal frankly and realistically with the difficult, frustrating, often frightening problems of puberty and early manhood. It's **BOYS AND SEX** by Dr. Wardell B. Pomeroy, practicing psychologist and co-author of the Kinsey reports—a candid, sensitive, no-punches-pulled book that speaks directly to boys, in language they can understand, about the mysteries of sex and adolescent sexual development.

Dr. Pomeroy believes that it is futile to argue about whether a growing boy should have a sex life. Every boy does, in one form or another. His purpose is to guide and instruct boys entering puberty in such an honest and forthright way that fear, anxiety, and shame will be eliminated.

BOYS AND SEX discusses candidly and with great sensitivity the many difficult areas in the sexual develop-

ment of adolescents. It describes the powerful tug-of-war between a boy's natural sex instincts and the taboos of our society. And—in a unique question-and-answer section—every concern, worry, and dread that has threatened the sexual "peace of mind" of the average adolescent boy is aired and closely examined.

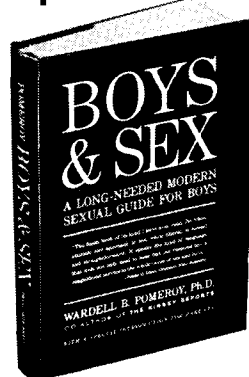
Dr. Pomeroy does not moralize or condemn. Nor does he advocate total permissiveness. Instead, with exceptional insight, he explores all the physical, emotional, and social factors involved in boys' sexual behavior. Most important, he succeeds in presenting sex as the normal, healthy, natural thing it is.

■ "The finest book of its kind I have ever read. Its whole attitude and approach to sex, while liberal, is honest and straightforward. It speaks the kind of language that kids not only need to hear but can respond to—a magnificent service to the whole cause of sex and boys."—FOSTER Q. DOAN, Chaplain, Blair Academy

■ "As I read your manuscript, I kept saying to myself, 'At last it is being said' . . . Congratulations."—MARY S. CALDERONE, M.D., Executive Director, Sex Information and Education Council for the United States

BOYS AND SEX is available now at your bookstore, or by mailing the coupon below, with \$4.00 for each copy desired, to DELACORTE PRESS, Box 2291, Grand Central P.O., New York, N.Y. 10017.

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A

organized profession would consider such a proposition with a straight face. The armed forces and big business, to name a couple, are organized along strictly fascist lines to accomplish specific objectives, namely to wage war and to make money. The objective of formal music was (a) to create an atmosphere of mystery and awe for the greater glory of God and, later, (b) to divert and intrigue the intellectual and the nobleman. Nevertheless, when it became fashionable for composers to consider posterity, they continued to write for themselves, or at the most for persons they were pretty sure could understand. There have always been composers who are basically entertainers, of course, and that is fine. But to try to force all composers into a clown's role is a task only for other clowns.

A composer is a man who is able to speak in abstractions of a certain type. Like any other kind of speech, the point of this type is to communicate. The point of any communication, from a shout of rage to the caressing of a love object, is first for the communicator to say something and second for *somebody* to understand. After that, it makes no difference whether two or two million people understand. It is the demagogue and the merchant who need the masses.

By going back into the business of playing their own music, the new composers are liberating themselves from the necessity to second-guess the fickle public. And hundreds of listeners go to their concerts anyway, most of them of college age.

Thinking back over the various concerts and recordings of the advanced music I have heard, I feel certain there is a definite school or style, and yet it cannot be clearly defined. I came away from an early experience with a hallucinatory impression of all kinds of impacting balls and spheres — showers of ball bearings on the strings of a grand piano; billiard balls plashing over the bars of xylophones, marimbas, vibraphones, glockenspiels; bowling balls bounding boisterously along tuned railroad ties; gargantuan beach balls rebounding in slow motion from the net of a resounding trampoline, *basso profundo*; Ping-Pong balls blowing breezily across the strings of a harp; a BB broadside shattering crystal prisms.

But, although this pointillistic

effect is the outstanding and most frequently noted device of the advanced composers, there are others. There are brushstrokes of equal refinement and delicacy that create a distinct and often eerie atmosphere. And then the listener may find himself unexpectedly in the middle of a chaotic, uproarious climax of riot and madness.

The most obvious element that is missing from the sound of this advanced music is what orchestration students call the "pedal," the sustaining background of steady tone that takes its name from what happens when pianists step on the "loud" pedal. This is not necessarily indicative of a revolt against the piano; quite a bit of advanced music is written for that most romantic of instruments. Instead, it is against the imprecision that the piano pedal has encouraged.

This, then, is the musical revolution — a revolution that is almost completely unnoticed by the press. Its instigators belong to the same generation that is struggling against the old order everywhere, but here, at least, the lines are drawn quite clearly.

On the one hand are the municipal symphonic societies, devoted to the glories of the past but unable, despite vigorous campaigning by the older music lovers, to support themselves without subsidies. On the other hand are the composer-led contemporary music groups, equally unprofitable, supported by foundations and universities — but attended by the younger crowd.

What I foresee is a kind of symphonic atrophy. I myself, now that I have come under the spell of the new fantasy in music, wonder if I could ever again mist over to the theme from the *Unfinished* — and I was *raised* on that stuff. And what about the audiences that are being raised on the advanced styles? Will they ever feel the need to subsidize the old-style municipal symphonies?

It seems unlikely. I suspect that the next generation of solid citizens will support a few great orchestras, as the present generation supports a few great museums. There will be a proliferation of radical smaller groups, manned by composers, playing for anybody who wants to understand, without any hang-ups about having to play "great music."

The revolution will have been won.

Short Reviews: Records

by Herbert Kupferberg

Bartók: 44 Duos for Violins (*André Gertler, Josef Suk; Crossroads 22-16-0208*). Two violins all by themselves on a vivid and surprisingly varied excursion into Bartókian folk tunes. Each fiddle fits neatly into a stereo speaker.

Britten: The Burning Fiery Furnace (*Britten, Pears, Shirley-Quirk, English Opera Group; London OSA-1163*). The instruments provide a naïve barbaric splendor and the voices a quality of simple fervor that well serve this "parable" of those three imperturbable heroes, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

Régine Crespin Recital (*with John Wustman, piano; London OS-26043*). Unusual repertory that includes Schumann's *Five Poems of Mary Stuart* and several Hugo Wolf songs. Poulenc's "C," that moving expression of French despair in 1940, is sung beautifully.

George M! (*Original Broadway Cast; Columbia KOS-3200*). On records, at least, a dismal experience, with songs that are dated and strident belloyed by Joel Grey. George M. Cohan deserves better.

Hair (*Original Broadway Cast; RCA Victor LSO-1150*). It still rocks, but *Hair* was a more pungent and pointed show before it moved uptown from off-Broadway, and that original-cast album (LSO-1143) had more zip and zest than this Broadway version.

Ives: Symphony No. 1; Three Places in New England (*Ormandy, Philadelphia; Columbia MS-7111*). The Philadelphians lavish their lush sound on a student piece of Ives; they also make the *Three Places* fairly glow.

Janáček: Choral and Orchestral Works (*Brno State Philharmonic, Prague Symphony, Czech Philharmonic Chorus; Crossroads 22-26-0016*). The repertory is largely unfamiliar and the performances only passable, with a bleaty tenor annoyingly prominent. But a good chance to hear such pieces as the *Lachian Dances*, the *Fiddler's Child*, and *Our Father*, which

is a large-scale, deeply impressive setting of the Lord's Prayer almost ruined by that quavery tenor.

Mahler: Das Klagende Lied (*Wyn Morris with soloists, Ambrosian Singers, New Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel S-36504*). Mahler's Opus 1 — a lyric, brilliant, boldly operatic setting of a legend about a minstrel and a queen — exhilaratingly sung and played.

Mozart: La Betulia liberata, K. 118 (*Carlo Felice Cillario conducting soloists, chorus, and orchestra of the Angelicum, Milan; RCA Victorla VICS-6112*). This early oratorio, based on the story of Judith and Holofernes, abounds in graceful arias and strong choruses, with a characteristically Mozartean stamp. Three records; good performance; lovely listening.

Mozart: The Complete String Quintets (*Heutling Quartet; Seraphim SIC-6028*.) An albumful of great music, well played, at a bargain price.

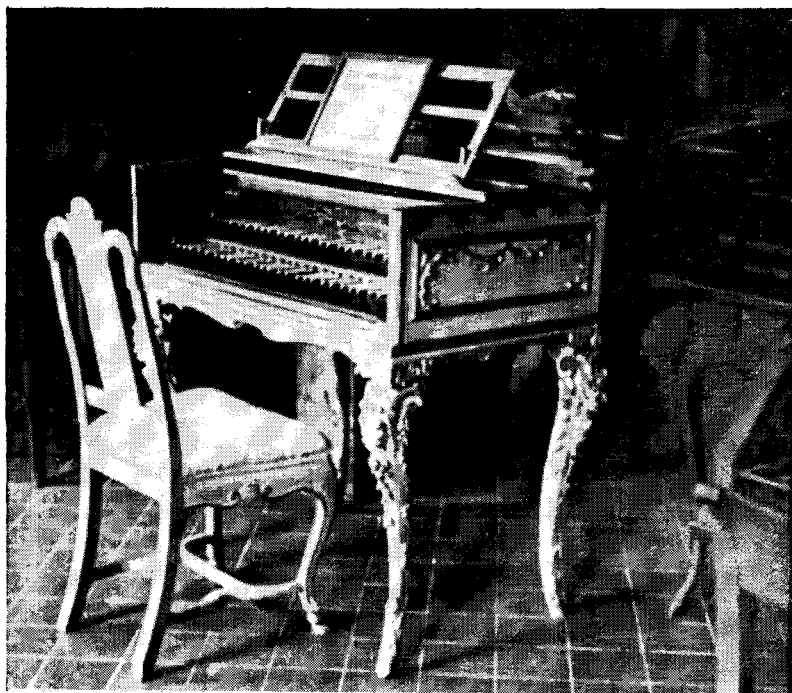
Stereo Strings (*Malcolm Sargent, Philharmonia and Royal Philharmonic Orchestras; Capitol SP-8676*). Forget the title. This isn't salon music, but such solid English fare as Vaughan Williams' *Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis*, Warlock's *Capriol Suite*, and Holst's *St. Paul Suite*, all set forth by an expert.

Schoenberg: Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte; Webern: String Quartet, Opus 28; Stravinsky: Concertino for String Quartet, Three Pieces for String Quartet (*Claremont Quartet, Joanna Nickrenz, piano, Bernard Jacobson, recitation; Nonesuch H-71186*). A tidy twentieth-century collection, highlighted by Schoenberg's remarkable *Ode* for speaker, piano, and quartet, written in 1943 — as effective a use as he ever made of *Sprechstimme* technique.

The Art of Lawrence Tibbett (*RCA Victorla VICS-1340e*). Tibbett in his prime, with six standard baritone arias, Moussorgsky's *Song of the Flea*, and some nondescript concert songs. Souped-up sound.

Voices of the Middle Ages (*Capella Antiqua, Munich; Nonesuch H-71171*). Church music by Dufay and that most ancient master of all, Anon. The performers imbue these five-hundred-year-old pieces with life as well as devotion.

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Short Reviews: Books

by Phoebe Adams

The Rise of Anthropological Theory by Marvin Harris. Crowell, \$16.50. Dr. Harris' interesting and frequently disrespectful summary of the permutations of ideas about culture since the eighteenth century has a more than historical purpose. The author would have anthropologists go beyond the unreflective pack-ratting of data and resume the search for patterns of activity from which generally applicable theories of human social development may be derived. He would also have them give up the pretense of objectivity in favor of judgments on the practical (not moral) effectiveness of any given culture. The implication is that anthropology can and should make useful contribution to international schemes for economic improvement.

Black Rage by William H. Grier and Price M. Cobbs. Basic Books, \$5.95. Despite a few lapses into what they call, in deploring the errors of a nameless colleague, racial chauvinism, these two Negro psychiatrists present a coherent, convincing, and distressing study of the effects on black citizens of the relentless, encircling pressure of a hostile white society.

Famine on the Wind by G. L. Carefoot and E. R. Sprott. Rand McNally, \$5.95. Much information about plant diseases, calculated to have a sobering effect on anyone who supposes that an adequate world food supply is merely a question of distributing seeds and chemical fertilizer. Unhappily, the text is so down-written that one feels a genius for having heard of the rose bug.

The Permissible Lie by Samm Sinclair Baker. World, \$5.95. After making his living in advertising for thirty years, Mr. Baker has undertaken to warn the public of the devious practices of the profession from which he has safely retired. His book has a peculiar history, in addition to the author's remarkable patience about writing it. It was scheduled for publication and canceled at the last moment, when it came to the attention of authorities

at the *Reader's Digest*, the ultimate owner of the house in question. It now appears under another imprint. All this shifting about suggests dire chicanery by masked villains from Madison Avenue, but examination of the book raises another, quite unforeseen possibility. The thing is written with all the elegance of a truss ad, and the *Digest* people may have canned it for purely literary reasons.

The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test and The Pump House Gang by Tom Wolfe. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.95 each. Mr. Wolfe's frenetic (or Kerouacian) style works erratically in the reports and sketches that make up the gang, but serves him well in the acid test, which is a long, careful study of a group of drug-taking California aesthetes. Style also tends to obscure the fact that Mr. Wolfe is a shrewd social observer with a quick, harsh eye for psychological disaster areas.

Fong and the Indians by Paul Theroux. Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95. One chapter of this satirical farce about multiracial misunderstanding appeared in the *Atlantic* as "Two in the Bush." Mr. Theroux is a malicious and funny man.

The Blacking Factory and Pennsylvania Gothic by Wilfrid Sheed. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.50. The prose is clear as a cat's eye and direct as a rifle shot, a great pleasure in these days of fun-house baroque. Mr. Sheed's tales of the lingering effects of adolescent psychic disturbance lack the basic storyteller's magic, but have every merit that can be supplied by intelligence, knowledge, and civilized taste.

The Book of Pearls by Joan Younger Dickinson. Crown, \$6.95. The author's research methods are random with a romantic bias, and her rootings cast before the reader such astounding historical misinformation that it is impossible to take her seriously on the modern pearl industry, about which she may possibly be quite accurate.

Scotland by Eric Linklater and Edwin Smith. Viking, \$12.50. Mr. Linklater's text rambles amiably around history, literature, scenery, and gossip. Mr. Smith's photographs are big and beautiful and bewitching.

The Art of Archaic Greece by E. Homann-Wedeking. Crown, \$6.95. This is an exceptionally good description and analysis, even by the high standards of the Art of the World Series. It is also well written, a refinement altogether beyond the normal call of duty with art historians, who usually assume that readers should be content with a text as dry as Mycenae in midsummer.

The American Heritage Pictorial History of the Presidents and the Presidency of the United States. Three volumes, boxed. Simon and Schuster, \$35.00. A horde of editors and contributors have assembled a sensible, literate, uncontroversial text and a lively variety of illustrations, making altogether a nice comfortable creation, if one can stand the color printing, which lurches unpredictably from decent to frightful.

1897 Sears Roebuck Catalogue, with introduction by S. J. Perelman and Richard Rovere. Fred L. Israel, editor. Chelsea House, \$14.75. It really is exactly that—Sears and Sawbuck for 1897. An absolutely irresistible rummage in the national attic.

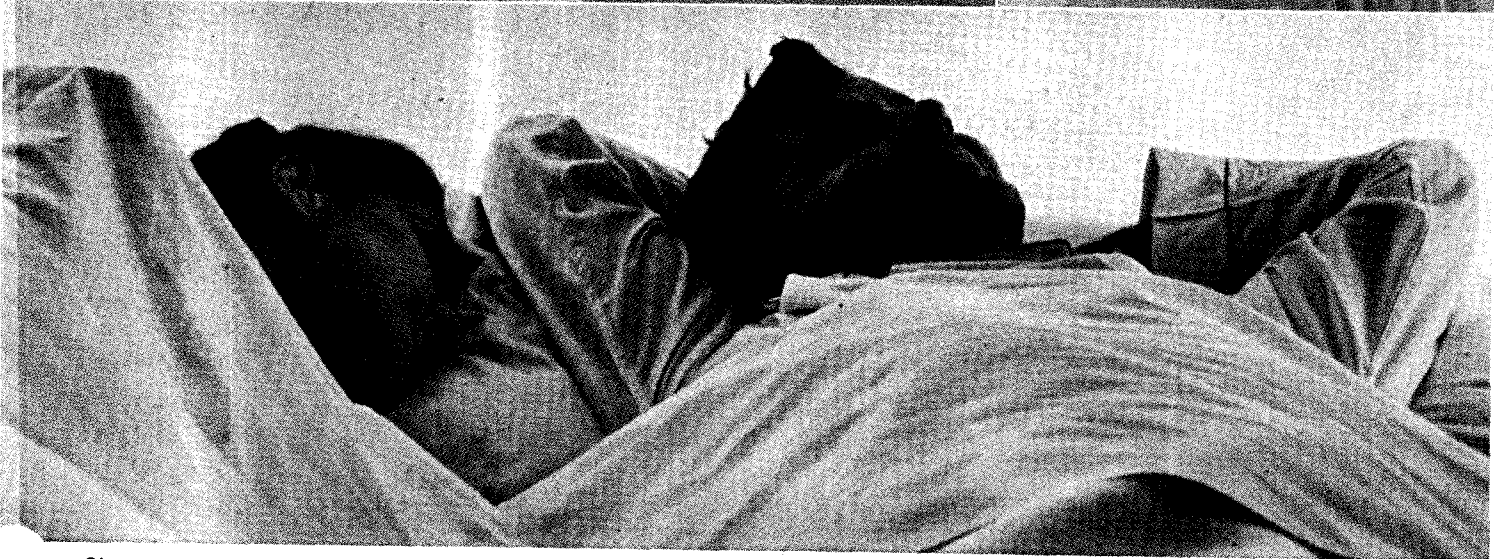
The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave by Esteban Montejo, edited by Miguel Barnet. Pantheon, \$4.95. Ignorant but intelligent, superstitious but practical, courageous but cautious, austere but a woman chaser, Esteban Montejo, aged over a hundred, poured out the jumbled, glittering memories of a life that began in slavery on a Cuban sugar plantation and included two wars and an indeterminate period spent as a lone fugitive in the forest. Mr. Barnet took down the talk and sorted it out into this fascinating and extraordinary narrative.

Boxiganga by Elsa Gress. Spectator Press, Copenhagen, kr. 49.50 (approx. \$6.60). Description of the La Mama theatrical troupe in the days when Tom O'Horgan (now on Broadway with *Hair*) was leading it around Denmark, by the Danish author who, with her painter husband, Clifford Wright, helped out the enterprise and wrote the script for a "goofy documentary" about stage life. The text is amusing, revealing, and makes one itch to see the film.

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